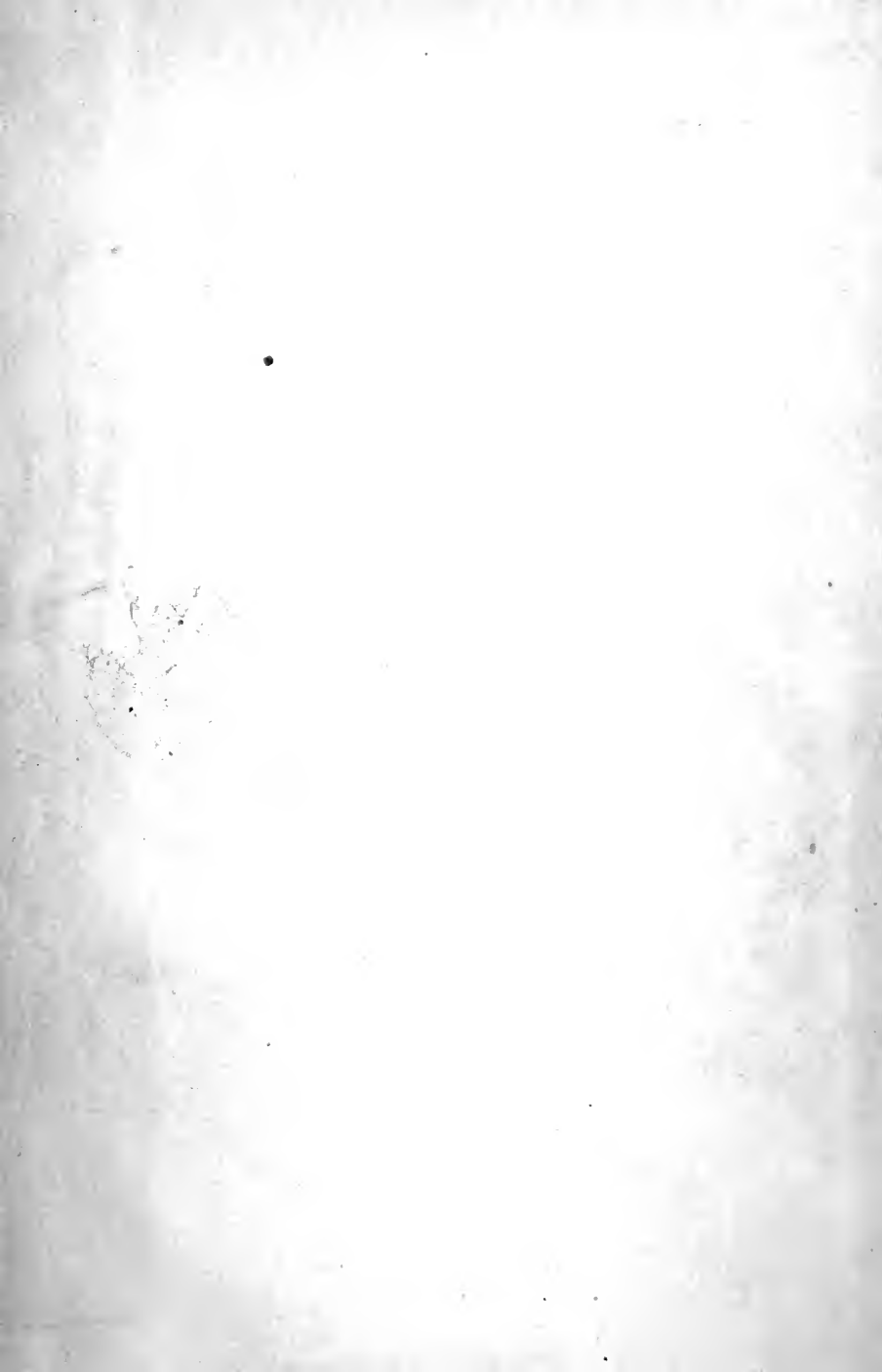
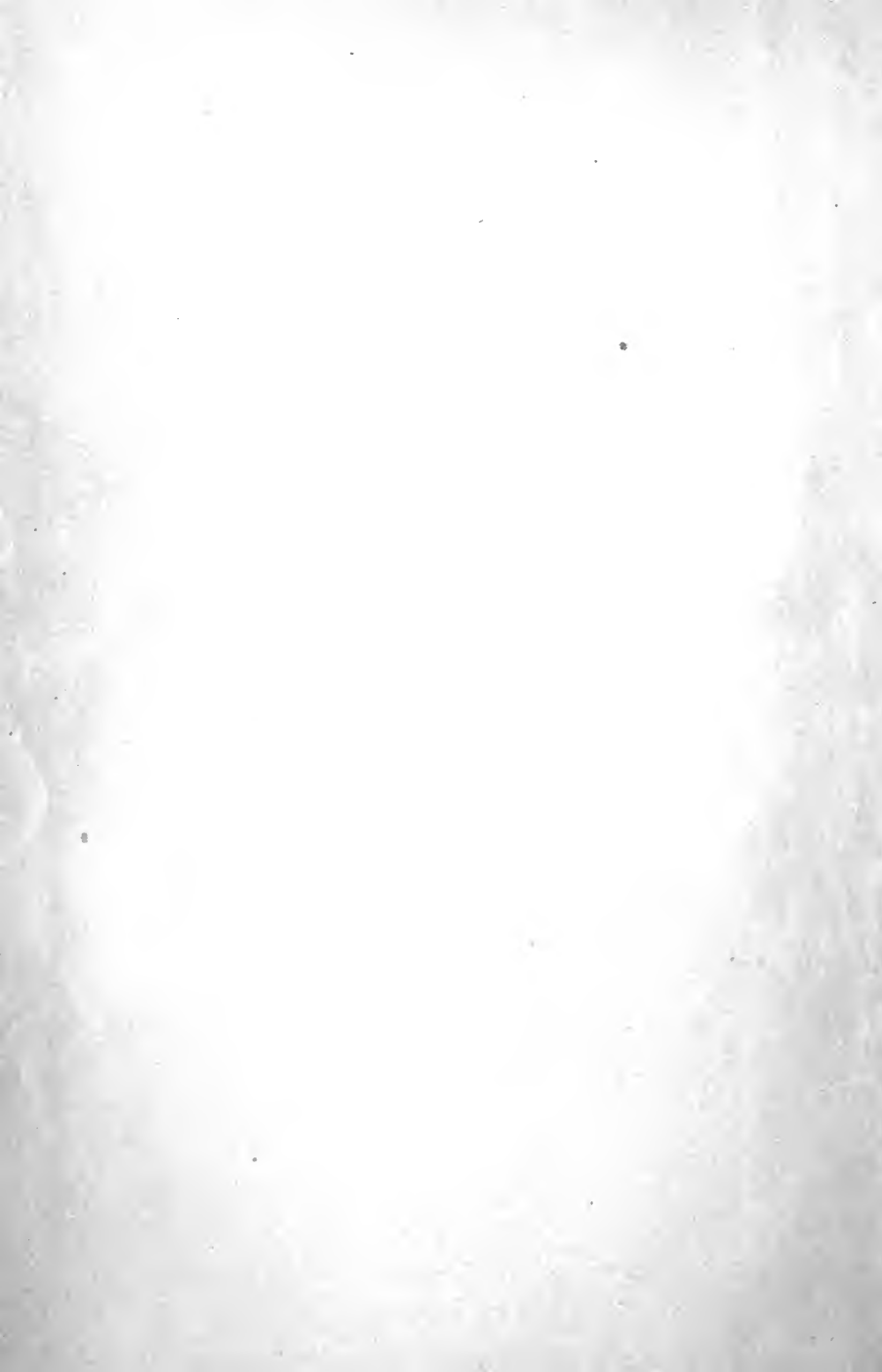




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BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S BOYHOOD.



WHAT a noble head we have here ! and what keen, searching eyes ! Any one, who is not blind, can see that it is no common mind, which looks out through those eyes. No ! That head belongs to a great man ; his name is

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN ; and a famous name it is, too, all over the civilized world. I should count a boy of fourteen considerably behind his age, if he did not know something about Benjamin Franklin.

Benjamin Franklin was once a Bos-

ton boy. He was born in Milk street, opposite the Old South, on the 17th of January, 1706. The day of his birth being Sunday, he was carried into the Old South and baptized the same day. This was going abroad pretty early in life, and I wonder the little fellow didn't take cold. No doubt he would have rather staid cosily nestling on his mother's bosom, if he had been consulted about the matter: though, I believe, people don't consult babies much, and if they did, the little creatures would hardly know what to choose.

Franklin's father was an English emigrant. His mother was the daughter of Peter Folger, a Nantucket gentleman. Benjamin had plenty of brothers and sisters, for he was the youngest, but two, of *seventeen* children!

The first fact in little Benjamin's life, worthy of any notice, is his early love for mimic guns, swords, and trumpets. Armed with these playthings, he "played soldier" when he was *four* years old, with a relish and spirit which few children of that age exhibit. This would have been a trifling matter, in the opinion of most parents, because there are very few little boys who do not love to dress up in soldier fashion, play rub-a-dub on a drum, and make antics with a mock gun. But Benjamin was so very earnest in his sport, that his parents talked about it, and even wrote to his good uncle Benjamin in England. That good and wise man wrote little Benjamin a letter on the subject; in which he pictured a soldier's life in such dark colors, that, I dare say, Benny thought it wouldn't pay to be a soldier in earnest. His uncle was right. It is foolish business for any one to let himself to be shot at, for eight dollars a month.

Little Benjamin was, what is called, a *bright* boy. He learned quick, and his father thought he would educate him to be a minister. So, at eight years of age he was sent to the grammar school. Here he made fine progress in his studies, if I except arithmetic; this study was not at all to his liking, and he did not succeed very well in the mysteries of *sum doing*.

At the end of a year, his father began to calculate the cost of bringing up his son in the walks of learning. The good man, having such a host of children to provide for, feared he should not be able to carry Benjamin through college, if he tried. So he took him out of the grammar school, and sent him to a private school to learn writing and arithmetic. Benjamin was then about *nine* years old.

Here again, he shewed his distaste for arithmetic. He didn't like it, and he wouldn't try to like it. Of course, he made no progress in it. This was by no means to his credit, as he afterwards felt and confessed; and it subsequently cost him many weary hours of toil to make up for his neglect.

Benjamin's father was a tallow chandler and soap boiler: that is, he made candles and soap. When his son was *ten* years old he took him from school, and taught him to cut wicks for the candles, to fill the moulds with melted tallow, to attend in the shop, and to act the part of errand boy. Benjamin did not like this any better than he did arithmetic. But he was obedient, and did the work required of him for two years. This was quite creditable to him. No doubt, his father, who was a very sensible man, valued his son for doing, as a matter of duty, what he could not

choose to do from inclination. If I have a reader in the same condition, I hope he will take this leaf from Franklin's life and put it into his own.

I said that Benjamin's father was a sensible man. He shewed this, by not exacting this unpleasant service from his son too long. Seeing the boy's dislike to the business, he took him round the city, showed him the carpenters, bricklayers, turners, braziers, and other mechanics at work, and bade him choose some one of these trades. But Benjamin had no desire for these trades or for any other. He now wanted to go to sea. He loved the water; he could swim almost as well as a duck; he was a capital steersman in a boat; and, like most boys, who live in sight of salt water, he thought it would be a capital thing to be a sailor.

But his wise father knew that a sailor's life was hard and dangerous, and he persuaded his son to give up the idea of being a sailor. Benjamin showed his wisdom by taking this advice. He gave up the idle notion. It would be well, if I have a reader who fancies the sea in opposition to his parent's wishes, for him to take another lesson from this part of Franklin's life.

Young Franklin was a great favorite — a sort of leader too, among the boys. He used to plan for them, and to get up schemes for their amusement. Among these, was one which foreshadowed that love of public improvement which marked his after life.

Boston was not quite as large in those days as it is now. There was a salt marsh somewhere near his home, over which the tide flowed, and in which, at

high water, he and his playmates were wont to fish for minnows. By trampling the edge of the marsh, where they stood to fish, they had made it into a quagmire.

"Come," said young Benjamin, one day, "let us build a wharf to stand on!"

"Good! but where shall we get the stones?" replied the boys.

Pointing to a heap near by, which had been hauled there, to put into a house about to be built, young Franklin said, "there are plenty of stones, and we can make a first rate wharf with them."

The boys agreed to obey his instructions. At it they went, like a colony of



beavers, that very evening. After much lifting and tugging they succeeded in constructing quite a neat little wharf.

The next day the stones were missed. Inquiry was made, and the culprits found. They then learned, at the end of a rod, that however desirable public improvements may be, they are not to

be made with other people's property. This was a point in morals, our wharf builders had not studied, but which Franklin carefully treasured up in his memory for future use.

I said young Benjamin was required to choose a trade. He did so, selecting that of a cutler — perhaps he still had a secret love for swords and guns. But the person whose store he entered required a bonus for teaching him that trade, larger than the elder Franklin thought just. And, as Benjamin's brother James, was about to begin the business of a printer, in Boston, he was placed, somewhat unwillingly, in his office as an apprentice. He was now about *twelve* years old, and was fast passing from boyhood into youth.

OF THE CHOICE OF FRIENDS.

A FABLE.

AN old woman, who lived close by the side of a river, having washed her brass milk-pot and her earthen water-pot, put them in the sun to dry. The tide all at once rose so high that both were carried into the middle of the stream. As they were sailing along, the earthen pot was in great trouble, for fear he should be broken in pieces. Never fear, said the brass-pot; keep near to me; I will take care of you. Ah! my friend, said the earthen pot, I know that you mean to serve your old companion; but the greatest kindness you can do me is to keep as far off as possible; for, whether the stream dashes you against me, or me against you, I am sure to be the only sufferer.

Choose your friends rather among your equals than among those above you.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

A FABLE.

BLESS me! said a hare to a tortoise, how very slowly you crawl along. Look at me! why I can run a mile while you are creeping a few yards. Suppose, said the tortoise, that we try which will get to the end of four miles first. With all my heart, said the hare. So they started off: the hare was out of sight in a minute, and, having run two miles, she reached a place where there was some nice, soft, long grass. I see nothing of my slow friend, said she, so I shall take a nap; if he should pass while I am asleep, I am not at all afraid, for I can easily overtake him. So Miss Puss crept in under the grass, and was soon fast asleep. The tortoise, in the meanwhile, jogged along at a steady pace, stopping to turn neither to the right hand nor the left. He passed the snug place where Miss Puss was asleep, and saw her nose just peeping out. Ha! ha! said he, the day is mine! And so it was; for when the boasting hare awoke and run on to the end of the distance, there she found her slow friend, as she had called him, comfortably resting after his journey.

Many boys at school gain more by steady industry than others do by their talents.

TRUE VALOR.—When Gen. O'Kelly was introduced to Louis XVI., soon after the battle of Fontenoy, his majesty observed that Clare's regiment behaved very well in that engagement. "Sire," said the General, "they behaved very well, it is true — many of them were wounded; but my regiment behaved better, for we were *all killed*."

HATTY'S MISTAKE—ONE OF FANNY FERN'S FERN LEAVES.

"I AM so glad it is Saturday afternoon!"—and little Hatty tossed off her bonnet, and shook out her hair, and skipped up to her mother, who sat making the baby's new red frock,—“I am glad it is Saturday; I don't see the use of going to school, and I wish I never had to look into a book again;” and down little Hatty jumped, two stairs at a time, into the kitchen, to ask Bridget for an apple.

Bridget's red arms were up to the elbows in flour, making pies, and Hatty said *she* should like to help her. Bridget smiled at the idea of “*helping*” her. But she liked Hatty; so she tied a great check apron round her, tucked her curls behind her ears, and gave her a bit of paste, and a little cup-plate on which to make herself a pie. So Hatty rolled out the paste, keeping one eye all the while on Bridget, to see how she did hers; and then she greased her little plate so that the pie need not stick to it. When that was done, she filled up the inside with stewed apple, then she tucked it all in with a nice “top crust,” then she worked it all round the edge with a tiny little key she had in her pocket: then she looked up and said,

“Bridget! I wish I were *you*; I should have such a good time tasting the apple-sauce, to see if it were sweet enough. I should like to go out to service, Bridget, and never see that hateful school any more.”

Bridget did n't answer, but she turned away and took a long-handled shovel and poked her pies into the hot oven, and then Hatty heard her draw a great long sigh.

“What is the matter, Bridget?” said Hatty. “Is your crust heavy?”

“No,” said Bridget,—“but my *heart* is. I was thinking how I wished I knew how to read and write. There's Patrick, my brother, way over in Ireland—the last time I saw him I wasn't taller than that butter firkin. Father and mother are dead, and Pat is just the pulse of my heart, Hatty! Well, when he writes me a letter, it's me that can't for the life of me read a word of it; and if I get Honora Donahue to read it, I'm not sure whether she gets the right sense of it; and then a body wants to read a letter more than once, you know; and so I take it up, my darlin', and turn it over and over, and it's nothing but Greek and Latin to poor Bridget. And so many's the time, Hatty, I've cried hours over Pat's letters, for reason of that. Then I can't answer them—cause you know I can't write—and in course I don't want to turn my heart inside out for anybody else to write it to Pat for me: and so you see, my darlin', it's a bother all round entirely,”—and Bridget shut to the oven door, and wiped her eyes with the corner of her check apron.

Hatty was a very warm-hearted little girl, and she could n't bear to see Bridget cry, so she threw down the bit of paste in her hand; then starting to her feet, as if a sudden thought had struck her, ran quickly up stairs into the parlor, where her mother was sitting, talking with two ladies.

Hatty forgot that her face, and hands, and check apron, and even her curls,

were all over flour, when she burst into the room, saying,

"Oh, Mamma!—Bridget and I have been talking, and Bridget—(*great big* Bridget!)—don't know how to read and write! and she has nobody to love but Pat—and Pat is in Ireland; and when he writes her a letter she can't read it, she can't answer him, because she don't know how to write; and she hasn't seen Pat since—since he was as little as a butter firkin—and she is so unhappy—and, Mamma, mayn't I have an A-B-C book, and teach Bridget how to read and how to write?" And little Hatty stopped—not because she had no more to say, but because she was out of breath.

Hatty's mamma smiled, and said, "There was a little girl just your size, in here about an hour ago, who 'didn't see the use of going to school, and wished she might never look into another book so long as she lived.' Have you seen anything of her?"

Hatty blushed and said, "Oh, Mamma, I never will be so foolish again. I see now how bad it is not to learn when one is a little girl."

Well, the A-B-C book was bought, and very funny it was to see little Miss Hatty looking so wise from under her curls, and pointing out the letters to Bridget with a long knitting needle. It was very slow work, to be sure; but then Hatty was patient, for she had a good, kind heart; and how proud she was when Bridget was able to read Pat's letters! and prouder yet when she learned to answer them! and you may be sure that Hatty never was heard to say again that "she didn't see the use of going to school."

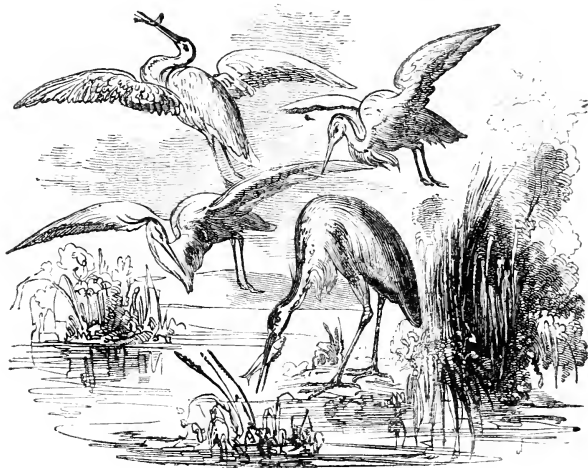
A BARGAIN DURING A BATTLE.

It is related, that during one of the obstinate naval engagements between the English and the Dutch, in the time of Cromwell, one of the English ships, to their great mortification had expended all their ammunition. The commander, well aware of the trafficking propensities of the Dutch, hoisted a flag of truce, and sent to an officer on board the enemy's ship to purchase ammunition. The Dutch, who never lose an opportunity to make a good bargain, without regard to friend or foe, after some negotiation, consented to supply their enemies with powder and ball, but taking advantage of their necessity, demanded an exorbitant price—which, of course, was paid after some grumbling by John Bull, who nevertheless, seemed sensible of the favor, and renewing the engagement with more fury than ever, returned the balls with such force and accuracy, that the Dutchman was soon placed *hors du combat*, and compelled to surrender!

FALSEHOOD.—Any vice, at least among the frailties of a milder character, but falsehood. Far better that my child should commit an error, or do a wrong and confess it, than escape the penalty, however severe, by falsehood and hypocrisy. Let me know the worst, and a remedy may possibly be applied. But keep me in the dark—let me be misled or deceived, and it is impossible to tell at what unprepared hour a crushing blow, an overwhelming exposure may come.

TAKE a cheerful view of everything, of the weather, etc., and encourage hope.

ANECDOTES OF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.



CRANES.

Did you ever see a Crane? A live one I mean? If so, you have seen a majestic bird, standing five feet high, with a red crown, yellow bill, plumage pure white, a short tail ornamented with tufts of beautiful, loose, flowing feathers. A stately fellow is the Crane, only he is a little awkward about the legs. If ever you tried to shoot him, you found him wide awake, with an ear so acute, and an eye so keen, that you had to be as wily as an Indian to get within gunshot of his Craneship. And if you ever heard him scream, I will venture to say you didn't pronounce his voice quite so musical as that of Jenny Lind or Madame Sontag. For my part, I think the whistle of a steam engine quite as melodious as the voice of the Crane.

The Crane is not fond of cold weather. When the frost king peeps into the

swamps, the Crane says, "I must be off;" and then, away he starts for the South to spend the winter. He makes his home in large marshes, and in the most secluded swamps. He is very fond of reptiles and insects; but has no objection to dine on a good plump mouse, rat, mole, or frog. At times, for variety sake, he will sup or dine on a dainty little fish, if it comes in his way. Mrs. Crane always selects a very quiet spot for her nest, which she builds on the ground. But she is very chary of her eggs, only laying two in a season.

In the olden time, the Egyptians held the *Ibis*, a species of Crane, in great veneration. They engraved its figure on their obelisks and monuments. When it died, they embalmed it, and gave it a place with their dead ancestors in the Catacombs. Wo to the man who killed a sacred Ibis! He was sure to be put

to death! Hence, the Ibis multiplied in Egypt, and even took up its abode in the cities. But his descendants do not enjoy such fine times in Egypt now; for you may see them in the market places, with their heads cut off, waiting to make some dusky Egyptian a delicious dinner.

FRIENDLY SCHEME OF TWO GOATS.

It chanced one day among the valleys of Switzerland, that some young children went forth on a summer holiday to gather wild flowers in a favorite glen. The spot was wild and lovely, a prattling stream leaped forth from a hollow fissure in the rock, where grew beech-orchises, and harebells of the deepest cerulean blue. The rock itself was lofty, and precipitous; it was such as the boldest chamois-hunter had never essayed to climb; but wild goats pastured there, and might be often seen to look down complacently from eminences that were almost lost in the clouds. High above the clear streamlet, so high that children would gaze at it with astonishment, and ask one another, in their simplicity, if it did not reach the stars, projected a narrow crag, on which one might almost fancy that even a sure-footed Alpine mouse would hardly dare to venture. The children had finished gathering flowers for an approaching festival, and sat themselves down to rest beneath the shade of a group of alders; they spread their provisions on the grass, and their ringing laughs and merry voices woke up many a sleeping echo in that quiet glen. Suddenly one of the joyous company exclaimed in a tone of alarm, "Look, look, look! what's that on the crag?"

The children all saw with terror two

goats on the narrow ledge. The ledge was not only narrow, but exceeding steep, and there was no room for the creatures to pass each other; therefore the goat which had ascended to the extreme point, could not by any possibility regain a safe resting-place, neither could the descending goat retrace his steps. There they stood, as if considering what was best to be done, while the children ran off with the utmost speed to the neighboring village, begging all whom they met to save the poor goats.

The people naturally hastened to see what was the matter, and stood with anxious upturned faces towards the ledge. It was really piteous to see the condition of the animals, whose fall they dreaded every moment. No such thing; the two venerable personages still looked one another in the face, till at length a bright thought seemed to pass their minds. The goat that was coming down, deliberately folded his legs under him, and lay as close to the ground as possible; his brother, with equal self-possession, walked warily over him, for a spring could not be ventured without imminent risk; and then the prostrate goat, having arisen, crept down to the extreme point, which admitted of turning round. A few seconds more, and the two friends were seen cropping some of the scant herbage which grows on a terrific elevation. What exclamations of delight burst from the children; and what a deafening shout was raised by the young men. The goats looked down as if to say, "Who among you could have done the same?"

WHEN inclined to give an angry answer, lift up the heart in prayer.

LOVELY LITTLE EVELYN AND HER INFIDEL FATHER.

THE child's disease was scarlet fever. Ten days and nights of ever-deepening gloom has passed; and in the silent night, having insisted that Evelyn, who had herself shown symptoms of illness through the day, should retire to bed, Euston Hastings sat alone, watching, with a tightening heart, the disturbed sleep of the little Eve. It was near midnight when that troubled sleep was broken. The child turned from side to side uneasily, and looked somewhat wildly around her.

"What is the matter with my darling?" asked Euston Hastings, in tones of melting tenderness.

"Where's mamma? Eve wants mamma to say, 'Our Father.'"

Euston Hastings had often contemplated the beautiful picture of his child kneeling with clasped hands beside her mother, to lisp her evening prayer; or, since her illness forbade her rising from her bed, of Evelyn kneeling beside it, taking those clasped hands in hers, and listening to Eve's softly murmured words. Well he knew, therefore, what was meant by Eve's simple phrase, "To say, 'Our Father.'"

"Mamma is asleep," he said: "when she awakes, I will call her."

"No, no, papa: Eve asleep then."

"I will call her at once, then, darling;" and he would have moved, but the little hand was laid on his to arrest him.

"No; don't wake poor mamma: papa, say 'Our Father,' for Eve."

"Will Eve say it to papa? Speak then, my darling," he added, finding that though the hands were clasped, a n

the sweet eyes devoutly closed, Eve remained silent.

"No; Eve too sick, papa; Eve can't talk so much. Papa, kneel down and say, 'Our Father,' like mamma did last night: won't you; papa?"

Euston Hastings could not resist that pleading voice; and kneeling, he laid his hand over the clasped ones of his child, and, for the first time since he had murmured it with childish earnestness in his mother's ear, his lips gave utterance to those hallowed words of prayer. At such an hour, under such circumstances, it could not be uttered carelessly; and Euston Hastings understood its solemn import; its recognition of God's sovereignty; its surrender of all things to Him. He *understood* it, we say; but he trembled at it. His infidelity was annihilated; but he believed as the unreconciled believe, and his heart almost stood still with fear while "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven," fell slowly from his lips. Soothed by his compliance, Eve became still, and seemed to sleep, but only for a few minutes. Suddenly, in a louder voice than had been heard within that room for days, she exclaimed,—

"Papa, papa, see there! up there, papa!"

Her own eyes were fixed upward on the ceiling, as it seemed to Euston Hastings, for to him nothing else was visible, while a smile of joy played on her lips, and her arms were stretched upward as to some celestial visitant.

"Eve coming!" she cried again, "Take Eve."

"Will Eve leave papa?" cried Eus.

ton Hastings, while unconsciously he passed his arm over her, as if dreading that she would really be borne from him.

With eyes still fixed upward, and expending her last strength in an effort to rise from the bed, Eve murmured, in broken tones, "Papa come to — mamma — and pa — little brother — dear pa pa —."

The last word could have been distinguished only by the intensely-listening ear of love. It ended in a sigh; and Euston Hastings felt, even while he still clasped her cherub form, and gazed upon her sweetly-smiling face, that his Eve had indeed left him forever.

And yet not forever. He straightway sought the Lord, and has now followed her to glory.

BOYS AT PLAY.

GAY hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possessed;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast.
 Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
 Wild wit, invention ever new,
 And lively cheer, of vigor born;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly the approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play!
 No sense have they of ills to come,
 No care beyond to-day.
 Yet see how all around them wait
 The ministers of human fate,
 And black misfortune's train;
 Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
 To seize their prey, the murderous band!
 Ah, tell them they are men!

Gray's Eton College.

THE WISHING BROOK.

BESIDE a meadow's glassy brook
 Sat a fair child with happy look;
 Ten summers only could have shed
 Their radiance o'er that youthful head;
 She plucked the buds which grew around
 And gayly strewed them on the ground,
 When, glancing on the running stream,
 She saw her image in it gleam;
 And flinging back her clustering hair,
 She wished — "to be a woman fair!"

Ten years fled over that young head —
 Again she sought the streamlet's bed;
 Her clear white brow and sunny hair
 Knew nothing of the signs of care;
 But deeper thought was in her look
 Than when she last strayed by that brook;
 She smiled, in its clear depth to trace,
 Her childhood's wish — a lovely face:
 That ardent soaring spirit now
 Wished for — "Fame's laurels on my brow!"

Once more she stood beside the rill,
 A care-worn form, though graceful still;
 Thirty more years had passed away —
 Her brow was lined, her hair was grey,
 And from her cheek, now pale and wan,
 Health's roseate hue had long been gone;
 She thought upon her childhood's days,
 And of her youthful beauty's blaze —
 Those years unmarked by care or pain —
 And wished "those days could come again!"

Thirty more years: a form bent low
 Sat watching that same brooklet's flow;
 Childhood, youth, middle-age long past,
 Extended life was ebbing fast;
 She felt it — but it gave no pain,
 (A Christian's death is only gain!)
 That aged face most placid seemed,
 And a sweet smile across it gleamed,
 Whilst, as her thoughts she raised on high,
 She meekly sighed — "I wish to die!"

"If we could open and intend our eyes,
 We all, like Moses, should espy
 E'en in a bush the radiant Deity.

PENCIL DRAWING—STRAIGHT LINES.

DOES the reader really wish to acquire the beautiful art of drawing pictures with the pencil? Would he like to know how to sketch dogs, cats, horses, houses, landscapes, ships, and everything else he sees? If so, he must BEGIN RIGHT. He must have *patience* to proceed slowly, and to learn one thing well, before beginning another. He must *persevere* too, or all his first trials will be thrown away.

Every child who can write, can learn to draw. There is no mistake on this point. It is as true as Arithmetic. The boy who can make the lines which form the letters of the alphabet, can also learn to make the lines which form a house, a horse, or a man. So, let no one of my readers say, "I can't learn to draw." Whoever does say so, tells a falsehood; and that, you know, is not very creditable to any one.

The first thing to be done in learning to draw, is to teach the *hand* to follow the *eye*. In writing, your eye sees, beforehand, the form of the letter which the hand writes with the pen. In drawing, you must in like manner teach your hand to make the form, which is pictured by the eye, until you can trace it on paper as easily and freely as you now do the letters of the alphabet.

But this requires practice — much and long practice. Your first lesson, which consists in drawing the simple lines in figure 1, looks very easy. But on trying to make these lines, you will have to do them over many times before you can do them just right.

You may begin to draw these lines with a piece of chalk on a blackboard,

if you have one. If not, draw them first on your slate. You should not begin on paper, till you can do them well on the slate.

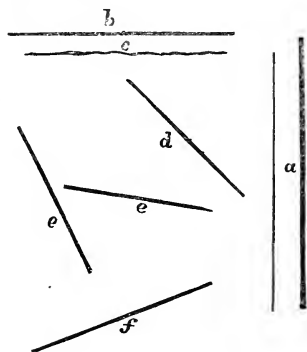


FIG. 1.

Most likely you have no blackboard. Take your slate then, and draw the *perpendicular* line *a* in figure 1. Ah, don't touch that ruler! Take the pencil and draw the thin line boldly, beginning at the top. Don't let your hand touch the slate. Ah, you are piecing the line! That won't do! You must draw it the whole length *at one stroke of the pencil*. That's better. Now fill your slate with these perpendicular lines. You may begin some at the top and some at the bottom, for you must learn how to draw them both ways.

Having learned to do these pretty well, you may next try the *horizontal* line *b*; and then you may proceed to the oblique lines *d*, *e* and *f*.

When you can do these pretty well, you may try the wavy line *c*. You will find it just the thing by and by, when you come to draw old ruins, gates, stones, &c.

After you have made these line over and over, until you are master of them, both on slate and paper, you may proceed to the *parallel* lines, *a*, *b*, *c*, in figure 2.

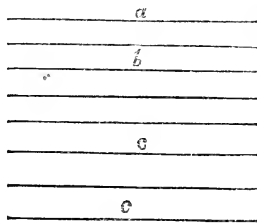


FIG. 2.

By looking closely at this figure, you will see that the lines *c*, *c*, are farther apart than the others. Now, what you have to do, is to draw them without any ruler or scale, without measuring them with anything but your eye, until you can make them of equal length, thickness, and distance apart. This will puzzle you at first. But never mind. Keep on trying. You are sure to succeed at last. And mark, they must be drawn straight.

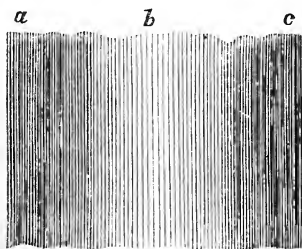


FIG. 3.

You may next pass to figure 3. This is also composed of straight lines, parallel to each other; but to be drawn *perpendicular* to the sides of your slate or paper. Draw them very fine and close as at *a* and *c*, but wider apart in

the middle, as at *b*. Be sure you do them straight, and without piecing. If you learn this part of your lesson thoroughly, you will be glad of it by and by.

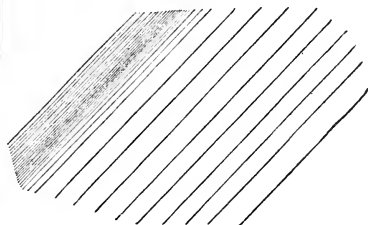


FIG. 4.

Figure 4, which consists of *oblique* or *diagonal* lines, must now be imitated, with the same care as the others.

In all the above lessons, your slate must be held in the same position. The end you call the *top* when you begin, must be kept uppermost all through the lesson. Learn, also, to do all the above lines with equal ease, beginning at either end of the line to be drawn. You will feel in a hurry to pass beyond the making of mere lines. But check yourself by thinking, that the more haste you make now, the slower will be your speed by and by. The more pains you take with these simple lines, the sooner you will be able to sketch a landscape, or draw a horse.

EVERYBODY in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves, and therefore we are not to expect too much.

OBSERVE when others are suffering, and drop a word of kindness and sympathy suited to their state.

SERPENT WORSHIP.



SERPENT WORSHIP.

THIS picture represents the worship of the Serpent as practised by Africans and Hindoos. The Hindoos not only worship idols without number, but they also worship tigers, elephants, horses, dogs, cats, rats, mice, birds, fishes, reptiles, and insects.

But they worship the serpent; especially that fierce and deadly species,

known as the COBRA CAPELLA, much more than they do many other creatures. Probably this is because it is so fierce and dangerous. It bites their feet as they walk at night, and its fangs are so poisonous, that those who are bitten often die almost instantly. Hence, they are afraid of it, and worship it, that it may not be angry at them and destroy them.

Besides this, their priests tell many idle stories about this kind of snake. They say it has a thousand heads, with one of which it holds up the earth! They also have temples in its honor, where they feed the deadly creatures on milk, butter, and plantains, so that they grow very fat and multiply very fast. The poor ignorant people are afraid to kill it. They even call it the "good snake," because they think, if they call it a bad one, it will kill them. They often seek its abode in the great ant hills; and there they offer it milk and fruits, and pray, saying, "O, divine Cobra, preserve us! O, partake of these offerings, and be gracious unto us!"

The Cobra is indeed a terrible creature; but it would be much better if these poor Hindoos knew enough to kill it, instead of praying to it. One would suppose their common sense would teach them, that the safest way to deal with it would be to knock it on the head; and thus, by killing all they can find, to rid the country of them. But it seems they do not even dare to think of this; and so they let them multiply, and thus increase the very evil they are so anxious to escape.

I think such facts as these should make every American boy's heart swell with gratitude to God, for that Providence which gave him existence in the land of Franklin, Washington, and freedom—a land in which the Bible shines like a glorious sun, giving more light to the mind of a child than is enjoyed by the wisest priests of Brahma!

WATCH for little opportunities of pleasing, and put little annoyances out of the way.

THE SNOW.

The clouds look sad,
And mother is glad,
For it is going to snow;
And her dear boy
Will dance with joy,
When he on his sled can go.

"O mother, say,
Will it snow to-day?"
Has frequently been his cry.
"I cannot say,
But I think it may,"
Has been the quick reply.

But look, now look,
O quick, drop your book!
The snow has now come at last;
So soft and white,
So pretty and light,
It is falling thick and fast.

Now, Charlie boy
Is filled with joy;
He runs for his boots and sled;
Now get his coat,
And tie up his throat,
And put a cap on his head.

Then o'er the snow
How fast he'll go,
Giving his sisters a ride!
They'll run about,
And caper and shout,
And down the hill they'll slide.

RABBI JOSHUA once met a boy who carried something in a covered vessel. "My boy," said the Rabbi, "what have you in your vessel?" "If it were intended for you to know," replied the boy, "it would not be covered."

IF, from sickness, pain, or infirmity, we feel irritable; let us keep a very strict watch over ourselves.

ALBERT DURER'S LITTLE DAUGHTER, AGNES.

ALBERT DURER was an artist. His wife, Agnes, was very unkind to him. But he had a lovely little daughter, also named Agnes, who loved him very fondly, but she died very young. Here is an account of her death. It begins by telling how his cross wife scolded him one day.

Whereupon he sat down, and closed his eyes; but tears may have secretly gushed forth from under his eyelids. Then the child sighed, pressed him and kissed him, but said at the same time to her mother, in childish anger — "Thou wilt one day bring down my father to the grave. Then thou wilt repent it—everybody says so."

Albert chastises the child, but, in doing so, inadvertently strikes her a severe blow on the stomach.

He was horror-struck, he staggered away, threw himself upon his bed and wept—wept quite inconsolably. But the child came after him, stood for a long time in silence, then seized his hand, and besought him thus: "My father, do not be angry; I shall soon be well again. My mother says thou hast done right. Come, let me pray and go to bed; I have only waited for thee. Now the little sand man comes to close my eyes. Come, take me to thee; I will certainly for the future remain silent as thou dost. Hearest thou? Art thou asleep, dear father?"

The child continued sick from that day. Christmas Eve, her birth-day, comes round.

During the night the child suddenly sat upright. Her father talked with her for a long time. Then she appeared to fall into a slumber, but called again, and

said to him:—"Dear father—father, do not be angry."

"Wherefore should I be angry, my child?"

"Ah, thou wilt certainly be very angry."

"Tell me, I pray thee, what it is?"

"But promise me first."

"Here, thou hast my promise. Why, then, am I not to be angry?"

"Ah, father, because I am dying. But weep not—weep not too much. My mother says thou needest thine eyes. I would willingly—ah, how willingly—remain with thee; but I am dying."

"Dear child, thou must not die. The sufferings would be mine alone."

"Then weep not thus; thou hast already made me so sorry—ah, so sorry. Now, I can no longer bear it. Therefore, weep not. Knowest thou, that when thou used to sit and paint, and look so devout, then the beautiful disciple whom thou didst paint for me, stood always at thy side; I saw him plainly."

"Now, I promise thee, I will not weep," said Albert, "thou good little soul. Go hence and bespeak a habitation for me in our Father's house, for thee and for me."

Albert now tried to smile, and to appear composed again. Then Agnes exclaimed:—"Behold, there stands the apostle again; he beckons me. Shall I go away from thee? O, father!"

With strange curiosity Albert looked shuddering around. Of course there was nothing to be seen. But while he looked with tearful eyes into the dusky room, only for the purpose of averting his looks, the lovely child had slumbered away.

The father laid all the child's little playthings into the coffin with her, that he and her mother might never more be reminded of her by them—the little gods, the angels, the little lamb, the little coat for the snow-king, and the little golden pots and plates. Over the whole, moss and rose-leaves.

A REPROOF FOR FOPPERY.—Dean Swift was a great enemy to extravagance in dress. Of his mode of reproofing this folly in those persons for whom he had any esteem, the following instance has been recorded. When George Faulkner, the printer, returned from London, where he had been soliciting subscriptions for his edition of the Dean's works, he went to pay his respects to him, dressed in a laced waistcoat, a bag wig, and other fopperies. Swift received him with the same ceremony as if he had been a stranger: "And pray, sir," said he, "what are your commands with me?" "I thought it was my duty, sir," replied George, "to wait upon you immediately upon my arrival from London." "Pray sir, who are you?"—"George Faulkner, the printer, sir." "You George Faulkner the printer? Why you are the most impudent, bare-faced scoundrel of an impostor I ever met with! George Faulkner is a plain, sober citizen, and would never trick himself out in lace and other fopperies. Get you gone, you rascal, or I will immediately send you to the house of correction." Away went George as fast as he could, and having changed his dress, returned to the deanery, where he was received with the greatest cordiality. "My friend George," said the dean. "I am glad to see you returned safe from

London. Why, here has been an impudent fellow just now, dressed in a laced waistcoat, and he would fain pass himself off for you, but I soon sent him off with a flea in his ear."—*Workingman's Friend*.

A CLEVER CAT.—A policeman was once passing down a street in London, when he heard a cat making a curious noise against the door of a cellar kitchen. Thinking that some one was ill-treating the cat, the policeman knelt down upon the grating to listen. He was surprised, however, to hear the cracking and falling of timber. He soon perceived that the back part of the house was on fire. The engines were quickly on the spot, and the flames were extinguished; but had it not been for poor pussy's timely warning, the house in all probability would have been burned to the ground.

Let none of our little readers ever be cruel to a cat.

THANK GOD FOR YOUR REASON.—An individual, as he was passing along the streets of London, was accosted by a stranger with the question, "Did you ever thank God for the use of your reason?" "No," was the reply, "I never thought of doing it." "Well, do it quickly," rejoined the stranger, "for I have lost mine." For years after reading the account of the above occurrence, we have no recollection of ever kneeling in prayer without rendering distinct and express thanks to the Father of mercies for the continued possession of this inestimable blessing.

IN conversation, do not let us exalt ourselves, but bring others forward.

NEDDIE NAYLOR'S INQUIRIES.

"HALLO, Neddie!" cried some boys one day, as my friend NEDDIE NAYLOR was tripping along the street with a bag of books under his arm. "Hallo, Neddie, what's the matter now?"

"O nothing," replied Neddie, as he paused a moment, "only I'm off to spend a week with my uncle Oliver. Don't you wish you were all going with me?"

"What's the use of wishing, when we know we can't go," was the quick and sensible reply of one of the boys.

"Charlie you're a wise boy; Old Solon, the Grecian, could'n't beat that. But my uncle is waiting, and I must be off. Good-bye. Pleasant times, good lessons, and plenty of play to you all until I come back," said Neddie. And away he ran leaving the boys in great good humor, and in the act of pronouncing him "a real good fellow."

Uncle Oliver's old horse was already tackled into the venerable old chaise.

The old gentleman himself was at the door, with his jolly looking face all lighted up with good humor. As Neddie skipped lightly along the hall with his books, his uncle said,

"All ready, boy?"

"All ready, Uncle, in a moment," replied Neddie. And then he darted into the parlor, laid his books in the corner of the closet, gave his mother and grandmother each a smacking kiss, and then shouting, "Good-bye all for a week," he sprang out of doors, and by the time Uncle

Oliver had seated himself in the chaise Neddie was at his side.

"You are a smart boy, Neddie. I like smart boys."

"Then you like me, Uncle; and I like that."

"Witty, too, eh?" and the old gentleman cracked his whip, and they rode on in *silence* until they reached the smooth road outside of the village. They then talked away in fine style, and in due time reached Uncle Oliver's home. He lived in one of the most romantic spots, Neddie had ever seen. It was in the midst of a large wood, and near the bank of a beautiful brook. Neddie was quite delighted with it, and almost wished he could live there always.

While Neddie was at his Uncle's cottage, he met with a book which had a name in it, with F. R. S. written after it. This puzzled him. What F. R. S. meant he could not imagine.



"Uncle Oliver!" said he, when that worthy gentleman entered, "please tell me what the letters F. R. S. mean?"

"They mean, Fellow of the Royal Society, and signify that he to whose name they are attached belongs to a Society of that name. So F. A. S. stand for Fellow of the Antiquarian Society; F. G. S., Fellow of the Geological Society; F. L. S., Fellow of the Linnean Society; F. R. C. S., Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons; and F. S. A., Fellow of the Society of Arts or of Antiquaries. These are all learned societies in England, whose members are designated by these letters being attached to their names."

"Thank you, Uncle, I will write them all down, so that I may not forget."

"Do," said Uncle Oliver, "and I will tell you a story about these titular letters, which will please you. It happened that a gentleman who was a Fellow of the Royal Society, was travelling along the banks of the Tweed on the Scottish border. There he saw a way side tavern with a sign swinging before it, on which was written, JAMIE MCBURN, M. D. F. R. S.

"Well," said he to himself, "this is queer; a doctor of medicine, and a Fellow of the Royal Society keeping a tavern! I must see to this."

So in he went, to see Mr. Jamie McBurn. He found that portly gentleman smoking away, like a Dutchman, in the little parlor of his inn. Accosting him, he said,

"Is that your name on your sign?"

"It is, your honor, and it's aye as good a name as ony in Scotland."

"The name is good enough; but, by what right do you put so many titles to it?"

"Titles, indeed! Who has a better right 'o them than Jamie McBurn? Don't all the world know that I was formerly Drum Major of the Royal Scotch Fusileers? And that's what the letters stand for, and nothing else."

Neddie laughed at this story, and said,

"I guess the gentleman didn't stay long after he heard that, did he, Uncle?"

"I believe he did not. He certainly could not question Jamie's right to use the letters. But I must go now, and we will talk about these titles again at some future time."

Then Uncle Oliver walked out, and Neddie went on with his reading. But he frequently stopped, laid down his book, and enjoyed a hearty laugh. He did this as often as he thought of Jamie McBurn, and the Fellow of the Royal Society.

HEBREW PROVERBS.

Do not look upon the vessel, but upon that which it contains.

Some can find money for mischief, when they can find none to buy corn.

One grain of sharp pepper is better than a basket full of gourds.

Honor a physician before thou hast need of him.

Be good, and refrain not to be good.

Woe be to the wicked, and woe be to them that cleave to them.

If we would avoid a mischief, we must not be very kind and familiar with an evil man.

Withhold not thine hand from showing mercy to the poor.

A nod for a wise man, and a rod for a fool.

THE ENCHANTED CITY—A LEGEND OF BRITTANY.

THE people in old countries, like Europe, are often very superstitious, because they are ignorant. They believe in wizards, fairies, enchantment, and many other silly things that never did exist. I have a book full of such legends. They are very pleasant to read, because they teach me what the people in other parts of the world believe. And they make me glad to think I know so much better. Here is one of these legends, called the Enchanted City.

Time out of mind, there once lived a king, whom all the people loved and praised because he was benevolent and kind beyond measure. Unfortunately, however, he had a daughter who led a wild life, and who had left her father in order to get rid of his serious admonitions. This grieved the king exceedingly, but he could not remedy the evil; for though his daughter vexed him greatly, he loved her too much to take any severe measures against her.

One day the king was hunting with his retinue in a great wood, when they all lost their way, and at length reached the hut of a hermit. The king had heard a great deal about this hermit, that he was a man who understood wonderful things, and he rejoiced that he was so fortunate as to meet him. The hermit received the king and his followers in a most friendly manner, and when he saw by their sad faces that they were hungry, he inquired of the king if he would not take a bit of luncheon.

The king replied, that he had not tasted a mouthful since morning. The hermit then called the king's cook and

cup-bearer, led them to the spring, gave the cup-bearer a pitcher of water, and the cook a little fish out of the basin, and ordered them to make ready a repast for the king.

Cook and cup-bearer began to laugh aloud, and inquired if he thought they were beggars.

But the hermit replied, that it was all the same to them, and they had only to do as he bade them.

They made contemptuous faces, and then did as the hermit commanded them. But how were they surprised, when, instead of water, golden wine flowed, and the little fish changed into many large and delicious trout. They ran hastily to the king, and informed him of the miracle.

The king ate, gave thanks, and begged the hermit to go with him to his court, and he would make him Chancellor. The hermit consented, and the king assigned him a residence in the vicinity of the city in which the princess had established herself, because he hoped that the influence of the hermit might have a good effect upon her.

But the princess was a wicked enchantress. The city in which she dwelt was the most splendid in the world. It lay beneath the level of the sea, but the princess had summoned all the spirits which were under her authority to build high walls, to prevent the encroachment of the waters, and to erect the most splendid palaces and castles that could be imagined. All the people who lived in the city were rich as princes, but the princess wore around her neck a golden chain with silver keys, which were worth

more than the whole city; because these silver keys locked up the flood-gates of the sea, which the princess herself went every day to open, to let the water into the city, in order that there might be no mistake, or oversight by which the water should inundate the whole city.

The inhabitants of the city all being so very rich, became voluptuous and extravagant, and in their arrogance they committed all kinds of crimes and iniquities of which human beings are capable. In this respect, the princess herself furnished them with an example, which all were eager to imitate. In her court there was continual feasting and banqueting, so that the fame thereof went forth into the most remote lands, and all the nobles and gentry came to witness the splendor, and the princess received them graciously till far into the night; then, when they attempted to depart, she caused them to be strangled and thrown into the sea.

The hermit had heard of all of these proceedings, and had warned the princess against continuing such a course. But the princess believed that what he said came in reality from her father, and she therefore invited him to visit her, and threw him into a dark dungeon, and she warned the hermit not to let himself be seen at her court again.

Some days after this, there was a great banquet given, on account of a foreign prince, who had come a great many hundred miles to witness the magnificence of the princess. He was a tall man, arrayed in red satin, his beard was also red, and his eyes gleamed like glowing coals. The prince complimented the princess very much upon the splendor of her court and the beauty of the wonderful city. She entertained him

in her finest style, and at evening she invited him to dance.

The unknown prince danced with the princess, and during his flattering conversation she did not observe that he had stolen the silver keys. In the night, just as the princess was about to have the prince strangled and thrown into the sea, according to her usual custom, her people announced to her, that the prince was not to be found, though he had not left the castle.

The princess felt for her silver keys, in which lay, not merely her power over the flood-gates of the sea, but also her great magical craft, and remarked with horror that they were gone. Quite beside herself, she ran down the staircase, and met the foreign prince leading her father by the hand.

The princess also possessed a ring of nut-wood, with which she could practise a great many magical arts; this she reached for, to turn the strange prince into stone, but at that moment the prince became of enormous size, his red cloak and beard glowed like burning coals, and his eyes sparkled like wheels of fire.

With terrific voice, he cried out; "Accursed be thou, outcast of humanity! The measure of thy iniquity is full. Thy magical power is broken, and in this very night thy city with all that is therein shall be swallowed up by the waves of the sea. Accursed be thou, with thy whole city!"

He dragged away the king, whom he had freed, and who still wore the shackles on his hands and feet, opened the flood-gates of the sea, and brought the king up on the high land, without allowing himself to be moved in the least by his entreaties.

When they reached the high land, he

stopped and relieved the king of his fetters, and pointed back to the city they had just left. The waters of the sea were rushing in; they had already reached the spire of the tower, they mounted visibly higher and higher, and in a few minutes all was overwhelmed.

The strange prince was no other than the hermit; he flung the silver keys into the deep abyss, conducted the king to his castle, and returned to his hermitage. Nothing more was ever heard of him, and the king died not long after.

Since that time, many thousand human beings have been born, and have died, oak forests have grown up and have passed away again, and yet the legend of the Enchanted City is known even to this day; and it is also added, that once in every five years, on the first night in May, when the clock strikes twelve, the castle and city of the princess emerge from the sea, that then walls mountain-high dam out the waters, and a door is opened to the entrance of the castle. Whoever then has courage to take advantage of the right moment and hasten into the fifth saloon of the castle will find there the ring of nut-wood, by means of which all his wishes may be gratified. But he must be sure to hasten, for when the last stroke of the midnight hour sounds, the spell is broken, the door closes, the floods press in, and all retreat is cut off for the next five years.

Well, there once lived, many, many hundred years ago, a young man named Kurd, who had much rather be idle than to work, and would gladly have become with one lucky stroke a rich man for life.

Kurd had heard the story of the Enchanted Castle from a strolling beggar, and he had thought of nothing ever since but of getting possession of the nut-wood

ring of the princess. He watched for four years every first May-night to see if the city rose out of the sea, and on the fifth year he went again on the scout. He tarried and tarried till it should strike midnight. At last, a clear ring was heard in the night air; it was the first stroke of the nearest town-clock, which announced the hour of midnight.

A joyful tremor ran over Kurd. Before his eyes arose walls mountain-high, and house-tops and tower-spires shot up in the air. By the light of the stars he descried an opening in the walls just before him, and a massive bridge by which he could cross over into the city. He started for the bridge upon the full run, and passed through the opening into the city. On his entrance he found every thing dark; farther on it became brighter and brighter, till he reached the palace, which seemed to float in light. Just as Kurd hastened up the broad steps, the fifth stroke of the midnight hour sounded.

Kurd entered the first saloon; enormous trunks with silver stood all around against the walls; but Kurd wanted something better than silver, so he passed through. Then sounded the sixth stroke.

He found a second saloon in which stood huge coffers with much more gold than a hundred acres can yield of barley-corns; but Kurd disdained the gold, he had a mind for something better. He went on through the apartment. Then sounded the seventh stroke.

In the third room, there were real pearls, that lay around like sand on the sea-shore; but these could not entice Kurd, who knew there was something more precious yet to be had, and who still pushed on. Then sounded the eighth stroke.

The fourth apartment glittered and sparkled with nothing but diamonds; but he restrained himself, recollecting that, if he once got possession of the nut-wood ring, he could have diamonds, pearls, gold, and silver at his pleasure. As he hurried into the last room, the ninth stroke sounded.

But when Kurd entered the fifth and last saloon, he stood transfixed with astonishment. Before him in the centre of the room hung the ring of nut-tree-wood, yet he hardly marked the precious treasure, for before him and on both sides he espied countless maidens more beautiful than he had ever seen before, and every one held in one hand a wreath of flowers which she extended towards him, and in the other a golden cup filled with wine, the delicious odor of which invited him to drink.

Kurd, who had resisted the silver, the gold, the pearls, and the diamonds, could not withstand the charming maidens. The tenth stroke sounded,—he heard it not.

The eleventh,—Kurd remained motionless, lost in the sight of so much beauty.

Now,—the twelfth stroke,—like thunder in the mountains, it roared. Kurd started from his stupefied bewonderment,—the figures before him changed into marble statues, and a rushing sound like that of mighty waters came upon his ear. He tries to go back, the doors are closed, dark night comes on, and with horror he feels his limbs stiffening into stones. No one ever saw him again, neither since that time has any one ever dared to enter the Enchanted City; the sea has rushed over it for centuries, and the force of the waves has long since utterly destroyed it.

QUEEN VICTORIA AS A MOTHER.—

In the description of a good mother by King Solomon, it is said, concerning her, that “her children rise up and call her blessed.” We were reminded of this a few days ago, by an anecdote related by Bishop Wainwright. Mention being made of Queen Victoria, the Bishop stated that the Archdeacon of London, being engaged on one occasion in catechizing the young princes, and, being surprised at the accuracy of their answers in the catechism, said to the Prince:—

“Your governess deserves great credit for instructing you so thoroughly in the catechism.”

Whereupon the royal boy responded—

“Oh, but it is *ma* who teaches us the catechism.”

AN ENCOURAGING WORD TO STUDENTS.—

As to the difficulties in his path, the student need only to remember that before the resolute obstacles rapidly disappear. “There are few difficulties,” observes Mr. Sharpe, “that hold out against *real* attacks; they fly like the visible horizon before those who advance. If we do but go on, some unseen path will open among the hills.” “Some travelers,” says Bishop Hall, “look more at the map than at the way; between both, how many stand with folded arms!”

WHEN the main beam is straight, the joists will be regular;

When a father is strict, his duty will be fulfilled:

Let him not provoke his children to wrath,
And a delightful harmony will pervade the dwelling.

THE BOY WHO LOVED CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.



THE young gentleman in this picture appears to have a favorable opinion of the practice of giving Christmas presents and New Year's gifts. I don't blame him. It is a pleasant custom for boys and girls, though it sometimes causes a little disturbance in the purses of their parents, whose indulgent love is as large as a big heart will hold; while their purses are almost as empty as a beggar's hand. In such cases, a noble natured child will be satisfied with a small gift, or even with none at all. He will be content to know, that he has that which is worth more than the wishing cap of Fortunatus, the lamp of Aladdin, the

magic rings of fairies, or any other fabled gifts in the story books — even a father's affection, and a mother's love.

But where the family purse is comfortably filled, it is well that Christmas should be a season for gifts. But it is not well, when these gifts are made the occasions of selfishness, pride, envy, and quarrels among children. I have seen such things, and have been grieved. There is BOB BOBBIN! he goes out among his playmates, and screwing his little pug nose into a sneer, he says "I've got a better New-Year's present than you have, sir! mine cost a dollar!" Foolish fellow! If his present is no bet-

ter than his heart, it's a poor thing. I would't take such a heart as his even at a premium.

And yonder is KITTY GRUMBLE, with her New-Year's present on the floor. Look at her face! Whew! What lips! How they pout! And what red eyes! One would think she had been painting a ring of vermillion all round the inside of the lids. O dear! I'd rather be appointed to watch for the sea serpent on the rocks of Nahant, than have such a looking girl call me father! But what ails Kitty? Ah! She don't like her present. Her poor father sat up late one night to earn money enough to buy it; but she don't like it, because Polly Prim has something which cost twice as much. Ungrateful Kitty!

And POLLY PRIM, with her fine rose-wood work box, has been teasing her little sister Nelly, by saying, "My present is better than yours. Father loves me best. You've only got a mock, curly haired dog, I've got a pretty work box." Poor little Nelly feels bad at this. She don't care about Polly's box. She would rather have her dog. But she don't like to be told that father loves Polly best. Silly, wicked Polly Prim; she don't deserve to have so sweet a sister as little Nelly, nor so indulgent a father as she has.

The true way to look at a gift, is to regard it as a token of love, and to value it more for what it means, than for what it is. And instead of teasing or envying others, children should be satisfied with what they get, and try to make others feel satisfied also.

TRY for "the soft answer that turneth away wrath."

THE HERB THYME.—Thyme was amongst the Greeks the emblem of activity (because it grows on the tops of steps, as though it had climbed thither,) and they applied it in ointments to the knee and the neck, to invigorate those parts. Its Latin name, *thymus*, is derived from the nearly similar Greek word signifying courage, strength. The woody and fragrant sprigs of the herb were burned in the temples as incense. In a Greek epigram of Dioscorides, he calls it "the Muses' pungent thyme." Partridges, stocks, and wood-pigeons eat it to heal any wounds they may happen to receive; and the tortoise is said to make use of it as a preventative from the bite of the serpent. With bees, the tiny purple blossoms are especial favorites. The honey of Mount Hybla is said to have owed its high reputation to the wild thyme growing there in abundance.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.—Of all the sweeteners of human toil, of all the motive powers that give alacrity to the hand or foot, readiness to the will, intelligence to mind and purpose, the quickest and the most enduring result is the kind "word spoken in season." "How good is it!" exclaims the wisest of the sons of men. The most boorish obstinacy melts at last under its repeated influence, though rough and hard, at first, as the unsmelted ore. Horse power is convenient of appliance, wind and water power are cheap, the power of steam is great, the sordid power of money greater still; but of all the powers that be, to rid the tiny weed, or fell the stubborn oak, the greatest power is that which can gear on *mind to matter*—the WORD and LOOK OF KINDNESS.

GIRLS AT PLAY.



WHEN children love each other, they look very beautiful. I would rather see a group of affectionate children, playing in a mud hovel together, than to gaze on little princes and princesses quarrelling in a palace. Hatred and anger will change a pretty face to ugliness, while love makes a homely child beautiful. In the picture, you see two angry girls. They both wanted the same book at once. Neither of them would wait until the other had read it, nor would they look over its pages together. So they began to call

hard names, to scratch, and to pull, until the book was kicked over the floor, and they both felt as miserable as the anger demon could make them. Miserable girls! How they tormented each other! And how unhappy they look even in the picture.

But there stands their brother, who has another spirit. He is very gentle and kind. He never quarrels. He is a peace-maker. He is trying to put out the fires which burn in the breasts of his sisters.

"Come," he says, "dear sisters, do make it up! Do love one another. Come Sophia, do kiss Annie. Come Annie, do kiss Sophia; and I will give both of you one of my books!"

You know it takes considerable water to quench a strong fire. So it is with the angry fires in these sisters. They burn very fiercely in their breasts, and require a great deal of kindness to put them out. But real goodness is very persevering. So the good boy keeps on persuading them until he succeeds in

making them kiss each other and end their quarrel.

Look at the picture, dear child, and ask your heart which of the children in it, you love best? Ah! I see by your face, that you select the boy. He is the only one you can love very heartily, you think. You are right. But don't forget, that just as you feel toward him and his sisters, others feel toward you. If you are lovely, they love you; if ugly they turn away from you. No matter how well you are dressed, or how rich your parents are. If you are passionate, hateful, quarrelsome, you will not be beloved; while if you are as poor as a robin in winter, and are kind and gentle, you will be admired and loved.

BE KIND TO THE OLD.—Be kind to those who are in the autumn of life, for thou knowest not what suffering they may have endured, or how much may still be their portion. Are they querulous and unreasonable? Allow not thine anger to kindle against them; rebuke them not, for doubtless many have been the crosses and trials of earlier years, and perhaps their dispositions, while in the spring-time of life, were more flexible than thine own. Do they require aid of thee? Then render it cheerfully, and forget not that the time may come when thou mayest desire the same assistance from others that thou renderest unto them. Do all that is needful for the old, and do it with alacrity, and think it not hard if much is required at thy hand; lest when age has set its seal on thy brow, and filled thy limbs with trembling, others may wait upon thee unwillingly, and feel relieved when the coffin-lid has covered thy face for ever.

DR. COOPER, of the South Carolina College, was one of the best natured old gents that ever lectured to mischievous boys. On one occasion, when he entered the lecture room, he found the class all seated with unwonted punctuality, and looking wondrous grave. Mischief was the cause, and it was apparent that they were prepared for a burst of laughter as the old doctor waded along to the professor's chair, for there sat an old goat, bolt-upright, lashed to the chair. But they were disappointed of their fun, for instead of getting angry and storming at them, he mildly remarked, "Aha, young gentlemen! quite republican, I see, in your tendencies; fond of representative government? Well, well, it is all right. I dare say the present incumbent can fill it as well as any of you. You may listen to his lecture to-day. Good-bye! Don't feel sheepish about it!" And he went away without leaving a smile behind.

THE VIRTUE OF LAUGHTER.—There is a reckless laughter, and there is heartless laughter; but when one can give, and does give, a clear, honest laugh, or in any way shows a genial sympathy, there is still left something of the innocence of nature and the pulse of goodness. It is true, there are those, the intensity of whose inner life, and the circumstances of whose lot, may repulse tumultuous joy; yet there is an attractiveness in them, as though that which in others breaks out in laughter, were distilled into spiritual serenity, and comes forth now and then in the sun burst of a smile.

LEARN the different temper of each individual.

THE MAINE LAW—A DIALOGUE FOR TWO BOYS.

Calvin. Ah, Peter, is that you? I'm glad to meet you this afternoon. I've just seen something that made me feel first rate. What do you think it was?

Peter. That's more than I can guess, Calvin. Perhaps you've seen the military company train: or, may be, the boys have been trying the new fire engine.

C. No; better than that. For I don't think much of this soldiering business; and as for the fire engines, I think the less such boys as we are have to do with them the better.

P. I know you have some peculiar opinions on those subjects, Calvin; and may be you're right, though I don't think so. But what was the fine affair that tickled your fancy so much?

C. Why, as I was passing down Third street, I saw a little crowd round old Swipe's rum shop. Ah, said I to myself, some mischief going on here, as usual, I suppose. With this thought, I crossed over to the opposite side of the street, for I don't like getting too near to a rum shop row. But I soon saw, that this time the fuss was one of the right sort.

P. A right sort of a fuss, eh? What could it be, Calvin?

C. O, it was capital! For there was old Grab the constable, with some more of the Court folks, turning old Swipe's rum jugs into the street. Ah! said I to myself, that's fine! So I crossed over, and saw them put all the old fellow's strong stuffs into Racer's express wagon.

P. Well, what of that? Has old Swipe failed?

C. No. Better than that. Some-

body has charged him with breaking the anti-liquor law. So they have carried his poisons off to the lock-up. He will have a hearing to-morrow, before Esquire Smith; if they find him guilty, as I think they will, his filthy rum jugs will be emptied into the dock. And I mean to be there, to see it done, if I can.

P. And that's the mighty fine sight you were so tickled with, eh? I'm ashamed of you, Calvin! I think it's small potatoes to break up a man's business in that fashion. It's down right robbery. If I'd been Mr. Swipe, I'd have given them a piece of my mind.

C. Why, Peter! Ain't you in favor of the Maine law?

P. I hope not. It's a piece of miserable oppression, and we ought to put it where our great grandfathers put Johnny Bull's tea.

C. Stop, Peter, I'm afraid you are too fast on the wrong side. If we could convert Boston harbor into a huge rum bottle, into which we could pour all the alcohol in New England, I should be glad. Though, by the way, I guess the fishes would get up a protest against being poisoned at that rate. But why are you so bitter against the Maine law?

P. Why, you see, it interferes with our liberty. It tells us what we shall, and what we shall not, drink. It takes away from us a right for which our fathers bled and—

C. Stop, stop, Peter! Do you mean to say that our fathers bled to secure us the right to get drunk, and thus to make fools of ourselves?

P. Why, yes—no—yes—no. I, I, I,—

C. You're in shoal water, Peter. You know that it was to procure us liberty to act up to our views of duty, and to enjoy a rational freedom, that our noble ancestors spilt their patriotic blood. They never dreamed, that true freedom implied the right of one man to bloat, and fatten, and grow rich, on the ruin of others, as old Swipe, and all other rum-sellers, do.

P. Well, I don't mean that. But hav'nt I a right to drink what I please?

C. Certainly.

P. But this Maine law says I shant drink rum or wine or brandy. Do you call that freedom?

C. The law says no such thing, Peter. It only says you shall not sell it as a common drink.

P. Well, aint that the same thing? If rum or wine can't be sold, it can't be bought, and if it can't be bought, how can a freeman exercise his right to drink what he pleases? Answer me that, Master Calvin.

C. That's a question you must settle for yourself, Peter. The law says nothing about it. You may drink what you will—if you can get it. But the law, regarding intoxicating drinks as poisons, destructive alike to public health, happiness and life, says they shall not be sold except for medical and mechanical uses. It treats them as it does mad dogs or savage beasts. Do you think our freedom is restricted by the law which would punish a man who should dare to keep such a public nuisance as a mad dog.

P. That's another case! Mad dogs kill people.

C. So do intoxicating drinks. There was Tom Buntline's father, didn't he die drunk. Could a mad dog have done

anything worse for him, than old Swipe's rum did when it killed him?

P. Ah, I see it's no use to talk with you; you're what old Swipe calls a temperance fanatic. I guess I'll be off. [*He leaves the platform.*]

C. Here stop, stop, Peter! [*Calvin turns to the audience.*] It's no use. He's off. He can't argue the case a bit. Perhaps it's easier to cry 'fanatic' than it is to reason. But I must go and see how old Swipe looks, now his stock in trade is in the lock-up. [*Exit Calvin.*]

I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth, who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy. On the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depth of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Sincerity is, to speak as we think, to do as we pretend and profess, to perform and make good what we promise, and really to be what we seem to be.

Chaucer most frequently describes things as they are; Spenser, as we wish them to be; Shakspeare, as they would be and Milton, as they ought to be.

FRIENDLY CHIT-CHAT WITH MY READERS.



I wish you a happy new year, young friends. May the breezes of 1854 blow lightly and healthfully upon you, cheering your spirits and inspiring your veins with vigorous life! May you be strangers to sin and sadness. May sunshine light your steps, and pleasure smile upon your pathways, and may you and FRANCIS FORRESTER keep company all through the year.

Such are the wishes of an old man's heart. I would rather have my best wig blown into Boston harbor, than wish one of you so small an evil as the tooth-ache. And I shall certainly do my best to instruct you in the art of being healthy, wealthy, virtuous, and wise. Let us then shake hands in our hearts, as the Indian said, and jog along in cheerful companionship through another year.

I have great love for the young. My old heart beats joyfully, when I see a group of boys and girls playing tag, innocently romping on the green sward, playing blind-man's buff, driving hoops, or conning over their last lessons at school. As I hear their gleeful cries,

their buoyant huzzas, or gaze upon their plump cheeks and merry eyes, I feel young again, and, but for the look of the thing, would join their sports myself. But that would'nt do. The people would think Francis Forrester, Esq., had taken leave of his sense of propriety. He would pant like a hunter fresh from the chase, his wig would get disordered, his spectacles would slip down to the end of his nose, and he would be as much out of his place as a lamb in a crowd. So all he can do is to look on, and say, "Play away, children. May your enjoyment never be hindered by wickedness!"

I think you will pronounce this number of my Magazine first-rate. The pictures are beautiful, and they are abundant too. Then look at the matter. First, you have the boyhood of Franklin, then a sweet little fern leaf from Fanny Fern's new book for children. Besides these, I have given you a first lesson in drawing. I hope every one of you will practice that lesson every day until you receive the February number. I shall be glad also to receive specimens of your performance, that I may judge who succeeds best. The cuts in the drawing lessons will represent objects after a little while. So just practice the lines well, and you will be able to draw nice pictures by and by. But this is not all. You have anecdotes of natural history, snake worshippers, a peep at Neddie Naylor, Christmas presents, the legend about an enchanted city, from a beautiful book called *Legends of Brittany*, besides numerous other stories, anecdotes, sayings, and similar good

things. Now if you don't pronounce such a dish as this delicious, I shall doubt the quality of your taste—that's all.

By the way, Messrs. Heath & Graves have sent me a delightful volume called the "Three Voices," which is a first rate book for children.

The *fifth* volume of MY UNCLE TOBY'S LIBRARY is out. It is called Arthur's Temptation. I think you would like to read it. It tells how Arthur Elerslie resisted a temptation to lie. Here is one of the pictures. It represents the finding of a silver goblet which Arthur



was suspected of stealing. If you send Mr. Rand *eight* postage stamps, he will send you a copy free of postage. I will now give you the answers to my last month's puzzles.

ANSWERS TO PORTFOLIO PUZZLES.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Veil, Vile, Levi, Live.
2. Lemon, Melon. 3. Fair, Air.

CHARADES.—1. Book-case. 2. Night-cap.

ANAGRAMS.—1. J-ordan, O-live, S-acrifice, I-saiah, A-xe, H-eaven,—Josiah. 2. V-irgil, I-ris, R-uby, G-rayhound, I-nk, L-ily of the Valley,—Virgil.

And here are some new ones, harder than Sampson's riddle, but which can be solved by all who try very hard.

PORTFOLIO PUZZLES.

CHARADES.

1.

My first's a prop, my second's a prop, my third's a prop.

2.

What I do, what I do not, and what you are.

3.

My first is equality; my second, inferiority; my third, superiority.

4.

He can seldom obtain my first, who labors for my second; and few like to do my third.

5.

My first is of no use without my second; and my third is to be seen every day in St. James's Street.

6.

My first is wise and foolish; my second, the physician's study; my third, the pleasantest ornament of a house.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1.

A jet of water, a fruit swine are fond of, a carpenter's tool, a little child, a wild beast's den, a vegetable, a passion, an eminent painter, a thought, a letter, an inflammatory spirit, and a small fish; the initials of which, read forwards, form a name appropriate to this Magazine.

2.

I am a word of 8 letters. My 5, 1, 2, 5, 1, 3, is a religious sect; my 5, 6, 8, 4, is a lady's name; my 5, 6, 7, 8, 1, 2, is mentioned in the "Life of Telemachus;" my 5, 4, 2, 5, 1, 8 is an animal; my 2, 1, 4, 7 is the color of a horse; my 5, 4, 3, 6 is part of a lion; and my whole is a decoration.

3.

I am a word of 9 letters, and my 9, 5, 9 is found in my whole; my 7, 4, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 is a false representation; my 4, 7, 8, 9 is a wild beast; my 2, 8, 5, 1, 7, 9 is a relation; my 9, 8, 6, 2 is part of the face; my 9, 8, 7, 6, 2 is

a loud clamor; and my 9, 7, 4, 2 is a river in Africa.

4.

I am a word of 9 letters; my 4, 5, 6, 4 is sour; my 8, 5, 6, 4 is an animal; and my 1, 9, 5, 6, 4 is to be found in every human being; my 7, 5, 4 is very destructive to my 6, 5, 4, which it will 2, 5, 4; and sometimes my 4, 6, 5, 3 is used to take both, and my 7, 5, 4 is often made a 3, 2, 4 of, and may be seen sitting on my 7, 5, 6, 3, 2, 4; my 1, 5, 9 is made by the 8, 2, 5, 4 of the 6, 5, 9 of the sun; my 7, 6, 5, 3, 2 is much used in mourning; my 3, 2, 5, 4 is used for fuel; without my 7, 8, 5, 6, 4, sailors could not circumnavigate the world; and my whole is an ancient government.

I have a letter from our old friend MARK FORRESTER. You will see by reading it, that the old gentleman is yet alive, and feels a deep interest in your prosperity. "May his shadow never be less." But here is his letter.

DEAR COUSIN FRANCIS,—I have kept silent for one whole year, while you have had the editorial management of my Magazine. Strangers may think this is because I wanted to see how you would succeed before I committed myself to you or to them. But it is not so. I knew you of old as a writer for children, and I knew you would make a "first rate" editor, as "Sam Forrester" would say. This is one reason why I have been so quiet. I knew very well that I might rest at home, or travel abroad, and all would be safe in your hand.

As to the new publishers, I felt the same security. I have known both Franklin and George for a long, long while. George is a genius of a printer. He presides over his great establishment with a *will* that every thing shall be done at the right time, and in the best manner. And where he has a will he finds a way. I speak of the younger first because he prepares the way for the other. But the last is not the least. They are true yoke fellows. Franklin must have every subscriber supplied in season, and every account in perfect order.

Having such an editor, such a printer, and such a publisher, I might well feel at ease

about the success and usefulness of the Boys' and Girls' Magazine. And I have not been disappointed. You have all done nobly, and deserve as you will have, the thanks and patronage of a host of parents and children.

Now, my friend, I have written this for publication. You may say, "I don't like to publish praise of myself." Very well, that is modest and proper enough in you, but as my young friends wish to know my opinion of the matter, I say as did Gen. Jackson, "I take the responsibility."

In my travels the last year, I have had many a fine time with the children, and I may before long tell your readers something about it.

Your Cousin,

MARK FORRESTER.

P. S. Now that I am at home, and have a little leisure, I would like to peruse the books which you have been writing for children. Suppose you send me a copy of each? I have rejoiced in the high praise they have received in many newspapers, and I trust it is all well deserved.

M. F.

And now for a peep at this heap of correspondence. There is so much of it I can only insert a very small portion of the whole. JULIUS H. WOODWARD says he likes my Magazine. Thank you, Julius. Your enigma is on file, with perhaps, a hundred others, waiting its turn. Write me again, Julius. HORACE B., says he has been to see the Crystal Palace, and thinks my description of it in a recent number was "very good." He has also heard Madame Sontag sing, and Paul Julien play on the violin. He is not right in one of the transpositions, as he will see. Here is the close of his letter. He says,

I send you a transposition and query.

TRANSPOSITION.—*ac f j k o r s t*. It is a winter visitor.

QUERY.—A man taught book keeping in four words; what are they?

I have now taken your Magazine three

years, and I think I shall another. I think the "broom" for this last year has "swept very clean." Good by.

Thank you, Horace. May your shadow grow larger and longer every month during the next seven years. Here is a line from FRED FROLIC. Let us hear what he has to say.

DEAR MR. FORRESTER. But to proceed with my adventures. I was up bright and early the next morning after my arrival at my uncle's, and was on familiar acquaintance with everybody in the household, including old "White Face," who liked me so well that she condescended to let me milk her, and, as it was my first attempt to do anything of the kind, I guess that I tried her patience pretty well, for she began to whisk her tail, before I got through. I was soon made acquainted with the *exercises* of the day, the principal of which, was hoeing potatoes. Jerry and I, taking a row together, and keeping up with the men, who took a row apiece.

I got along very well at first, but a colt don't like to be kept long in the harness, and I, who am something of a colt, was soon tired of hoeing potatoes. With Jerry it was different, *he* was used to it; so when I asked him in the afternoon, to go a fishing with me, he answered with surprise, saying, no *sir*, if I expect to have Saturday afternoon to myself, I have got to work the *other* days.

Well, I shant work all day, I answered. And so Jerry went to hoeing potatoes, and I went a fishing. He to earn a good night's rest, I to get dissatisfied and displeased with myself, and every body else; for I knew that I had not done *right*.

After this experience, I made up my mind that it was better to work with *company*, than to play *alone*.

It had been arranged that the boys should meet on Saturday afternoon, at *Jerry's*. I was introduced as the future sailing-master of the "Beau," which was the name we had concluded upon for our *craft*; as no one else was considered as qualified for the office! What an honor! I, Fred Frolic, master of a vessel carrying a crew of twelve. I don't think I shall be called *Freddy* any more.

Jerry was chosen captain, and a stout duck legged little fellow, was chosen boatswain. It was concluded that we would have no more officers. This being settled, we were ready to hear the report of the building committee, which was, in substance, that the Beau would be ready to launch on the next Saturday afternoon. After which the company separated.

As the building committee were going into the woods to get a mast, I was invited to join them. We looked about some time, and at last found a straight fir tree, which we thought would do, and which we cut and carried to Mr. Auger's shop.

Although I was much interested in the work of the farm, yet hereafter I shall confine myself to a description of the holiday sports. The subject of my next, if next there be, will be the *launch*.

FRED FROLIC.

JULIAN writes me as follows :

Stamford, Nov. 9th, 1853.

FRIEND FORRESTER:—I am now visiting Augustus B. Knowlton at his residence in Connecticut.

Stamford is quite a large place, noted for its enterprising men, and with a few more such business men as Augustus will doubtless make, its bids fair to rival New York sooner or later.

We have settled that little difference between us, in regard to the "Enigma," and are now sitting cosily together like a pair of turtle doves just mated!

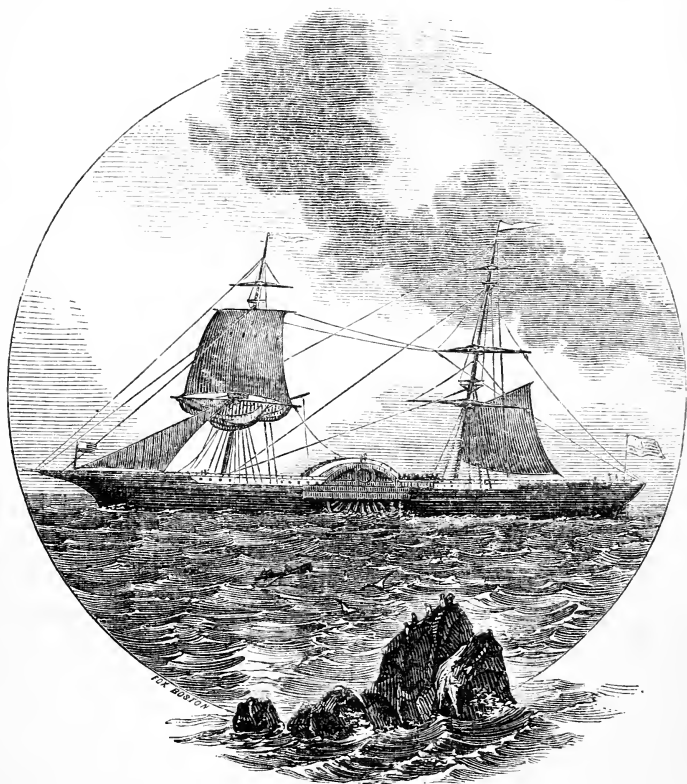
Augustus and myself are very anxious to hear again from "DELPHOS," and if he will contribute to the Magazine regularly, he will confer a great favor on us. His last letter was very interesting.

Geo. H. SHAW,
Otherwise "JULIAN."

I have a large lot of correspondence on hand, perhaps fifty letters, for which I have not room. Hereafter, my young friends must write very short letters, that more of them may have a chance to be printed. But my columns are full now, and so good by.

F. F.

THE CALORIC SHIP ERICSSON.



HERE is a beautiful picture of a noble and wonderful ship. She looks like a steam ship, though she is not. If you were on board of this vessel, you would not see huge furnaces, glowing like volcanoes under monstrous boilers, such as you have seen on board of our large steam boats. But you would see four enormous double cylinders, larger than the largest elephant you ever saw. Then its furnaces are small affairs, compared with those in steam ships. They do not consume as many pecks of coal in an hour, as the steam boat furnaces do bushels. Still, this magnificent ship can sail at the rate of nine miles an hour.

Now do tell us, Mr. Forrester, from whence she gets her power, if not from steam? you inquire. It comes from *heated air!* You know, perhaps, that the air expands or spreads itself over a larger space, when it grows hot, than it does when it is cold. Well, in this new ship, the cold air passes from a first cylinder through a heated apparatus, which makes it grow suddenly hot, as it rushes, expanding itself as it flies, into a second cylinder. Here it meets what is called a piston-head, 168 inches in diameter, which it pushes up with great force, just as steam pushes up the piston-head in a steam vessel. Thus, the piston being raised, the crank which sets the shaft agoing, is turned; and that, in its turn, carries round the paddle wheels. I don't know as you will understand all this; but I have described it in as simple a manner as I am able to do. Perhaps you may one day be on board a caloric ship, and then if you keep your eyes open, and can make the Engineer your friend, you may be able to understand it better.

Some people do not believe that the caloric ship will succeed. It is true, she has made one fine trip to sea and returned in safety. But these unbelievers are not satisfied. They bring all kinds of objections against her, and pretend to laugh whenever she is named. Well, let them laugh if they will. The wiseacres of the day laughed at FULTON, when he built his first steamer on the banks of the Hudson. They even gathered together in crowds, to enjoy the fun of seeing Fulton's crest fall, as they thought it would, when he came to try the powers of his steam ship. But nothing daunted, that great man ordered her fires to be lighted: and when

the steam was up, he boldly cast loose from the wharf, and away he steamed up the waters of the beautiful Hudson. Then the doubters had to give up; and the shout of a thousand tongues went ringing across the quiet waters of the river, until they were echoed back from the hills of Hoboken, and the woods of Wehawken. That was the hour of Robert Fulton's triumph. He had taught mankind that the waters might be navigated by steam power! He had thereby written his name among the benefactors of his race.

And Francis Forrester expects that Mr. Ericsson will enjoy a triumph too, in a little while. He has been improving the machinery of his ship, and will shortly send her across the Atlantic. Should she make a rapid and safe voyage, as I hope she will, the doubters and scorners will be compelled to change their tune, and shout over the triumph of JOHN ERICSSON'S genius as their fathers did over Fulton's: for he will then have taught the world to navigate the ocean with hot air, which is a far cheaper and safer motive power than steam.

I think Mr. Ericsson is one of the great men of our times. He is a Swede by birth. In his boyhood, he astonished his friends by his displays of mechanical genius. While he was yet a youth, he entered the Swedish army, where he soon won the rank of Captain. But he still pursued his mechanical studies. In 1829, he went to England, where he made an engine for a railway, which run at the rate of fifty miles an hour. He is the inventor of many other improvements in mechanics; but the crowning act of his life, thus far, is the construction of his famous caloric ship.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S YOUTH.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was apprenticed to his brother, to learn the business of a printer, when he was *twelve* years old. But young as he was, he was smart, active, and industrious. — Hence, he soon made himself useful. He learned also to love his work. He thought it was much more interesting to set types than to cut and sort candlewicks, as he had been previously required to do.

Most boys who are taken from their school studies, at so early an age as Franklin, give up the hope of ever becoming scholars. This is very foolish, because they may become both wise and learned by self culture, if they choose to set about it in good earnest. Franklin did this. He read all the books he could buy and borrow. To find time for reading, he improved every moment by day, and sat up far into the night. He

conversed and debated with the boys among his acquaintance, and he began to write down his thoughts on paper, and to read the best authors, that he might learn to write with correctness and elegance. He thus laid the foundations of his future greatness. Had he wasted his leisure hours in idleness, the world would never have heard much of Benjamin Franklin.

Like most lads of talent, young Franklin thought himself something of a poet; at least he knew he could write rhymes. His brother, who had a sharp eye to business matters, thought that one

of his ballads about a recent shipwreck would sell well, so he printed it, and sent Benjamin round town to sell it. It had a great run. Almost everybody bought a copy. Franklin then began to think himself a poet indeed, and to feel not a little puffed up by his success. But his father, who was a man of sense, soon mortified this growing vanity by showing him that his wonderful verses were made of "wretched stuff;" and that he had greater need to be ashamed, than proud, of them. Upon this, Benjamin had the good sense to quit ballad making. I wish all young versifiers, who like him mistake their vocation, were equally wise.

Among other means adopted for self improvement, by our young printer, was that of self-denial. Instead of indulging a love of good eating and drinking, he strove to eat only what was necessary

for perfect health and for clearness of mind. A book fell in his way, which recommended vegetable diet as the best of all regimen. He tried it, and found it suited him well. But as his fellow boarders made sport of what they called his oddity, he asked his brother to allow him one half the sum it cost to pay his board, and he would board himself. To this his brother consented. Franklin then lived on bread, raisins, biscuit and water, and found that, after satisfying the wants of nature, he had money to spare every week with which to add to his stock of books. What a rebuke does this manly self-denial give to the lads of this age, who waste nearly all the spare money they get in candies, cigars, and similar injurious trumperies! They need not expect to make a very deep mark on the world, inasmuch as they do not walk in the road to greatness and usefulness—which is always a way of toils and self denial.

Franklin's habits of self improvement soon led him to feel conscious of his great powers. Hence, when his brother began to publish a newspaper, called the New England Courant,—the second paper that was published in this country—he noticed that the articles it contained were the subject of conversation among the citizens who visited his brother's office. The thought popped into his head, that he should like to know what they would say about his writings. So he composed an article, wrote it in a disguised hand, and pushed it, at night, under the door of the printing office. His brother found it and printed it. Next day the critics met as usual. They talked over the *merits* of his article, wondered who wrote it, and

finally attributed it to various persons celebrated for learning and genius. They little dreamed, that its author was near by, busy with the types, but laughing in his sleeve at their mistake, and feeling not a little proud of his performance.

Finding his first piece so well received, he wrote more which were received with equal favor. But after a time, his resources of knowledge were exhausted. He then let his secret out and surprised them all. Only, some of his papers, being political, brought his brother into trouble.

While he was thus toiling and growing wiser by his toil, his brother was harsh and passionate toward him. This made him feel uncomfortable. And his brother being imprisoned, and his paper stopped, for certain matters it contained, Benjamin's indentures were cancelled, that he might carry on his brother's business in his own name. After his brother was discharged from prison, he was so angry one day that he struck Benjamin, who resented the blow by immediately quitting the office.

Unable to get work in Boston, owing to his brother's hostility, Franklin started for New York in a vessel. He could get no employment in that city; so he proceeded a-foot to Philadelphia. He reached it, after a hard journey by land and water, in a very sorry plight. He had on his working clothes, for he had left his trunk in New York, to be sent round by water. His pockets were stuffed with shirts and stockings. He was hungry and tired. He knew no one, and had but a dollar in his pocket. Poor Franklin! This was rather a rough beginning, and he wished himself back to Boston again.

Walking into Market street, he went to a baker's shop and bought three rolls of bread. Two of these he placed, one under each arm, and walked, he knew not whither, eating the other, as you see him in the picture.

The next day he found work with a printer named KEIMER, where his talents and industry attracted the attention of Sir WM. KEITH, Governor of the Province. That gentleman advised him to begin business on his own account. To accomplish this he returned to Boston, to obtain pecuniary aid from his father. But his prudent parent thought he had better wait until he was twenty-one. Disappointed, Benjamin returned to Philadelphia.

But he had learned at least one practical lesson during this visit, which he never forgot. He was at the residence of that good minister COTTON MATHER. On leaving, Mr. Mather took him through a low dark passage leading from his library. As he was walking down this passage, the good minister, who was behind him, suddenly cried:

"Stoop! stoop!"

But Franklin kept on without noticing this warning, until his head struck a beam.

"There!" said the minister, "you are young, and have the world before you. *Stoop* as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps."

Sir William Keith now advised Franklin to go to London and purchase materials for a printing office, promising to give him a letter of credit for this purpose. Franklin agreed to this, and sailed for London. But Sir William deceived him by not sending the money, so that he found himself almost as penniless in London as when he ate

his rolls in the streets of Philadelphia. But he would not be discouraged. He obtained work in a printing office; and staid in London some time, earning good wages, and growing more and more perfect in his business. After stopping here eighteen months, he returned to Philadelphia, and entered Keimer's office again, where he remained until he was about twenty-one years of age.

A BOY'S LOVE FOR HIS MOTHER.

—The first bit of silver he could call his own, says the Hon. J. T. Buckingham, in his just published "Personal Memoirs," was a ninepence, the proceeds of the sale of a bunch of bristles to a brush maker. He kept it as a pocket piece for years, and then parted with it to pay the postage of a letter to his mother. How much is revealed of the human heart in such a trifling anecdote! The affections overcame the vanity or the incipient love of accumulation, which boyish desires or wants could not conquer.

"I HAVE sworn on the altar of God eternal hostility against everything that would fix a fetter upon the mind of man."—*Jefferson*.

A DUTCHMAN who had a brother hung in this country, wrote to his relatives, informing them that his brother had been placed in a public situation by the government; at the time of his death had several thousand people, including the sheriff and grand jury, under him.

TWO BROTHERS.



I saw two children fighting:

They bit and scratched and tore,
And when a stranger parted them
Set up a deafening roar;
They shook their little fists in rage,
And yelled with all their might,
Till many children gathered round
To see the shameful sight.

They were two little brothers,
Named Jonathan and Moses;
But O, such faces as they had!
Such scratched and bloody noses!
Their hair was rough and tangled too,
Their hats without a brim,
With jackets, pants, and dirty feet,
In corresponding trim.

And then they were so ignorant,
They'd never heard the name
Of Francis Forrester, Esq.,
So widely known to fame.
The little bright-eyed children
Who read this Magazine,
Can scarcely think how bad they looked,
How angry and how mean.

You'll pity them, dear children,
In spite of all their sin;

For they have never-dying souls,
That hell or heaven must win;
And none have taught them kindly
To know their Saviour God,
And none have led them by the hand
Along the path He trod.

O children, little children,
Be kind in word and deed;
Be gentle — let the kiss of love
For all offences plead;
So will you scatter roses
Along the way you go,
So will you light with heavenly rays
This weary world of woe.

HARMONY.

Warehouse Point, Conn.

DRIVEN FROM HER FATHER'S GATE.

SHE stood at the gate of her father's home,
And her infant spirit sunk before it;
For memory turned to happier days,
Ere sorrow had waved its pinions o'er it.

Deep thought came over that infant brow,
And tears bedewed the fair young face,
For others dwelt in her own loved home,
And occupied her parents' place.

She paused awhile — then gazed once more;
She thought upon her wayward fate;
The stranger's dog — faithful, though rude —
Drove her in haste from her father's gate.

Courage, sweet child! thou'rt not alone —
Thy Heavenly Father guards thy fate,
And when thy wanderings on earth are done,
Will bid thee enter thy Father's gate.

“I HAVE seen Thee in thy works,
and sought thee in thy providences,
but I have found thee in thy temples.”
— *Lord Bacon.*

KIND LITTLE MARTHA BIGET — HER REWARD.

MORE than fifty years ago, there was a farmer named Biget, who lived near Besançon in France. He had been sick, and had fallen in debt to the lord of the estate to the amount of a hundred crowns. One day the steward of the place ordered him to quit the farm, since he could not pay the debt he owed to his lord. After receiving this notice, his wife opened a cupboard and took out a piece of brown bread.

"Martha," she said, addressing a child of ten years old, "there is your breakfast, my child; I have neither milk nor butter to give you to-day."

"O, mamma! that does not signify; but why do you look so sad?"

"Don't ask me, child, but make haste to eat your bread. Your aunt at Besançon has sent you and your brothers and sisters a nice cake a-piece; I wish you to take them theirs to school."

"O, thank you, mamma; and if you will allow me, I will go at once, and keep my cake and my bread to eat with them when we are all together."

Her mother gave her leave; and Martha, with her little basket on her arm, was soon tripping gaily along the road.

It was a fine morning in October, 1757, and as little Martha went on her way, she saw a vast cloud of dust advancing. Presently a large party of dragoons appeared, followed by a number of men on foot, dressed in uniform, but unarmed. The child stopped on the road close to the hedge, and, as the party passed by her, she heard a low sigh, and saw that one of the prisoners

of war, for such they were, had fallen on the ground. He looked as pale as death, and his eyes were closed. Martha bent over him, and said,

"What is the matter, poor man?"

The fainting soldier did not answer, but one of his comrades, who knew a little French, replied,

"He's dying of hunger, like the rest of us, little girl."

"Dying of hunger!" repeated she. And her first impulse was to open her basket and give its contents to the prisoner; but a sudden thought checked her. "These cakes don't belong to me," she said to herself. However, she took her own cake and her piece of bread and gave them to the poor man, who was now somewhat revived, and began to devour the food with the utmost eagerness. At the same moment several other prisoners held out their supplicating hands: they looked so pale and thin and wretched, that the child's eyes filled with tears.

"O!" she thought, "if my brothers and sisters were here, I am certain they would not grudge their cakes to those poor people. I'm afraid mamma won't be pleased; but then hunger is such a dreadful thing, I *must* give them." So the little girl, who had not herself tasted anything that day, divided her little store, as far as it would go, amongst the prisoners.

"I have no more," she said at last, in so sad a tone that the French captain who commanded the detachment, and who had been silently watching her, approached.

"A pretty business this," he said,

~ affecting a severe tone, "to give your breakfast to your enemies!"

"Enemies, sir!" exclaimed Martha, "they are poor hungry people."

"Yes, but they are English; and the English are the enemies of France."

"Sir, I never thought whether they were enemies or not, when I saw them suffering."

The officer took her little hand.

"Have you eaten your own breakfast, my child?"

"No, sir."

"Then you must be very hungry?"

"O, I don't much mind; I'm used to it."

"Does your mother allow you to want food?"

"O, no, sir, my mother always gives us children our meals before she takes a bit herself. When I am hungry, it is not her fault, but mine, for giving my bread away."

At that moment an inferior officer approached the captain to ask for orders, and Martha went away, retracing her steps towards home; for, not having anything to carry to her brothers and sisters, it would have been useless to visit them at school. "What will my mother say?" she thought. "I will tell her the exact truth, and then I hope she will not be angry."

When Martha entered the usually neat cottage, she was surprised to see the furniture in disorder, and her father, who during the last six months had never quitted his bed, seated pale and faint in an arm-chair. Her mother was counting some money in her lap, pausing now and then to brush away the tears that filled her eyes.

"O, mamma, what is the matter?"

"We are ruined," replied the mother,

"and will have in future to beg our bread."

The child threw her arms round the poor woman's neck, and exclaimed,

"O, no, mamma, I'll work for you!"

"Poor child!" said Madame Biget, sorrowfully, looking at her daughter's slight, delicate frame.

"But, mamma, how has all this happened?"

"We owe my lord de Varenne one hundred crowns for rent; all that we possess would not pay it, and his steward told us this morning that we must give up the farm."

"Instead of talking to that child, Catherine," said her husband, peevishly, "you ought to cook the dinner."

"The dinner is both cooked and eaten, dear," said his wife, gently; "did not I give you your soup just now?"

"But your dinner, and the children's?"

"Ah, they had some nice cakes which my sister sent them; and as for me, my heart is too full to eat."

Poor little Martha turned so pale, and trembled so visibly, that her father remarked it, and said,

"I'll answer for it, she has, as usual, given her breakfast away to some poor persons."

"Mamma — papa — don't be angry," said the child, bursting into tears; "but I met some poor prisoners on the road; they seemed to be dying of hunger, and you know that God commands us to feed the hungry, so I could not help giving them all the cakes."

"Naughty child!" cried her mother, angry at the thought of what her children might suffer; "how dared you give away all that you had?"

"God feeds the little birds, mother,

and He will not let *us* want," said Martha, in a tone of such gentle persuasion, that Madame Biget was quite softened, and said,

"Well, well, I have enough for ye all to-day." And, giving the child a bowl of vegetable soup, thickened with barley, she laid by equal portions for the others. As Martha was eating hers, she remarked that her mother had kept none for herself, and accordingly said,

"Mamma, you don't eat."

"I can't, child."

"Mamma," said Martha, after a pause, "will you permit me to go out for two hours?"

"Whither do you want to go?"

"Please don't ask me until I return."

"Let her go if she wishes it," said her father; "I dare say there are some poor sick persons she wants to visit. Kiss me, Martha; you are a kind child, and God will bless you."

"Good morning, dame Simonne," said Martha, as she approached a cottage door where an old woman was sitting.

"And good morning to you, Martha Biget; you look tired, little one. Come in and rest yourself. Have you far to go?"

"To the castle, dame."

"Ah, you want to see the bonfires that are to be lighted in honor of my lord's return."

"Then he is arrived?" said the child, clapping her hands; "I am so glad, for I want to speak to him to-day."

The old woman burst out laughing.

"It won't be very easy for a poor child like you to get speech of him to-day."

"What shall I do?" said Martha, despondingly.

"Is your business very pressing?"

"O, indeed it is, dame. But who are these two children coming towards us? how beautifully they are dressed!"

"They are my foster-children, Martha — the son and daughter of lord de Varenne. The moment they return from town, they run to see their old nurse. Darlings!" she exclaimed, extending her arms to receive a boy of ten and a girl of about a year older.

"Have you made a hot cake for us, nurse?" asked the little boy, throwing his arms round her neck.

"Look at the beautiful scarf that papa has given me," said the girl, spreading out on dame Simonne's knees a silken scarf, splendidly embroidered with silver and seed-pearls. "Is it not lovely? Papa says it cost a hundred crowns."

Martha, who had hid herself bashfully behind nurse's chair, ventured to glance at the scarf.

"A hundred crowns!" thought she; "just what my father owes." And she thought sadly how happy the sum which that piece of useless finery had cost would have made her parents.

"How melancholy that little girl looks!" said the young lady, remarking Martha's presence for the first time.

"She wants very much to speak to your father, Mademoiselle Marie," said her nurse.

"To papa? That won't be difficult. He is quite near, for he walked hither with us. Papa! papa! Cyprien, do you call, for your voice is stronger than mine — papa!" she continued, addressing an officer, who advanced, talking to an elderly man, dressed in brown, "here is a little girl who wants to speak to you." And taking Martha kindly by

the hand, Marie presented her to her father.

Poor Martha! she had arranged a little speech in her head, which was to have commenced with, "My lord, have pity on us!" But when she found herself standing before him, she blushed and trembled, and could not utter a single word.

Meantime, lord de Varenne looked at her closely, and exclaimed,

"'Tis the little damsel of the cakes! What do you wish me to do for you, dear child?" he asked, smiling kindly. "Do you want some more cakes to give to the prisoners?"

"Ah, no, my lord! It was something quite different —"

"Well, my child, speak, don't be afraid. I saw you this morning perform an action, which I would give the best farm in my possession to have seen done by Marie. I looked for you afterwards, but you were gone. Come, hold up your head and speak freely. If what you want be in my power to bestow, I promise now not to refuse it to her who this morning went without her breakfast to feed the hungry prisoners."

At these kind words, Martha fell on her knees, and clasping her hands, exclaimed:

"O, my father and my mother! you will be saved! My lord," she continued, my father owes you a hundred crowns — he cannot pay it, on account of the hail, and the rain, and —"

"Stuff and nonsense!" interrupted the man in brown. "My lord, if you listen to all that your tenants choose to tell you, you will find that the hail, or the rain, or the sun, will always prevent them paying their rent."

"Silence! M. Dubois," said the master, sternly. If this little girl assures me that her father cannot pay, I fully believe her. The parents who have brought *her* up, must be very worthy people. Stand up, my child; go home, and tell your father and mother not to be uneasy. I will go to see them to-morrow. Meantime, here is something to replenish your basket of cakes." — And lord de Varenne put into Martha's trembling hands a purse nearly filled with silver.

The child felt as if she were dreaming. "Is it mine — all mine?" she said. And her friend having assured her that it was, she scarcely waited to thank and bless him, but darted off homewards at full speed. Out of breath, she rushed into the cottage, threw the purse into her mother's lap, and exclaiming, "Take this; my lord will come himself to-morrow!" fell nearly fainting on the ground. She soon, however, recovered, and in her parents' thanks and blessings found a sweet reward.

CELLS IN THE LOAF. — When a loaf of bread is cut, we see a number of cells of various sizes — how do they come there? The yeast causes a vinous fermentation to take place in the dough, by which an air which is heavier than common air is formed, called carbonic acid gas; this, as the dough warms, expands and tries to escape; but the dough by its tenacity retains it, and thus these cells are formed.

Why are people who stutter, unsafe to rely on? Because they are always *breaking their word!*

ASIA.



THIS picture is intended to represent the inhabitants of that vast division of the earth's surface called ASIA. This name at first designated only a single city belonging to a feeble tribe of people, called ASIONES, who occupied a

part of Lydia. Homer and other Greek poets applied the name of this city to the whole district occupied by the Asiones. As the Greeks pushed their discoveries farther to the east, they gave the same name to the new regions, until it comprehended all the countries marked on your maps as Asia Minor. And at length it was applied to districts still farther east, until, as at present, it comprehended the vast extent of land from the Arctic to the Indian ocean, and from the Red sea to Oceanica. It contains 12,960,000 square miles!

Asia was inhabited earlier than any other part of the globe. It was here that Adam lived and died. The first murderer, Cain; the meek Abel, the first of mankind who tasted death; the holy Enoch, and the man of two worlds, Noah, lived and died here also. Here, too, the great Assyrian empire began, which lasted thirteen hundred years. Its founder was Ninus, who built the mighty city of Nineveh. And here also flourished the Babylonian and Persian empires. It was in Asia, too, that most of the heroes of Bible story dwelt. Jesus lived and died in Asia. The great imposter Mohammed was an Asiatic. The history of Asia is therefore very important and interesting.

The Turks, who are the principal personages in the picture, are the present masters of Constantinople and of what is called the Ottoman empire. They once occupied the high plains of Asia, from whence they were driven by the Chinese. They wandered to the confines of Persia, where the great Sultan Mahmoud met their chief, Seljook. He was so pleased with him that he invited him to occupy a Province of Persia. He did so. His fierce Turkomans followed

him, and after a time established their empire, at first over eastern Persia, and finally from Syria to Bokhara. From their descendants arose Othman, about the year 1326, whose children now rule over the Turkish empire.

THE ECHO. — One day little George happened to cry out in the field, "Ho! ho!" and he instantly heard the words repeated, as if from a neighboring thicket.

Surprised at the sound, he exclaimed, "Who are you?" upon which the same voice also returned, "Who are you?"

George cried out, "You must be a very foolish fellow!" "Foolish fellow!" repeated the voice from the thicket. George then began to grow angry, and he uttered words of defiance towards the spot from whence the sound proceeded.

The echo faithfully repeated all his words. He then ran home, and complained to his father and mother that a wicked boy was concealed in the wood, for the purpose of mocking him.

"Ah! you are complaining of your own self," replied his father; who then read to him from a book about the echo, and afterwards said, "You see, George, you have heard nothing but your own words; for even as you see your own face reflected in the clear water, so have you just heard your own words in the wood." George felt ashamed at his folly and want of temper.

How often are both children and grown-up people offended at words, which, if rightly considered, are but the echo of their own spirit!

ANECDOTES OF GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BOYHOOD.

LITTLE GEORGE CURED OF STINGINESS.

On a fine morning in the fall of 1737, Mr. Washington, having little George by the hand, came to the door, and asked my cousin Washington and myself to walk with him into the orchard, promising he would show us a fine sight. On arriving at the orchard, we were presented with a fine sight indeed. The whole earth, as far as we could see, was strewed with fruit, and yet the trees were bending under the weight of apples, which hung in clusters, like grapes. "Now George," said his father, "look here, my son: don't you remember, when that good cousin of yours brought you that fine large apple last spring, how hardly I could prevail on you to divide with your brothers and sisters, though I promised you that if you would but do it, God would give you plenty of apples this fall?"

Poor George could not say a word, but hanging down his head, looked quite confused, while with his little naked toes he scratched in the soft ground.

"Now look up, my son," continued the father, "look up, George! and see how richly the blessed God has made good my promise to you. Wherever you turn your eyes, you see the trees loaded with fine fruit; many of them, indeed, breaking down, while the ground is covered with mellow apples, more than you could eat in all your lifetime."

George looked in silence on the wide wilderness of fruit, and lifting his eyes, filled with shining moisture, to his father, he softly said,—"Well, Pa, only

forgive me this time, and see if I ever be so stingy any more!"

THE MYSTERIOUS CABBAGE BED.

Washington's father one day went into the garden and prepared a little bed of finely pulverized earth, on which he wrote George's name in full. Then strewing in plenty of cabbage seed, he covered them up and smoothed all over nicely with the roller. This bed he purposely prepared close alongside of a gooseberry walk, which, happening at this time to be well hung with ripe fruit, he knew would be honored with George's visits pretty regularly every day. Not many mornings passed away, before in came George, with eyes wild rolling, and his little cheeks ready to burst with great news—"O Pa! come here—come here!"

"What's the matter, my son, what's the matter?"

"O come here, I tell you, Pa! come here, and I'll show you such a sight as you never saw in all your lifetime."

The old gentleman suspecting what George would be at, gave him his hand, which he seized with great eagerness, and tugging him along through the garden, led him point blank to the bed whereon was inscribed, in large letters, and in all the freshness of newly sprung plants, the full name of

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"There, Pa," said George, quite in an ecstasy of astonishment; "Did you ever see such a sight in all your lifetime?"

"Why, it seems like a curious affair, sure enough, George."

"But, Pa, who did make it there—who did make it?"

"It grew there by chance, I suppose, my son."

"By chance, Pa! O! no, no! it never did grow there by chance. Indeed, *that* it never did!"

"Heigh! why not, my son?"

"Why, Pa, did you ever see any body's name in a plant bed before?"

"Well but, George, such a thing might happen, though you never saw it before."

"Yes, Pa, but I did never see the little plants grow up so as to make one single letter of my name before; now, how could they grow up so as to make *all* the letters of my name, so exactly? and all so neat and even, too, at top and bottom! O Pa, you must not say that chance did this! Indeed, somebody did it, and I dare say, now, Pa, you did it, just to scare me, because I am your little boy."

His father smiled and said, "Well, George, you have guessed right. I indeed did it, but not to 'scare' you, my son, but to learn you a great thing which I wish you to understand."

* * * *

"But, Pa, where is God Almighty? I did never see him yet."

True, my son, but though you never saw him, he is always with you. You did not see me when ten days ago I made this little plant bed, where you see your name in such beautiful green letters; but though you did not see me here, yet you know that I was here."

"Yes, Pa; that I do know, that you was here."

Well, and as my son could not believe that chance had made and put together so exactly the letters of his name (tho'

only sixteen) then how can he believe that chance could have made and put together all those millions and millions of things that are now so exactly fitted to his good? That my son may look at everything around him, see what fine eyes he has got! and a little pug nose to smell the sweet flowers, and pretty ears to hear sweet sounds, and a lovely mouth for his bread and butter, and O the little ivory teeth to cut it for him! And precious little hands and fingers to hold his playthings, and beautiful little feet for him to run about upon. And when my little rogue of a son is tired with running about, then the still night comes for him to lie down, and his mother sings, and the little crickets chirp him to sleep; and as soon as he has slept enough, and jumps up as fresh and strong as a little buck, there the sweet golden light is ready for him! When he looks down in the water, there he sees the beautiful silver fishes for him; and up in the trees, there are the apples and peaches, and thousands of sweet fruits for him; and all around him, wherever my dear boy looks, he sees everything just to his wants and wishes; the bubbling springs, with cool, sweet water for him to drink; and the wood to make him sparkling fires when he is cold; and beautiful horses for him to ride, and strong oxen to work for him, and good cows to give him milk, and bees to make sweet honey for his sweeter mouth, and the little lambs, with snowy wool, for beautiful clothes for him! Now these and all the ten thousand other good things more than my son can even think of, and all so exactly fitted for his use and delight, how could chance ever have done all this for my little son?"

ANECDOTES OF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

GELERT, THE FAITHFUL HOUND.

A most touching and true incident is related with regard to a favorite hound belonging to Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, son-in-law to King John. The name of this dog was Gelert; and it seems that, on a very beautiful morning, the Prince and a number of his followers set forth to pursue their favorite amusement. The sky was almost cloudless, the breeze balmy and laden with the scent of odorous shrubs, and all enjoyed the glorious scene spread around them, except the prince, who still maintained a moody silence, which the efforts of his companions were unable to overcome. It was soon discovered that the prince's depression was occasioned by the absence of his trusty dog, without which he never enjoyed a stag hunt. He continued to call and to blow his bugle, at which signal the hounds are trained to come forth for the hunt, but still no Gelert came. It was the first time he had ever failed to come at the call of his beloved master, from whose hand he was fed, and whose slumbers he guarded. That day Llewellyn did not enjoy the chase; and the deer and hare killed were few, for the brave Gelert was absent.

Depressed and offended, the prince hastened home after the chase was over, when, as he approached his castle door, out sprang Gelert, delighted to hail the return of his master. Stooping to caress him, and forgetting his displeasure in the joy of again finding his favorite, the prince started back with horror at seeing Gelert's teeth and lips covered with blood. He knew not what to make

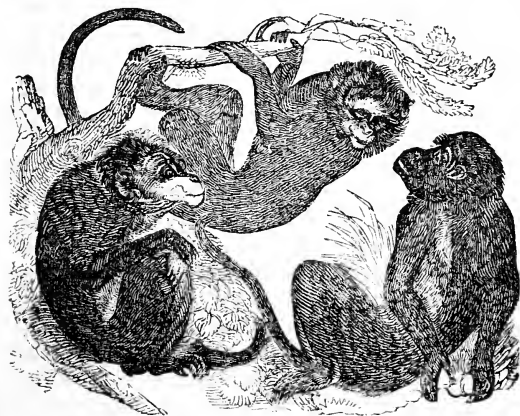
of this unusual sight, but hastened on, impatient to discover its meaning. As he approached the usual sitting room of the family, he beheld more blood, and, farther on, still more. Opening the door, he saw his only child's cradle overturned, and the clothes covered with blood and scattered in all directions. Frantically he called upon his child, but no voice answered; nothing but blood, blood, was to be seen on every side, and, turning upon Gelert, believing that he had killed the boy, he plunged his sword to the hilt into his faithful breast. — Aroused by Gelert's dying cry, the little slumberer was awakened, and rushed forward to welcome its father. Concealed beneath a mangled heap, the father, in his hurried search, had missed the child, who came to him, all glowing with health, from his sweet sleep. No scar, no scratch, no injury had the boy received, but under the couch which he had occupied lay an enormous wolf, all torn and lifeless, but "tremendous still in death." O, how deeply now mourned Llewellyn! for it was plainly to be seen, that if the faithful, gallant Gelert had not killed the wolf, his only, his idolized child would have fallen a victim to that animal's well known thirst for blood. But vain now was Llewellyn's grief; he could only say, in the words of the poet:

"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue."

Llewellyn raised a costly tomb over Gelert's remains, and had an inscription placed upon it, in which the animal's faithfulness and sagacity were fully set

forth; and it is said that he frequently came to the spot with his little son, and wept sadly over the act which his hasty temper had induced him to commit.

If any little boy or girl, who reads this true story, is ever tempted to raise his hands in anger against any one, I hope he will think of poor Gelert and his master, and stop ere it is forever too late.



THIEVISH MONKEYS.

He (Captain Rogers,) had once accepted the invitation of a brother officer, in a totally different part of the island, to try a few days' hostilities against the elephants of that neighborhood, and had arrived, after a day's sport, to within a mile or two of the bungalow, where his host and hostess were awaiting his arrival, when, passing by a delightfully cool-looking river, he thought a plunge would be the most renovating luxury in existence; so a plunge he determined to take, sending on his servants with his guns, and an intimation, that in ten minutes he would be at home to dinner. So, stripping, and placing his things very

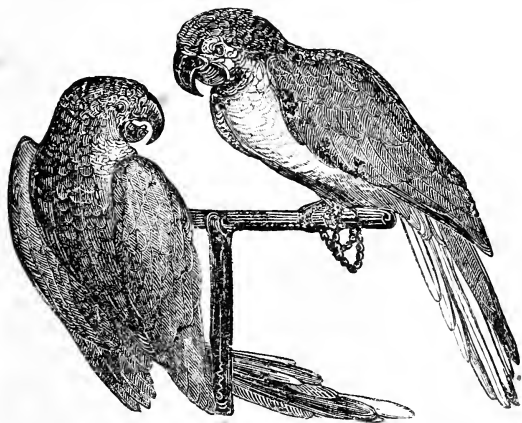
carefully on a stone, he began to luxuriate in the water. He was a capital swimmer, and had swam to some distance, when, to his horror and dismay, on looking to the place where he had left his habiliments, he perceived a dozen monkeys "overhauling" his entire wardrobe!

One was putting his legs through the sleeves of his shirt; another cram-

ming its head into his trowsers; a third trying to find if any treasure was concealed in his boot, whilst the hat formed a sort of wonderment and amusement to some two or three others, who were endeavoring to unravel its mystery by unripping the lining, and taking half a dozen bites out of the brim. As soon as he regained his mental equilibrium, (the thing was so ridiculous as to

make him laugh heartily, notwithstanding his disgust at seeing his garments turned to such "vile purposes") he made with all haste for the shore; but judge of his horror when he saw those "precious rascals" each catch up what he could lay hold of, and rattle off full speed into the jungle, not leaving poor Rogers even the vestige of an article of raiment to cover himself. All he heard was their triumphant chattering as they one by one disappeared, the last one lugging off his shirt, which, being rather awkward to carry, was continually tripping it up by getting between its legs. Here was a pretty pickle under a broiling sun! and here he stayed, till the inmates of the bungalow, beginning

to suspect some accident, came out in search, and found poor Rogers sitting up to his neck in water, in a frame of body and mind which we may conclude to be "more easily imagined than described."



TALKING PARROTS.

One of my earliest recollections was a gray parrot, belonging to an old lady who had taken charge of my mother's childhood, and which had been presented to her by her husband. This parrot had lost one of its legs, and no sooner did any one remark this, or ask how it had been lost, than it replied, "I lost my leg in the merchant's service; pray remember the lame."

It was frequently hung up in its cage, outside the house, where its great delight was to whistle the dogs round it, and stop the teams of horses which went past, or make them go on when they stopped, which they frequently did as they mounted the hill where it lived, on all which occasions it chuckled and laughed with delight.

In the same country town lived a fa-

mous parrot, supposed to be very old; of which I used to hear extraordinary stories, all now forgotten, except the following. Its master and mistress had a tea party, followed by cards. The parrot, which had been vociferous for cake while it was handed round, at last, as it was thought, settled itself to sleep in a corner, where its cage stood. Whist parties were formed, and but little talking ensued; The silence, however, was broken when the moment for reckoning arrived; the losings and winnings were disputed, and points were discussed; great excitement took place, and passion had already begun to manifest itself, when, to the astonishment of every one, the parrot exclaimed, in a loud voice, "Curse your cards, ladies!"

The squabble was stopped. A sort of awe crept over the party, and an amicable arrangement took place which was cemented by supper. The story, however, spread; and it was observed that there was, for some time after, a greater degree of moderation on similar occasions. My mother was a witness of the whole scene, and from her I have heard of another parrot, which was clever enough to call the cat when it had any thing to eat which it did not like; for instance, the crust of toast, and if "Puss, Puss" were not sufficient, used the most coaxing terms to induce it to come under the cage, when the rejected morsel was dropped on the floor. This artifice is sometimes used

in cases of fear, as I once saw a cat with eyes fixed on a parrot, evidently having an intention of springing on the poor bird, which was chained to a pole; and which tried to avert the mischief by saying, "Dear Puss, pretty Puss," incessantly, all the time keeping its eye upon the enemy.

THE HUCKLEBERRY HILLS.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

WE were happy little children,
Wandering o'er the pleasant hills,
The huckleberry hills;
Linking hands and twining wills
To go where well we knew,
Black and sweet, the berries grew;
And for idle little children
We found enough to do.

O'er the bristling piny hill-tops,
Looking far and blue at home,
A mystery at home,
Fearlessly we learned to roam;
Yet underneath the trees,
Berries sometimes failed to please;
For the sheltering piny hill-tops
Had better things than these.

There we found the white pyrola,
Feather from a cherub's wing,
A brooding cherub's wing,
So we named the fragrant thing.
Late roses climbed the wall,
Golden-rod and hardhack tall,
But we thought the white pyrola
The sweetest of them all.

And we vainly sought May flowers
On the dry and sunny hills,
The huckleberry hills,
Dull in lore of earthly ills;
O, how should children know,
That not everywhere they grow,
Nor the year round, bright May flowers!
But now we've found it so.

When our wanderings made us weary,
Velvet cushions had the rock,
The gray and mossy rock;
There, through story telling talk,
And overflow of glee,
Came a hoarse monotony;
For the hills that made us weary,
Looked out upon the sea.

When the shadows came, we children
Chased them homeward o'er the hills,
The huckleberry hills;
Waking up the sleepy rills,
With loaded pails we'd race,
Laughter on each purpled face.
What has changed us so, us children?
Time has not changed the place.

LINNÆUS, founder of science, was apprenticed to a shoemaker.

BEN JONSON, the poet, worked some time as a bricklayer.

The father of HAYDN, the great musical composer, was a wheelwright.

JOHN HUNTER, one of the greatest anatomists that ever lived, was in youth engaged with a carpenter, and made chairs and tables.

CLAUDE LORRAINE, whose paintings are to be found in the most valuable cabinets in Europe, was formerly a pastry cook.

METASTASIS, the celebrated Italian poet, used, when a boy, to sing his verses about the streets for a morsel of bread.

Diligence, industry, and perseverance, with prayer for God's blessing, will do wonders. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."—Proverbs, xxii.

Hope on, boys! and hope always.

WHY DON'T YOU LEARN TO DANCE?—A DIALOGUE FOR TWO GIRLS.

Lilly. O, Ettie! I've been wanting to see you all day. I've got some news to tell you.

Ettie. Have you, Lilly? Pray, what is it about? I hope it is good news.

L. Capital, I assure you. Can't you guess what it is, Ettie?

E. No, I'm not very good at guessing; so you may as well tell me right out, for really I feel as curious to know your secret, as Silly Sam was to know where the air in Mr. Hardfist's bellows came from.

L. Well, I'll tell you. Mr. Lightfoot, the dancing master, is about to open a dancing school in town; and Ma says I may be one of his scholars, if I choose.

E. Is that all the news you have to tell me, Lilly? Excuse me, but I don't think *that* is worthy of being called news. As to your Mr. Lightfoot, my father says he is as vain as a peacock and as gaudy as a butterfly. And my mother thinks, he would be doing a better business if he was on his poor old father's farm hoeing potatoes, or chopping wood.

L. Why, Ettie! you surprise me! Mr. Lightfoot is a perfect gentleman. He has such sweet little feet! such delicate hands! and his hair curls most beautifully. His whiskers are perfection; and Miss Jemima Jennings, my cousin, says his moustache is perfectly beautiful—yes, *perfectly beautiful*! What do you think of that, Miss Ettie?

E. I think your cousin Jemima must have strange ideas of beauty, if she calls that fop beautiful. As to his man-

ners, my father says, he acts more like a monkey than a man. And, I am told, his talk is even more silly than his actions.

L. But won't your father let you attend his school, Ettie? I should like to have you go with me.

E. I haven't asked him; nor have I the smallest wish to go.

L. Why, Ettie! what a queer girl you are! Don't you want to learn to dance?

E. Indeed I do not, Lilly. Dancing looks like very silly business to me. My father says that if his cows were to take to jumping up and down his field, as dancers whirl about the floor of a dancing saloon, the people would pronounce them all mad and shoot them. What do you think of that?

L. I think it's nonsense, perfect nonsense! Why, there is hardly a prettier sight in the world than a company of persons, richly dressed, whirling about in the giddy mazes of a dance. My cousin Jemima says it is perfectly delightful.

E. But I do not. I think dancing is hard work; that it is unhealthy; and that it often leads young misses to be vain, and to fall into company which they had better avoid.

L. It must be hard work, I suppose. But I never heard of its being unhealthy before.

E. My mother says that the movements of the dance are too violent, and too long continued to be healthy. Then dancing is almost always done in a heated and crowded room, where the air is impure and poisonous. Hence, a young lady, when she quits the ball

room and goes into the open air, is almost sure to take cold. Don't you remember Abby Abbott's death last winter? She was a lovely girl, but her mother sent her to dancing school; and at the great ball, with which the school closed, she took cold, fell into a consumption, and died. Poor Abby! We all loved her. But for that miserable dancing school last year, we should still see her pretty face among us. Nor is she the only victim. Thousands of young ladies have, like her, gone from the ball room to the consumptive's grave.

L. You talk very gloomily, Ettie. I think, if we take care, we need not get cold after dancing.

E. I prefer to take the care without the dancing, Lilly.

L. But don't you think dancing helps one to move gracefully, Ettie?

E. Not if all dancers move like your favorite Mr. Lightfoot. I think calisthenics far better than dancing, however, to give firmness to our step, and grace to our motions. And we can practice calisthenics without much expense; without risk to our health; and without falling into such vain and silly company as, my father says, is usually found in ball rooms.

L. My cousin Jemima says the people who go to balls are fashionable; and that, if wicked persons are there, we must avoid them. And as to calisthenics, I don't like them a bit.

E. Lilly, what do you think of the great millers that fly round the lamps at night, and burn their wings?

L. I think they are silly creatures, or they would keep away from the flame of the lamp.

E. And I think we are silly when

we go to places where we are in danger of falling into evil company. So I shall not go to Mr. Lightfoot's dancing school; and I hope you will take my advice and keep away too. What do you say to that, Lilly?

L. I'll think about it, and let you know to-morrow. Good bye. (*Exit.*)

THE THREE QUESTIONS.

"Robert!" said Mr. Rawlins, as his little boy put on his cap to go out to play, "can you remember the tale that your uncle told us this day fortnight?"

"Yes," said Robert, "every word of it. O! it was so droll!"

"And can you tell me what day it was that the tailor brought home your new clothes?"

"Yes; it was last Tuesday week, at three o'clock in the afternoon, and I was waiting for him."

"Then I will only ask you one more question. What was the text last Sunday morning?"

Alas! Robert could not tell.

"Ah, Robert! Robert!" said Mr. Rawlins, "this is too much the case with all men. They are more interested in their own pleasures than in God's word, and think twice as much of this world as they do of a better."

No station is so high, no power so great, no character so unblemished, as to exempt men from being attacked by rashness, malice, or envy.

COMPARE our manifold blessings with the trifling annoyances of the day.

MARIE, THE ORPHAN CHILD.



HERE is a picture of a little girl, visiting the grave which contains the bodies of her father and mother. Her name is MARIE. Poor little orphan girl! She is all alone, and the world to her looks as cold and dreary as a graveyard in winter. The warm breast of her mother, in which she was wont to nestle, is cold now. The strong knee of her father, on which she used to sit to listen while he told her a story, is mouldering away. The gentle lips that used to kiss her cheeks are faded into dust; and sweet, gentle Marie is left to walk life's rough journey all alone.— Sometimes she dreams she is in her mother's arms again; and then she grows almost wild with joy. But when she awakes and finds it all a dream, she sheds bitter tears. Poor, lonely Marie!

Yet, she is not quite alone. Her aunt, to whose care she is left, loves her; but aunts cannot love as mothers do. But then, Marie loves the Saviour, and knows that he will go with her, like a blessed elder brother, all the way through the rough pilgrimage of life. Nor will he leave her at the great gate-

way of death. He will pass in with her, and lead her up to the celestial city. And there Marie will meet her father and mother again, to know sorrow and tears no more.

Still, the little orphan will feel lonely and sad. She will meet with many sore trials, before she grows up to womanhood. Her heart will often ache, and her eyes weep, and she will sigh for a mother and father to love her.

When I see an orphan, I think of those more favored children, who grow up sheltered by paternal care. I see them provided for, protected, and loved. If they are sick, gentle fingers smooth their pillows; sweet, soft words soothe their sufferings; and patient mothers watch beside them with sleepless eyes and unwearied care. When I see all this, I wonder how they can ever be disobedient and ungente. It seems strange to me, that they can ever reward such love with unkind words, angry looks, and rebellious acts. If such children would only *think*, they would cease to be ungrateful; and if they should be left to orphanage, like Marie

in the picture, how it would pain them to stand over their parent's grave, and recollect their past ingratitude. I hope, my readers, you will think of this now; and by good behavior lay up a treasure of precious memories to comfort you, if it should please your Father in Heaven to call your earthly father and mother away.

DEATH'S PRIME MINISTER.

DEATH, the king of terrors, was determined to choose a prime minister, and his pale courtiers, the ghastly train of diseases, were all summoned to attend, when each preferred his claim to the honor of this illustrious office. Fever urged the numbers he had destroyed; cold Palsy set forth his pretensions by shaking all his limbs; Gout hobbled up, and alleged his great power of racking every joint; and Asthma's inability to speak was a strong though silent argument in favor of his claim. Stone and Colic pleaded their violence; Plague his rapid progress in destruction; and Consumption, though slow, insisted that he was sure.

In the midst of this contention, the court was disturbed with the noise of music, dancing, feasting, and revelry; when immediately entered a lady, with a bold, lascivious air, and flushed jovial countenance. She was attended, on the one hand by a troop of bacchanals, and on the other, by a train of wanton youths and damsels, who danced half naked to the softest musical instruments. Her name was **INTEMPERANCE**. She waved her hand, and thus addressed the crowd of diseases: "Give way, ye sickly band of pretenders, nor dare to vie with my superior merits in the service of this

monarch; am I not your Queen? Do ye not receive your power of shortening human life almost wholly from me? Who then so fit as myself for this important office?" The grisly monarch grinned a smile of approbation, placed her on his right hand, and she immediately became his principal favorite and Prime Minister.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

ANGRY looks can do no good,

And blows are dealt in blindness;
Words are better understood,
It spoken but in kindness.

Simple love far more hath wrought,
Although by childhood muttered,
Than all the battles ever fought,
Or oaths that men have uttered.

Friendship oft would longer last,
And quarrels be prevented,
If little words were let go past,
Forgiven—not resented.

Foolish things are frowns and sneers,
For angry thoughts reveal them;
Rather drown them all in tears,
Than let another feel them.

DR. FRANKLIN, in summing up the domestic evils of drunkenness, says, "Houses without windows, gardens without fences, children without clothing, principles, morals or manners."

BE very gentle with the younger ones, and treat them with respect, remembering that we were once young too.

NEVER judge one another, but attribute a good motive when you can.

PENCIL DRAWING—SIMPLE FIGURES.

I EXPECT you have all studied and practiced the lesson on page 11, so thoroughly, that you can draw the lines there given you to imitate, almost as well as they are drawn in the book. If not, I don't want you to begin this lesson. What should you think of a man if he were to propose to begin building his house at the top? "O! O!" you reply, "*he couldn't do that.*" To be sure he could not. He *must* begin at the cellar, and not at the garret. Just because he couldn't hang his garret up in the air.

Well, it's just so with your learning to draw. The straight lines, in the first lesson are like the foundations of a building. If you do not practice them well, you can't go on with any hope of success. But I have so much confidence in you all, I shall take it for granted that you have conquered them. I shall therefore proceed to tell you how to draw some very simple figures.

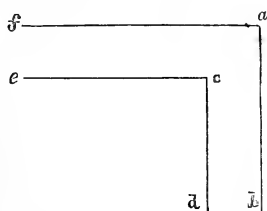


FIG. 5.

You may take your slate and draw the lines in this figure, (fig. 5.) You may make the *perpendicular* line first, if you like, in the outside figure from *a* to *b*. Mind you do it perfectly straight! That's right. Now draw the *horizontal* line from *f* to *a*. Be sure

they come together exactly at *a*. I think that will do. Now begin with the *horizontal* line from *e* to *c*. You must be careful to begin it so that the ends *f* and *e* are precisely opposite to each other. Now begin at *c* and make the *perpendicular* line down to *d*. Look well to it, that the distance between the line *cd*, and the line *ab* is precisely the same as it is between the lines *ec* and *fa*. Draw this figure many times, until you can do it well, and you will be glad hereafter.

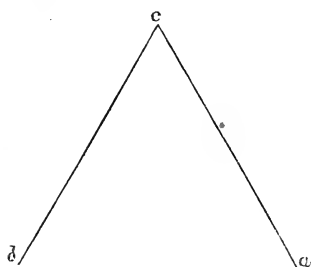


FIG. 6.

You may next proceed with figure 6. Draw the line from *a* to *c* first, then from *d* to *c*. Be very careful to make them meet nicely at the point *c*. Capital! I think you are really making progress.

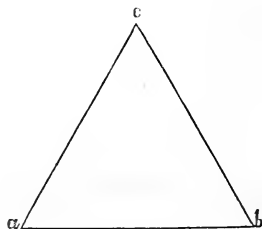


FIG. 7.

Now try this *triangle*, (fig. 7.) Proceed first as with figure 6; then draw the *horizontal* line from *a* to *b*. There! now, you have really sketched a *triangle*.

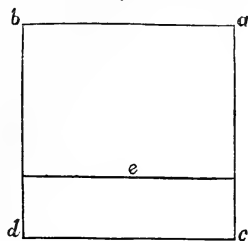


FIG. 8.

If you are not too tired, we will try this figure, (fig. 8.) Begin with the *horizontal* line *a b*; next the *perpendicular* lines from *a* to *c* and from *b* to *d*. Good! only join your lines well at the top; and see that they are of equal length. There, that will do. Now draw a line from *d* to *c*, and you have gained another step—you have really drawn a *square*.

By looking at figure 8, you will see a line, *e*, drawn across the square. It is there to show you how to form a *parallelogram*, or oblong square, as it is vulgarly called. By drawing the line *e*, and rubbing out all below it, you will

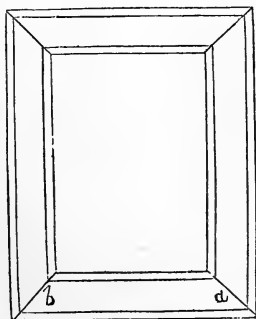


FIG. 9.

see that the *perpendicular* lines are now shorter than the *horizontal* ones; and that makes the *square* into an *oblong*.

You may now advance a step farther and draw this *picture frame*, (fig. 9.) It is made with just such lines as those in the *oblong*, you have just drawn; only you have to add the *diagonal* lines at the four corners, as at *a* and *b*. They represent what the frame makers would call the *mitre joints* in the frame.

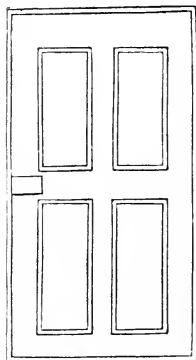


FIG. 10.

One more figure will complete this lesson. It is made with the same simple lines. It is a door, (fig. 10.) You will have no trouble in sketching it, if you have practised the lines well which make the square.

I think you have now lines and outlines enough for this lesson. I hope you will draw them over and over, until you can look at them without blushing. Don't be impatient, like the hare who laughed at the slow moving tortoise. But be patient and content to learn a little at a time. Only be sure you learn that little well. Labor overcomes all things. It made Demosthenes an orator, and Cæsar a general. It made Franklin a scholar, and Washington a statesman. It is the mother of greatness, and the companion of goodness. Labor therefore with all your might at every task you undertake, and if you find it difficult to persevere when you don't succeed at first, just write on the top of your slate the motto,

"Labor overcomes all difficulties," and keep trying until you prove the maxim true in your own case.

LITTLE BESSIE.

JUST before the lamp was lighted,
Just before the children came,
While the room was very quiet
I heard some one call my name:
All at once the window opened—
In a field were lambs and sheep,
Some from out a brook were drinking,
Some were lying fast asleep.

But I could not see the Saviour,
Though I strained my eyes to see;
And I wondered if he saw me,
If he'd speak to such as me:
In a moment I was looking
On a world so bright and fair,
Which was full of little children,
And they seemed so happy there.

They were singing, O how sweetly!
Sweeter songs I never heard,
They were singing sweeter, mother
Than can sing our yellow bird;
And while I my breath was holding
One, so bright, upon me smiled
And I knew it must be Jesus,
When he said, come here, my child.

Hug me closer, closer, mother,
Put your arms around me tight,
I am cold and tired, mother,
And I feel so strange to-night.
Something hurts me here dear mother,
Like a stone upon my breast;
O, I wonder, wonder, mother,
Why it is I cannot rest.

All the day while you were working,
As I lay upon my bed,
I was trying to be patient,
And to think on what you said—
How the kind and blessed Jesus
Loves his lambs to watch and keep;
And I wished he'd come and take me,
In his arms that I might sleep.

Come up here, my little Bessie,
Come up here and live with me,
Where the children never suffer,
But are happier than you see;
Then I thought of all you'd told me
Of that bright and happy land;
I was going when you called me,
When you came and kissed my hand.

And at first I felt so sorry
You had called me: I would go
O! to sleep and never suffer:—
Mother, don't be crying so.
Hug me closer, closer, mother,
Put your arm around me tight,
O how much I love you, mother,
But I feel so strange to-night.

And the mother pressed her closer
To her overburdened breast:
On the heart so near to breaking
Lay the heart so near its rest.
In the solemn hour of midnight,
In the darkness calm and deep,
Lying on her mother's bosom
Little Bessie fell asleep.

A CHILD'S WITTY LOGIC. — "I have," writes a correspondent, "a pretty, bright little juvenile friend, some five years of age, named Rosa. Some days ago she was teased a good deal by a gentleman who visits the family, who finally wound up by saying,
"Rosa, I don't love you."
"Ah, but *you've got to love me*," said the child.

"Why?" asked the tormentor.
"Why," said Rosa, "the Bible says you *must* 'love them that *hate* you,' and I am sure I hate you!"

WHEN we have been pained by an unkind word or deed, let us ask ourselves, "Have I not often done the same, and been forgiven?"

NEDDIE NAYLOR'S INQUIRIES.



NEDDIE NAYLOR'S life passed right pleasantly at his uncle Oliver's cottage. His mornings he spent with his fishing rod along the banks of the brook, bobbing for minnows, or seated under a tree with a book. His afternoons were passed in his uncle's company at home, or in riding down to the village, which was about two miles distant. But the evenings! O, how Neddie enjoyed his evenings at uncle Oliver's cottage. The view from the piazza was glorious. On one side was a large piece of woods; on the other the lovely little valley, with its brawling brook. In the distance the mountain reared its giant brow, and as there was but one other house near by, the stillness of the evening air was unbroken, save by the buzz of insects and the babble of the brook. Seated under the piazza, in his old arm chair, with his old fashioned pipe in his mouth—a bad habit, by the way, which he had formed in his youth—his legs crossed, his large mild, blue eyes half hid behind his thick rimmed silver spectacles, and his beautiful white locks peeping out from beneath his broad-brimmed hat, uncle Oliver would

talk to Neddie for hours together. He had been quite a traveler in his lifetime; he had read much, and observed more. Though quite advanced in years, his spirit was as fresh and joyous as in his youth. He loved to answer Neddie's questions, and to instruct him in the ways of the world.

On one of these quiet evenings, after talking a long time about many things, Neddie suddenly looked up into his uncle's face, and said:

"Uncle Oliver!"

"Well, boy, what now?" replied his uncle, with a pleasant smile.

"You know I was at the village to-day, don't you, uncle?"

"Of course I knew that—I went with you, didn't I?"

"Well, yes, but when I went up into the printing office with you, I heard one of the men call the boy a *devil*. 'Here, you *devil*!' he said, 'go and ink the roller;' and the boy went to a stone covered with some black stuff, that looked like very fine black mud, and didn't seem to mind being called '*devil*' in the least."

Uncle Oliver smiled at Neddie's simplicity. Removing the pipe from his lips, he quietly blew a cloud of tobacco smoke far up into the air, and then replied, saying:

"The boy was what is called a *printer's devil*, a nickname which printers give to the boys in their offices."

"Well, I think it's a queer nickname. Don't you, uncle?"

"Yes, but it is almost as ancient as the art of printing itself."

"Indeed! Do tell me uncle, how so

foolish, if not wicked, a name came to be given to printer's boys!" said Neddie, looking very earnestly into his uncle's placid face. Neddie loved knowledge, as most boys love candies, and he was eager to get a new fact to store up in his memory.

"It happened on this wise," replied his uncle. "About *four hundred years* ago, there was a German named GUTENBERG, who invented the art of printing with movable types. He made his invention known to a rich goldsmith, named JOHN FUST, or FAUST, as it is sometimes spelled. They labored in secret at type making and printing, until they had completed an entire copy of the Bible—the first that was ever printed. But Fust was too sharp for the honest Gutenberg. Having got his secret, he contrived to sue him for debt, and thus he obtained possession of his types and presses. With these, he made numerous copies of the Bible, which he carried to Paris. The French knew nothing then of the new art of printing; and when they found Fust could produce so many copies of the Scriptures, in so short a time, and at so low a price, they were sadly puzzled; especially as he pretended they were all manuscripts, written with a pen. Not being able to find out the secret, they at length declared that Fust must be a necromancer, in league with the devil. Hence, his lodgings were searched, and he was compelled to fly from Paris to save his life. From this fact you can now see, master Neddie, how easy it was for the ignorant people of those times to consider a printer to be either the devil himself, or a servant of the devil; and how easy, too, from such a notion, the practice begun, of calling the office boy the

printer's devil. At least, such is believed to be the origin of this foolish designation. I believe, however, it is not much used by printers of the present day, except in sport."

"Thank you! thank you, uncle, I am—"

"Come Neddie! it's nine o'clock, and time to retire!" interposed a voice, just at this moment. It came from Neddie's aunt, a pious old lady, who made it almost a matter of conscience to get all the folks at the cottage to go to rest at nine o'clock, summer and winter.

Neddie, who knew his aunt's whim, jumped up, bade his uncle "good night," ran down the hall, kissed his aunt, and was soon covered up in bed as snugly as a kitten nestling in a clump of cotton.

PROVERBS.

WE may be quite sure that our will is likely to be crossed every day; so prepare for it.

LOOK upon each member of the family as one for whom Christ died.

SPEAK kindly to the servants, and praise them for little things when you can.

In all little pleasures which may occur, put self last.

LET in the light on a nest of young owls,—they straightway complain of the injury you have done them.

THEY sin who tell us love can die;
With life all other passions fly,

All others are but vanity.
In heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
Nor Avarice in the vaults of hell.

VERDICT OF A JURY OF BOYS.

WHEN Dr. Nathaniel Prentice taught a public school in Roxbury, he was very much of a favorite — but his patience, at times, would get nearly exhausted by the infractions of the school rules by the scholars. On one occasion, in rather a wrathful way, he threatened to punish with six blows of a heavy ferule, the first boy detected in whispering, and appointed some as detectors. Shortly after, one of these detectors shouted,

"Master, John Zeigler is whispering."

John was called up, and asked if it was a fact — (John, by the way, was a favorite, both of the teacher and his school-mates.)

"Yes," answered John, "I was not aware what I was about. I was intent in working out a sum, and requested the one who sat next to reach me the arithmetic that contained the rule, which I wished to see."

The Doctor regretted his hasty threat, but told John he could not suffer him to whisper or escape the punishment, and continued:

"I wish I could avoid it, but I cannot, without a forfeiture of my word, and the consequent loss of my authority. I will," continued he, "leave it to any three scholars you may choose, to say whether or not I omit the punishment."

John said he was agreed to that, and immediately called out G. S., T. D., and D. P. D. The Doctor told them to return a verdict, which they soon did, (after consultation,) as follows:

"The master's word must be kept inviolate — John must receive the threatened punishment of six blows of

the ferule; but it must be inflicted on volunteer proxies — and we, the arbitrators, will share the punishment by receiving, each of us, two of the blows."

John, who had listened to the verdict, stepped up to the Doctor, and, with outstretched hand, exclaimed:

"Master, here is my hand, they shan't be struck a blow; I will receive the punishment."

The Doctor, under pretence of wiping his face, shielded his eyes, and telling the boys to go to their seats, said he would think of it. I believe he did think of it to his dying day, but the punishment was never inflicted.

MORE WIT THAN MONEY. — A boy about six years of age entered a shop in Dundee, a few days ago, and asked for a pound of canary seed. As he had no money to pay for it, the shopkeeper, to whom the boy was well known, wishing to ascertain whether he had been sent by his parents or by any other party, asked,

"Is that seed for your mither, my mannie?"

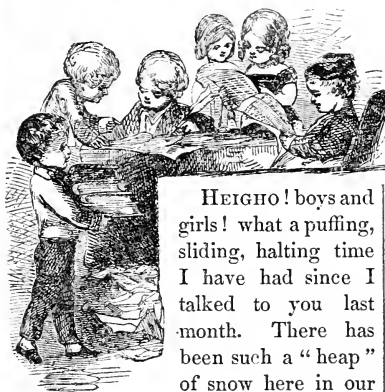
"No," said the boy, "*it's for the bird.*"

ON A WICKED SHOEMAKER.

You say he has sprung from Cain:—rather
 Confess there's a difference vast;
 For Cain was a son of the *first* father,
 While he is "a son of the *last*."

It is found by calculation, that at 323 yards a man has the appearance of one-third his height; at 437 yards, one-fourth; and at 546, one-fifth.

FRIENDLY CHIT-CHAT WITH MY READERS.



HEIGHO! boys and girls! what a puffing, sliding, halting time I have had since I talked to you last month. There has been such a "heap" of snow here in our

city, it has required all the vigor of those of us who rank among the "*older inhabitants*," to get about. And the north wind, fresh from the poles, breathing ice as he flew, has been this way, tossing the snow into whirlwinds, and then blowing it up into huge drifts, which made an old man's joints crack to get through them. Well, no sooner had the north wind grown tired, and I'm glad he did — I almost wish he had made himself sick enough to be obliged to remain among the icebergs all the winter, to be doctored: though perhaps that wouldn't be best; because, with all his sauciness, this blustering old fellow does much good in the way of promoting people's health, — I say, no sooner had the north wind grown clever and quiet, than a blustering dame from the south came scolding and fretting, at a terrible rate. She banged the shutters, shouted down the chimneys, whined in the stove-pipes, and roared up and down the streets, like a mad lioness. Besides all this, she shed showers of tears, in her

rage. Her tears melted the snow, and filled our narrow streets with slosh. O dear! it makes my back ache to think how I had to hobble along through it. First, I would step carefully over a hole full of snow-water: but alas! I soon found my feet slipping from under me, for the ice was not a little slippery under the water. Then I had to jerk this way and that way, to keep from falling; for, you may be sure, Francis Forrester, Esq. wouldn't look very dignified, nor feel very comfortable, sitting in a hole full of slosh, in one of the streets of Boston. No; he would rather be seated at a well covered table, discussing the merits of the last turkey that was killed. However, I made out to get through all this. But it made me puff, sometimes, like a small steam engine; and I was not a little glad to get home again, and to sit down in my cosy little parlor, with Mrs. Forrester, who, by the way, is a very pleasant lady.

I dare say, most of you have fared better than I have. You are young, and don't mind snow drifts: though I rather think some of you looked a little blue, when the rain spoilt your sledding. But never mind. You will have sledding enough before next April. At any rate, I hope you are improving these long winter evenings, by spending them in reading and study. Home is the place for boys and girls in the evening; though I am aware there are some boys who prefer strolling about the streets. Now, in my opinion, street walking is poor business for boys. It don't pay. It only leads them into the company of BOB, the mischief maker, *Tim*, the loafer, and

JACK, the profligate. I advise you, therefore, to stay in the house to read my magazine, to study your lessons, and to gain knowledge.

Mr. Rand has published another of My Uncle Toby's Library. It is called *Cousin Nelly*, or the Visitor. I think it will please you. Send Mr. Rand a dollar for a new subscriber for my magazine, and he will send you a copy of it for your trouble; or you may send him *eight* postage stamps, and he will send you *Cousin Nelly*, neatly done up in a wrapper, in the next mail. Here is one of the pictures which adorn it.



Messrs. GOULD & LINCOLN have published a book called *CLINTON*. It is a book for boys, and a better book a boy can hardly read.

Here are the answers to last month's puzzles.

ANSWERS TO PORTFOLIO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

CHARADES.—1. Foot-stool. 2. Love-ly. 3. Peer-less. 4. Re-store. 5. Chair-man. 6. Book-case.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Fountain, Acorn, Mallet, Infant, Lair, Yam, Fury, Raphel, Idea, Epistle, Naphtha, Dab—**FAMILY FRIEND.**—2. Mormon, Meta, Mentor, Marmot, Roan

Mane—**ORNAMENT.** 3. Nun, Illusion, Lion, Cousin, Nose, Nile—**SECLUSION.** 4. Tar, Hart, Heart, Cat, Rat, Eat, Trap, Pet, Carpet, Hay, Heat, Ray, Crape, Peat, Chart—**HEPTARCHY.**

HORACE B'S TRANSPOSITION.—Jack Frost.

HORACE B'S QUERY.—Do not lend them.

WILLIAM HOLT'S CONUNDRUM.—Icicle.

And here are some new puzzles from my wonderful portfolio.

PORTFOLIO PUZZLES.

RIDDLES.

1. Why was the Parliament of the Commonwealth like Sampson?
2. What English verb do I name, by addressing a Turkish governor with reverence?
3. What foreign letter names the territory of a duke?
4. Why is a mouse, asleep in a tea-chest, like a pretty invalid girl?

ENIGMAS.

1.

A sailor launched a ship of force,
A cargo put therein of course;
No goods had he, he wished to sell;
Each wind did serve his turn as well;
No pirates dreaded; to no harbor bound;
His strongest wish that he might run aground.

2.

I'm up and down, and round about,
No mortal ever found my end out;
Though hundreds have employed their leisure,
They never could disclose my measure.
I'm found in almost every garden;
Nay in the compass of a farthing.
There's neither chariot, coach nor mill
Can move an inch, except I will.

3.

Say what part of your dress,
And what rich foreign wine,
The same word will express
Without aid from the nine?

Here is an arithmetical amusement for you, by which you may surprise your friends and tax your own skill in the use of figures:

TO TELL A NUMBER THAT ANY PERSON HAS THOUGHT OF. — Desire the person who has thought of a number to multiply it by 3; and when he has done so, ask whether the product be an odd or an even number. If an odd number, tell him to add 1 and halve it; if an even number, to take the exact half. Then desire him to multiply that half by 3, and then inquire how many times the number 9 is contained in the product; the number thought of being equal to twice the number of nines the product contains, if the result of the first multiplication be an even number, and 1 more if it be odd.

For example: suppose 5 be the number thought of, multiplied by 3 it gives 15, an odd number, and 1 being added, the half is 8, which multiplied by 3 is 24, containing 9 twice, and consequently equal to 4; then 1 being added for the first multiplication producing an odd number, makes 5, the number thought of. Again, if 6 had been the number, the calculation would have been as follows:—

$$\begin{array}{r} 6 \\ 3 \\ \hline 2)18 \\ 9 \\ 3 \\ \hline 9)27 \\ \hline 3=6 \end{array}$$

I will now open my budget of letters. It is so large I cannot hope to print a fraction of them. The first is from a Lowell boy.

Lowell, Jan. 9, 1854.

MR. FORRESTER:—I send you the answers to the Enigmas in the January number. The first is, Ornament; the second, is Seclusion; the third is, Heptarchy. The answer to the Query is, Keep your books well.

Yours, truly, PHIL.

The second is from a Boston boy :

DEAR MR. FORRESTER:—I have taken your Magazine a year, and am very much pleased with it. I send you some conun-

drums, which, if you think best, you can publish in your Magazine:

When a mother puts her babe to sleep, of what two places near New York does it remind you?

Why are bad children at school like wafers?

J. H. W. S.

The third is from a Down-East girl:

Union, Jan. 16, 1854.

DEAR SIR:—I am very much pleased with your Magazine. I think of taking it another year. I think the answer to Horace B.'s transposition is Jack Frost. Here is an enigma which, if you think worthy, please insert in your Magazine. Here it is:

I am a word of 16 letters. My 1, 2, is a verb; my 9, 11, 12, is a thing much used by ladies; my 5, 7, 8, 2, is a number; my 7, 8, is a preposition; my 7, 9, 13, is a kind of wood; my 4, 15, 6, is a nickname; my 6, 5, 11, is a noun; my 7, 12, 16, is a place of abode; my 5 is a vowel; my 13 is a consonant; my 14, 5, 6, 1, is an animal; my 16 is a consonant; my whole was a great man.

ADELAIDE WEBB.

The fourth is from her brother. I am glad they agree so well about my magazine. I guess they love one another. —I haven't room for your enigma, Master Nathan :

Union, Jan. 14, 1854.

DEAR MR. FORRESTER:—I like your Magazine very much. I have not taken it but one year, and I think it is the best magazine I ever saw. I think the answer to Horace B.'s transposition is Jack Frost.

NATHAN WEBB.

The fifth is from a Boston girl, and is very prettily written :

Boston, Jan. 17, 1854.

FRIEND FORRESTER:—Father has taken your worthy Magazine ever since it has been in circulation, and he takes as much interest in it as I do; and you may always depend upon having one subscriber. I have tried in

vain to solve the Charades and Transpositions which are in the last number. I sometimes think I am very dull. The Enigmas, however, I can generally overcome. Here are the answers to the enigmas; also one of my own composing, which I should like to see inserted in your Magazine. Answer to No. 2 Enigma is Ornament; No. 3, Seclusion; No. 4, Heptarchy.

I am composed of 21 letters. My 1, 6, 12, 4, 19, 9, is what the poor do not like; my 2, 12, 3, 11, is a girl's name; my 3, 8, 17, is used by fishermen; my 4, 6, 14, 10, is what we should all be; my 5, 2, 12, 7, 19, is a house; my 6, 3, 14, 15, 2, 12, is a human being; my 7, 2, 12, 14, is a kind of earth; my 8, 11, 9, is a part of the head; my 9, 8, 2, 14, is what some cannot do; my 10, 11, 18, 3, is a woolen thread; my 11, 13, 14, 19, 18, is a serpent; my 12, 6, 3, 19, is a number; my 13, 8, 19, 9, is an animal; my 14, 6, 5, 8, is a piece of money; my 15, 13, 11, is a girl's name; my 16, 3, 11, 9, 8, is a net; my 17, 6, 3, is a common metal; my 18, 6, 4, 19, is a religious ceremony; my 19, 11, 7, 4, 8, 9, is a sacred festival; my 20, 11, 5, is a nickname; my 21, 6, 7, 17, 8, 18, is a relation; my whole may be found in every city.

ALVINA M. D.

The sixth is from a Connecticut girl:

MR. FORRESTER. Dear Sir:—Your instructive and valuable Magazine affords me the greatest pleasure, and I should be extremely sorry to part with it. I have taken some pains to find out the enigmas in your late numbers; and succeeding so well, I thought best to try my skill in a "little higher capacity," the result of which is the following enigma; and now if your little boys and girls wish to know my name, they will have to find the answer to this enigma.

I am composed of 18 letters. My 1, 6, 11, is worn by ladies; my 3, 12, 16, 17, 5, is a language; my 5, 12, 11, 1, 6, 5, is a person's name; my 8, 15, 4, 2, 5, is a color; 9, 15, 7, 18, is an animal; my 13, 15, 6, 5, 4, is a bird; my 14, 10, is a pronoun; my 16, 2, 5, is a number; my whole is the name of the writer.

Truly yours,

The seventh is from my blue-eyed niece, a sharp little Yankee girl, who loves to romp with Francis Forrester. I guess Miss Jeannie will get a good many *bumps* before she is as old as I am.

Chelsea, Jan. 20.

DEAR UNCLE FORRESTER:—I take your Magazine, and like it very much. I have found out the Transposition by Horace B., it is Jack Frost. I can't find out that query about the man who taught book-keeping in four words; I think it is a puzzler. I think Fred Frolic's stories are very interesting.

Uncle Forrester, how do you get along this cold weather? I like winter for one thing, and that is, because I have such nice times sliding, only sometimes I get a hard bump, but I don't mind that, for I am soon up again, and keep on sliding as before. Good bye.

Your affectionate niece,

JEANNIE FORRESTER.

And here, too, are letters from Delphos; George P. E.; Charles W. Spalding; Blue-Eyed Nellie M. A.; Molly A. Corbett; Alice R. T.; Nathan B. Webb; S. F. Van Campen; Melville Cook; Edward; Julius H. Woodward; R. C. S., Junr., (I haven't room to print your lines;) Clinton H. Meneceley; E. Harrison; A Green Mountain Boy, (your answers, as you saw by the December number, were right;) E. W. Bacon; T. Dwight Biscoe, and some others. These letters are all "first rate." But what can I do? If the pages of my Magazine were as large as GIANT KILL-'EM AND EAT-'EM's best bed blanket, I could print them all. But they are not; so I must lay them up very cosily among my valuable papers, and wish you all good bye.

FRANCIS FORRESTER, Esq.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S MANHOOD.



THE boy, who plants the bulbs of tulips only, in his garden, will not find a crop of dahlias growing there in the fall. It would be a strange affair, if he should find anything but tulips springing up from tulip bulbs. It would be an equally strange sight to see a good, industrious youth become anything less than a happy and prosperous man.

Hence, as you have seen BENJAMIN FRANKLIN spending his youth in acquiring skill and knowledge, in forming right habits, and in resisting temptations to idleness and vice, you are prepared to hear of his well-being after he

became a man. And he did do well; though it was still through toil and trial, that his road to fortune lay.

When he was twenty-one years old, he, and a fellow workman bought a press and types and begun business on their own account, in Philadelphia. Scarcely was their press unpacked, before a *job* came in, and Franklin was in high glee, when the five shillings, which he received in payment, jingled in his honest palm.

One of his next *jobs* was to print quite a large book in *folio*, that is, of a size so large that it took but *four* pages to make a sheet. At it he went with his wonted industry.

But alas! one evening, just as he was finishing up his day's work, by some accident two pages of the type were knocked into *pi*, as the printers call it. Most young men would have felt so vexed at this, they would have left their spoiled work for that night. But not so with Franklin. He at once resolved to make up for this accident, by working nearly all night, or until he had repaired the damage by extra labor. It was by such energy as this, that he pushed his way on to fortune and to fame.

In a short time, he became the pro-

prietor of a newspaper, called the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, which he soon made the best paper in America. But some of his articles consisting of bold rebukes of existing public evils, his friends were alarmed at his great plainness of speech. "You must be careful how you write, friend Franklin," said they, "or you will make your paper unpopular."

"Perhaps so," replied he, "but will you take supper with me?"

"With pleasure," responded his friends.

So in they went to his room, where they found a table, upon which was a pitcher of water and two puddings, made of coarse meal. Having helped his puzzled guests to some of these puddings, he began to eat some himself, with a very hearty relish. But his dainty friends could not eat such coarse stuff as his puddings were made of. So after silently enjoying their perplexity a few minutes, he said to them,

"My friends, any one who can subsist upon sawdust pudding and water, needs no man's patronage!"

This was shewing a right noble spirit. Honor to him for such an example of manly independence, I say! And may every boy who reads my magazine grow into just such a glorious independent manhood!

Shortly after this, Franklin, like a very sensible young man, married a young woman, named Miss Read, whom he had seen standing at the door of her father's house, when he entered Philadelphia munching a penny roll. In his choice of a wife, he showed capital judgment, for Mrs. Franklin proved, as he said many years afterwards, "an honor and a blessing to him."

From this time, the world went well with this great man. He printed books; he published what he called Poor Richard's Almanac; he interested himself in various plans to benefit the public; and thus in time he became quite a notable man. Presently he was elected clerk to the General Assembly of Pennsylvania; then deputy post master; then a member of the Common Council; and a Justice of the Peace. Honors fell thickly upon him; but they did not corrupt his heart or cause him to be either vain or proud.

But while he was thus advancing in years, in wealth, and in honors, he took care to improve his mind, by continued reading and study. He learned several foreign languages; and gave his mind very earnestly to the study of natural philosophy.

He was very much interested in the subject of Electricity. Among other things, he set out to discover, what was then unknown, whether lightning and electricity were identical or not. To solve this question, he made a kite with some sticks and a silk handkerchief. With this kite, he went out into a field, in the suburbs of Philadelphia, during a thunder storm, accompanied by his son. Standing under a shed, he sent up the kite, with a key fastened to its hempen string, and insulated by means of a silken string tied to a post, and stood watching the result, as you see him in the picture at the head of this article. After a while, the thunder cloud came over the field. The rain fell. He applied his knuckle to the key, and received a strong spark! This was a triumph indeed! Spark after spark followed! A jar was charged with electricity. The discovery was made!

Lightning and electricity were found to be one. Happy Franklin! He had made a discovery which shortly after astonished all the learned men in Europe; which brought him many scientific honors; and which led to many useful inventions, among which is the lightning rod.

Franklin was afterwards made deputy post master general; agent of several Colonies to settle their disputes with England; and a member of the Continental Congress. He was a signer of the Declaration of Independence: and was sent as minister to France to represent our infant republic. He was treated with great respect at the Court of France, though his plain dress had a very uncourtly appearance.

"Who is that extraordinary, brown coated man?" a lady inquired of a friend one night, at a fashionable party in Paris, in which Franklin figured.

"Softly, madam! that's the famous American, who bottles up thunder and lightning," was the reply made to her question.

On his return home, in 1785, he was elected President of the State of Pennsylvania. He died in 1790, at the ripe old age of eighty-four years and three months. His prudence, industry, good sense, and economy are all worthy of imitation; and among all my readers I hope there is not one who will not at least *try* to imitate him in these things. Perhaps some of them may be as great and useful as he was. But if not, this much is certain; You can all try to be so.

MOTTO FOR SPIRIT RAPPERS. —
 "There's a medium in everything."

A MIRACLE OF WIT.—Among other studies, the Abbe Galiani turned his attention to mineralogy and volcanic phenomena; and having formed a complete collection of stones, lava, and other materials ejected during different eruptions by Mount Vesuvius, he packed it up as a present for the Pope, and, being miserably poor at the time, he wrote on the large chest, "O, blessed Father, command that these stones be made bread." The Pope thus addressed was Benedict the Fourteenth. Like several others of the Roman Pontiffs, he was a wit himself, and a warm admirer of wit in other men, and "he performed the miracle asked of him," says the Italian biographer, by giving the Abbe a canonry which was worth four hundred ducats a year.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD BAWBEE.—Bawbee took its rise from a copper coined after the death of James the Fourth of Scotland. He, with many of the nobility, was slain in the battle of Flodden Field. James left a son of a year old, his heir. The effigy of the infant king was struck, about the year 1514, upon a coin of the value of a halfpenny. Because he was so very young, this piece of money was called the baby, or *bawbee*.

THE MOON UNINHABITED. — An old lady, who had been reading a popular account of the moon, in which it was asserted that that luminary had inhabitants, remarked with emphasis, that the idea was incredible, "for," said she, "what becomes of the people in the new moon when there is nothing left of it but a little streak?"

MY BROTHER.



Far within the shady forest,
Where the wild flowers grow,
Roved I, with my infant brother,
Long, long ago.
And his little hand was clasped,
Tenderly, in mine;
And his eyes with pleasant feelings,
Always, then, did shine.

On, we wandered where the streamlets
Sweetly, softly flow;
And the fish were in them dancing,
Long, long ago.
Then my little brother asked me,
Sister can I love
Thee as truly, thee as dearly,
In our home above?

Then my tears flowed fast and faster;
"Brother it is so;
Love in Heaven, is love forever."
This was long ago.
We went home—hands full of flowers,
Eyes were full of tears,
Souls were full of holy feelings,
Love for endless years.

Oh, my heart is very lonely!
Up to Heaven did go
That young brother, in his loving,
Long, long ago.
As they sadly to the grave-yard,
My sweet darling bore,
I said, blest in weeping, "Love is
Love forever more."

ETTIE JENNIE HURLBUTT
Wilbraham, Mass.

LIFE THROUGH DEATH.

A dew-drop, falling on the wild sea wave,
Exclaimed in fear, "I perish in this grave!"
But, in a shell received, that drop of dew
Unto a pearl of marvellous beauty grew;
And happy now the grave did magnify
Which thrust it forth—as it had fear'd to die.
Until again "I perish quite," it said,
Torn by rude diver from its ocean bed;
O, unbelieving! for it came to gleam
Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem.

R. C. TRENCH.

THE LITTLE FORTUNE SEEKERS.

HOW ALAN RAYNER AND HIS BROTHER AND SISTER SET OFF TO SEEK THEIR FORTUNES.

YOUNG as Alan was, he had heard from his uncle Paul, who had been abroad, many a long story about people seeking their fortune; so having a holiday one fine summer day, he set off down the dale at the back of the house, with his brother Owen and his little sister Amy, a-fortune-seeking. Alan carried a stick in his hand, and Amy had a little covered basket on her arm. The stick was to defend them in their dangers, and the basket to supply them with food.

Full of courage, Alan, being the eldest, led the way, telling Owen and Amy to keep close to him and to fear nothing. What there was to be afraid of Alan did not say, but he looked very resolute. Some people are quite as bold when they know that they are safe, as when they are in danger.

As they passed by Lakin's pond, a duck gave a loud quack, when they came to the great ash tree a bee buzzed by them, and just as they were opposite the old hovel the crows cawed high above their heads in the air, but neither the quacking, the buzzing, nor the cawing frightened the bold Sir Alan, and on he went holding up his stick.

HOW THEY MET WITH DIFFICULTIES AND DANGERS.

Alan dearly loved Owen and Amy, and they loved him quite as much in return; they were always doing one

another some little acts of kindness. Again and again as they went along Owen offered to carry the basket for his sister, and Alan told her whatever happened in their travels he would protect her.

The simple habits of children agree well with country scenes; with fields and green leaves, and buttercups and daisies. Amy had soon a full handful of flowers and grasses; Owen now and then picked up a pretty stone; and Alan, full of his adventure, talked of little things as though they were great things.

They had almost reached the sawyer's cottage, when a very little puppy ran out playfully towards them. Alan, who had just been telling Owen and Amy a tale about wild beasts, asked them if he should attack the tiger? Owen would have it that it was only a puppy dog, but Alan said that did not matter, for it had four legs and a head and a tail, and so had a tiger. Owen thought he had better let it alone, and little Amy tamed the tiger at once by giving it a bit of bread and butter from her basket.

Alan had no easy task to persuade Owen and Amy to call a clump of trees a forest, and a little pond a large lake; but where was the use of their going to seek their fortunes, unless they met with some strange adventures? In one place Alan spoke of the moors and the mountains, and in another of swamps and plains, when neither the one nor the other was to be seen.

Suddenly they came to a spot in the lane where five or six geese and a few goslings were stocking up the grass with their bills. All in a moment the gander

came towards them stretching out his long neck and hissing loudly. Owen and Amy ran back, followed by Alan, who told them that if he had stopped and hit the gander with his stick, he would have been sure to frighten the goslings.

As there was a stile near, leading into a field, Alan bethought him that it would be more pleasant to walk along the field than the lane, so they all got over the stile, and thus passed the geese without frightening the goslings.

"I wonder how that gander would like it," said Alan, when he had gone a little distance, "if I were to turn back, and lay hold of him by his long neck, and shake him?" Amy begged of him by no means to think of such a thing, and so Alan told her that he would not. Little did the gander know of his narrow escape!

HOW POOR AMY WAS LOST A DAY AND A NIGHT IN THE FOREST.

Alan had agreed with Owen and Amy before they set out on their travels, to share whatever befel them, of good or evil. "If I find a gold mine," said he, you shall have your share; and if you should be taken and shut up in a Turkish prison, I will be shut up too."—Neither of these things seemed very likely to occur; but strange events sometimes happen to travelers.

"What shall we do with this great snake?" said Alan, making a stand and looking on the ground; but Owen and his sister both said it was only a poor little snail, and Amy put it out of the path very tenderly. "How do you like this bird of Paradise?" said Alan, pointing to a beautiful moth which had settled

on a flower. "It is a butterfly," said Owen, "and I would not hurt it on any account." Pleasant it is to see a beautiful butterfly on a flower, but a kind-hearted little girl tenderly removing a poor snail out of danger, makes a much prettier picture.

Alan, who had heard from his uncle Paul how on many occasions he had been lost in the woods, and what he had suffered from hunger, thought that by all means one of them ought to be lost without having any thing to eat. This being agreed upon, the affair was conducted in the following manner.

In the first place, the basket was hidden in a dry ditch. Then Amy was taken among some bushes and left in the very middle of them. Then Alan went one way to look for her, and Owen the other, seemingly very much distressed.

It was a sad sight to see the poor dejected brothers wandering about in search of their lost sister, but at last, a day and a night being supposed to have passed away, they found her in the very same place where they had left her. Great was their rejoicing at their good fortune. Soon after this they discovered their provisions, and sat down to regale themselves, with happy hearts.

HOW THEY CROSSED A RIVER WITH- OUT ANY ONE OF THEM BEING DROWNED.

Having finished their repast, Alan once more, with stick in hand, put himself at the head of the party. As he went along, he asked Amy what she thought her mamma would say to her being lost in the forest? But Amy told him that she was not really lost, for

that she had seen him and Owen all the while through the bushes.

The sun kept shining, the birds kept singing, and the wind blew gently and fresh, as they wandered on, and every thing around them was calm and peaceful; but, ah, me! what perils await those who go on their travels to seek their fortunes. The little brook that trickles through a part of the dale was now before them, and Alan told them the river must be crossed. It seemed very odd to Owen that Alan should call that a river, which he could in some parts jump over. However, he remained silent, and Alan went on talking.

"The river must be crossed," said he, "and I hope that none of us will be carried away by the stream. What we shall do if a red Indian springs from behind the bushes, or a crocodile comes out of the sedge, I don't know. Here is the narrowest part of the river. I will lay my stick across, and if we make believe very much it will do for a bridge."

"But I can't walk along your stick," said Amy. "Never mind that," said Alan, "a bridge is a bridge, whether we walk along it or not." So Alan laid his stick across the narrow part and then jumped over the brook, followed by Owen and Amy. No red Indian sprang from the bush, no crocodile sprang out from the sedge, and the river was crossed without so much as one of them being drowned.

HOW A FIERCE WOLF MADE A TERRIBLE ATTACK ON AMY.

All at once it came into Alan's head that uncle Paul had once been attacked by a wolf, and that they ought to have an adventure of the same kind; he

therefore asked Owen if he would consent to be eaten up by a wolf. Owen said he did not like it, he thought Alan ought to be eaten, for he was the biggest. Alan said that would never do, for then there would be nobody to take care of him and Amy.

But besides this difficulty there was another, they had no wolf, and where to get one they did not know. At last it was settled. Owen was to be the wolf and to spring on little Amy, but before he had eaten her up, or even so much as snapped off her little finger, Alan was to rush upon him with his stick, and drive him back into the woods.

Amy was now left alone, that Owen might get behind one bush and Alan behind another. No sooner was this done, than with her basket on her arm, she went on her journey.

And now little Amy was almost come to the bush behind which Owen was crouching down. For a moment she made a stop, as though she hardly durst venture to go by, but at last she went on. Suddenly the wolf leaped out and caught hold of her.

And now what was poor Amy to do! It was of no use to call out, for she could not see any body. It was of no use to strive with the wolf, for he was too strong for her. Well was it for her that Alan happened to come up. Many people are frightened at wolves, but Alan did not seem frightened at all.

It was a hard struggle, for the wolf pulled poor Amy one way, and Alan pulled her the other, but at length Alan won the day. "Shall I kill the wolf, Amy?" cried he, lifting up his stick, "shall I kill the wolf?" "No, no!" cried Amy; "he has not hurt me a bit. He is not a real wolf, but only my

brother Owen." Any one who had seen how heartily little Amy threw her arms round Owen's neck, might have said that she was as likely to eat the wolf as the wolf was to eat her.

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HOW ALAN, OWEN, AND AMY SEPARATED ONE FROM ANOTHER.

The affair of the wolf having passed off so well, Alan began to bethink himself of other adventures. "Perhaps," said he, "if we seek our fortunes by ourselves for some time, it will be better."

Just then they came to a spot where there were three paths. One went straight on between some bushes, while the others went round in opposite ways. It was agreed that Amy should take the middle path, and Alan and Owen the others.

"Farewell Owen, and farewell dear Amy," said Alan, giving them both a kiss, "let us hope to meet again. Remember whatever may happen to us of good or bad fortune, we must love one another."

Amy took out her handkerchief, and held it up to her eyes in a very natural way, and thus they parted, hoping that some day or other they might meet again. The separation did not seem likely to be a long one, as the three paths, they well knew, united again at about the distance of a hundred yards.

When Amy was left alone she put away her handkerchief, for no good is got by giving way to sorrow. There were flowers of different kinds growing on the banks under the bushes. "This shall be papa's flower," said she, gathering a fine honeysuckle. "This shall be for mamma," plucking a wild rose, "and

this for little Dolly," breaking off the stem of a forget-me-not close to the root. Having twisted a bit of paper round the stalks of these flowers, she put them in her basket.

On went Amy, now talking to herself, and now peeping to see whereabouts her brothers were, until she came to the end of the path, and just then Alan and Owen came up to her. How very odd that, after all going different roads, they should meet at the same spot! Much had they to tell one another about their adventures.

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HOW ALAN GETS SADLY WOUNDED IN SEEKING FOR RED INDIANS.

So much had Alan heard from uncle Paul about red Indians, that his heart was set on going among them, and if he could, on doing them a kindness. He had a knife which he said would be very useful to them, and he should like to teach some of them to read.

Both Owen and Amy wondered where he would find the red Indians, but Alan pointed to a little copse at some distance from them. "That copse yonder," said he, "is quite as likely a place to find them in as any that I know."

"But we have not seen one yet," said Owen. "No," replied Alan, "red Indians always get behind the trees." This made Owen and Amy look about them, as if they feared every tree had an Indian behind it.

Alan set off for the coppice, while Owen and Amy sat down to rest themselves, and to talk over their travels; but it was not long before Alan again joined them. Whether the red Indians were absent on some expedition, or whatever else might be the cause, cer-

tain it was that Alan had found no Indians in the coppice. He had, however torn the leg of one of his trousers, so he asked Amy to bind up his wounds.

"But you have not hurt your leg," said Amy, "you have only torn a hole in your trousers."

"Never mind that," replied Alan, "we are out on our travels seeking our fortunes, and must make the most of every thing; bind up my wounded leg."

Little Amy tied up his leg with his handkerchief, and considering that she had never bound up a wound before, it did her great credit. If little girls knew more about binding up wounds than they do, it would not hurt them. It might, on the contrary, assist them in the kind actions they may be called upon to perform.

HOW THE TRAVELERS FOUND A TREASURE.

It is due to Alan to say that the misfortune of his wounded leg by no means cooled his courage. Some people who meet with accidents are sadly cast down by them, but Alan bore his very patiently. "What is the use," said he, "of complaining? Those who go to seek their fortunes must learn to bear pain."

"But you are not really in pain," said Amy. Whether Alan heard her or not, he took no notice of what she said.

One of Alan's plans was to find a treasure, and as they had neither spade, nor pick-axe with them to dig for gold, he thought the best way would be for them to find a bag of money; little Amy said if they found a bag of money, she should like to take Dolly some. This

being generously agreed to by Alan and Owen, they proceeded with their plan.

Alan took Amy's handkerchief, and tied up some grass in it. He then told Owen to go on a little way and drop it, and this Owen did.

"Heigh day!" cried Alan, when he came up to the spot, "what have we here? Who would have thought that a merchant would have dropped a great bag of money in such a place as this?"

The place, certainly, did not appear at all likely for such a thing, but, as was said before, strange events sometimes happen to travelers.

All at once, Owen and Amy bethought themselves that they had no right to the gold, as it belonged to the merchant who had lost it, but Alan met this objection by saying, that they could easily inquire for the merchant as they went along, and give up the money if they found him. Thus pacified, Owen and Amy allowed Alan to lift the heavy bag of money into the basket; this he seemed to do with great difficulty.

But now there arose another difficulty, for how was the basket to be carried with so heavy a weight in it? Alan, nothing daunted, told them that "where there was a will there was a way." A stick was procured and passed through the handle of the basket; one end of the stick rested on Owen's shoulder, and the other end on the shoulder of little Amy.

Hardly could there be a more forlorn picture taken than that of poor Alan with his leg tied up, leaning on his stick for support, as he hobbled onward, and Owen and Amy, as they appeared to toil with might and main, bending under their ponderous load.

"If we should not find the merchant," said Alan, "after giving a little of our gold to Dolly, I think we should give all the rest of it to papa and mamma." "Yes, yes," replied Owen and Amy; and so this was agreed to. Alan, Owen and Amy had reason to love their parents, for they were bringing them up to love one another, and to fear God and keep his commandments.

HOW THEIR ADVENTURES WERE SUDDENLY BROUGHT TO AN END.

Alan limping on his lame leg, and Owen and little Amy heavily burdened with their weighty treasure, had almost come to the turn by the birch trees, when suddenly to their great surprise, Dash, their own favorite dog, came barking joyfully towards them. How little did they suspect, that at that very moment, their parents were waiting for them with the pony chaise, in the little hollow at the end of the dale. The truth was that Mr. Rayner, having agreed with Mrs. Rayner that she should drive round by the turnpike road to meet him, had watched over his children from the high ground ever since they had entered the dale, that no mischief might befall them. Even thus in life our heavenly Father looks down from above upon those who love him, watching them in all their ways, and guarding them from evil.

No sooner did our little fortune seekers set eyes on the pony chaise, than off they set in a scamper, strangely forgetful of what had past. It was wonderful to see how nimble Alan was in spite of his poor wounded leg, and with what ease Owen and little Amy ran along

with that heavy load of gold in the basket, which before had well-nigh weighed them both down to the ground. Mr. and Mrs. Rayner, pleased with the affection of their children, clasped them in their arms.

As they proceeded on their way, Alan, Owen and little Amy related their adventures, neither forgetting the dangers they had passed through, nor the treasure they had found. In some things they differed in opinion, but they all agreed in this, that a kind papa and mamma are much better than a bag of money, and that those who have a happy home, never need really wander abroad to seek their fortune.

"Call not that man wretched who, whatever else he suffers as to pain inflicted or pleasure denied, has a child for whom he hopes and on whom he doats. Poverty may grind him to the dust, obscurity may cast its dark mantle over him, his voice may be unheeded by those among whom he dwells and his face may be unknown by his neighbors—even pain may rack his joints and sleep flee from his pillow, but he has a gem with which he would not part for wealth defying computation, for fame filling a world's ear, for the highest power, for the sweetest sleep that ever fell on mortal eye." — *Coleridge*.

SEA MOUSE.—An exceedingly curious specimen of the finny tribe is the sea mouse; its most remarkable feature, however, is the fine glossy filament or hair which fringes the sides of the animal all round, every hair reflecting the colors of the rainbow.

THE YANKEE BOY IN RUSSIA.

I find the following story in Miss Bremer's late work on America. That lady, who, by the way, picked up many strange stories while running over our country, states, that the Yankee boy in her story was a brother of the Hon. Mr. Sumner. In this, however, she was mistaken; and I should not wonder if, after all, the whole thing was "made up" by some inventive story-teller. However, as it is very funny, I will insert it.

One day a lad, apparently about nineteen, presented himself before our ambassador at St. Petersburg. He was a pure specimen of the genus Yankee—with sleeves too short for his bony arms, trousers half way up to his knees, and hands playing with coppers and ten-penny nails in his pocket. He introduced himself by saying—"I've just come out here to trade, with a few Yankee notions, and I want to get a sight of the emperor."

"Why do you wish to see him?"

"I've brought him a present all the way from America. I respect him considerable, and I want to get at him and to give it to him with my own hands."

Mr. Dallas smiled as he answered—"It is such a common thing, my lad, to make crowned heads a present, expecting something in return, that I am afraid the emperor will consider this only a Yankee trick. What have you brought?"

"An acorn."

"An acorn! What under the sun induced you to bring the Emperor of Russia an acorn?"

"Why, just before I sailed, mother

and I went out to Washington to see about a pension; and when we was there, we thought we'd just step over to Mount Vernon. I picked up this acorn there, and I thought to myself I'd bring it to the emperor. Thinks, says I, he must have heard a considerable deal about our General Washington, and I expect he must admire our institutions. So now you see I've brought it, and I want to get at him."

"My lad, it's not an easy matter for a stranger to approach the emperor; and I am afraid he will take no notice of your present; you had better keep it."

"I tell you I want to have a talk with him. I expect I can tell him a thing or two about Ameriky. I guess he'd like mighty well to hear about our railroads, and about our free schools, and what a big swell our steamers cut. And when he hears how our people are getting on, may be it will put him up to doing something. The long and short on't is, I sha'n't be easy till I get a talk with the emperor; and I should like to see his wife and children. I want to see how such folks bring up a family."

"Well, sir, since you are determined upon it, I will do what I can for you; but you must expect to be disappointed. Though it will be rather an unusual proceeding, I would advise you to call on the vice-chancellor, and state your wishes. He may possibly assist you!"

"Well, that's all I want of you. I will call again, and let you know how I get on."

In two or three days he again appeared, and said — "Well, I've seen the emperor, and had a talk with him. He's a real gentleman, I can tell you. When I gave him the acorn, he said he would set great store by it; that there was no character in ancient or modern history he admired so much as he did our Washington. He said he'd plant it in his palace garden with his own hand, and he did do it — for I saw him with my own eyes. He wanted to ask me so much about our schools and railroads, and one thing or another, that he invited me to come again and see his daughters; for he said his wife could speak better English than he could. So I went again yesterday; and she's a fine knowing woman, I tell you, and her daughters are nice gals."

"What did the empress say to you?"

"Oh, she asked me a sight o' questions. Do n't you think, she thought we had no servants in Ameriky! I told her poor folks did their own work, but rich folks had plenty of servants. 'But then you don't call 'em servants,' said she, 'you call 'em help.' 'I guess, ma'am, you've been reading Mrs. Trollope?' says I. 'We had that ere book aboard our ship.' The emperor clapped his hands, and laughed as if he'd kill himself. 'You're right, sir,' said he, 'you're right. We sent for an English copy, and she has been reading it this very morning!' Then I told all I knew about our country, and he was mightily pleased. He wanted to know how long I expected to stay in these parts. I told him I'd sold all the notions I'd brought over, and guessed I should go back in the same ship. I bid 'em good bye all around, and went about my busi-

ness. Ain't I had a glorious time? I expect you didn't calculate to see me run such a rig."

"No, indeed, I did not, my lad. You may very well consider yourself lucky; for it's a very uncommon thing for crowned heads to treat a stranger with such distinction."

A few days after he called again, and said, "I guess I shall stay here a spell longer, I'm treated so well. T'other day a grand officer came to my room, and told me that the empress had sent him to show me all the curiosities; and I dressed myself, and he took me into a mighty fine carriage, with four horses; and I've been to the theatre and the museum; and I expect I've seen about all there is to be seen in St. Petersburg. What do you think of that, sir?"

It seemed so incredible that a poor, ungainly Yankee lad should be thus loaded with attentions, that the ambassador scarcely knew what to think or say.

In a short time his visitor re-appeared. "Well," said he, "I made up my mind to go home; so I went to thank the emperor, and bid him good-bye. I thought that I couldn't do less, he'd been so civil. Says he: 'Is there anything you'd like to see before you go back to Ameriky?' I told him I should like to have a peep at Moscow; but it would cost a sight of money to go there, and I wanted to carry my earnings to mother. So I bid him good-bye, and come off. Now what do you guess he did next morning? I vow he sent the man in regimentals to carry me to Moscow! and bring me back again, when I've seen all I want to see; and we're going there to-morrow morning, sir."

And sure enough the next morning the Yankee boy passed the ambassador's house, in a splendid coach and four, waving his pocket handkerchief, and shouting, "Good-bye! good-bye!"

A MANX TRADITION.

IN former times, a fairy of extraordinary beauty exercised such undue influence over the male population, that she, by her sweet voice, induced numbers to follow her, till by degrees she led them into the sea, where they perished. This cruel exercise of power was continued for a length of time, until at last it was apprehended that the Isle of Man would have no protectors left. At this crisis a knight-errant sprung up, who discovered means of counteracting the charms used by the siren, and even laid a plot for her destruction, which she only escaped at the moment of extreme hazard, by taking the form of a wren, when, by her rapid motion, she became invisible. Though the Manx fairy thus escaped instant destruction, a spell was thrown over her, by which she was compelled, once every succeeding year, to resume the form of this bird, with the definite sentence that she must ultimately perish by human hands. In commemoration of this superstition, on St. Stephen's Day the following ceremony is still observed in one or two localities in the island. Numbers assemble at early dawn, carrying long sticks, with which they beat the hedges and bushes till they start a wren—the tit-wren is selected as the victim—which they then pursue with great shouting from bush to bush, till the little creature is so tired as to be taken by the hand or knocked

down by the stick (wand) of its superstitious pursuers. It is then fixed to the top of a long pole, to which a red handkerchief is suspended by way of a banner, and in that manner it is carried round the district.

A WITTY REPLY.

MONSIEUR DE CORBIERES, Minister of the Interior, under the Restoration of the Bourbons, having risen from the humbler ranks of life, and frequenting only the society of the middle classes, was, though an able man, naturally ignorant of a thousand minor points of etiquette which emigrated, with the royal family, from Versailles to Hartwell, and returned with them from Hartwell to the Tuileries. The Breton lawyer was, consequently, perpetually committing himself by lapses of politeness, which afforded much laughter to the king and court. But his ready wit never failed to get him out of the scrape.

One day, while submitting some important plans to Louis XVIII., so preoccupied was he by the subject under discussion, that, after taking a pinch of snuff, he placed his snuff-box on the table among the paper; and immediately afterwards, laid his pocket-handkerchief by its side.

"You seem to be emptying your pockets, Monsieur de Corbieres," remonstrated the king, with offended dignity.

"A fault on the right side, on the part of a minister, sire!" was the ready retort. "I should be far more sorry if your majesty had accused me of *filling* them!"

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE; A FABLE FOR LITTLE FOLKS.



ONCE on a time, there was an old cat, whose home was in a farm house. She was a good, kind, playful old cat; and she used to sit at the fire-side and purr, purr, purr, an hour at a time. There was a little mouse in the same

house, which did not steal cheese and gnaw holes in the wall, like common mice. No; he was too clever for that. So the old cat, which had plenty to eat, without feeding on mice, took to the mouse as to a friend, and played with him without eating him.

But one day Mrs. Puss forgot herself, and while playing with the mouse, she bit off the poor little fellow's tail. This was better than if she had bitten off his head; but it was not very pleasant to the mouse, after all, to lose his tail. It spoiled his looks, and the wound was very painful, withal.

So the mouse looked up into Pussy's face, lifted up his paws very humbly, and said,

"Dear Mrs. Pussy, do give me my tail again!"

Pussy looked very solemn, while the mouse urged his petition. She thought it was easier to bite off a mouse's tail, than to put it on again, which was a wise thought for a cat. And not knowing what reply to make, she asked the mouse to give her a little time to reflect or so grave a matter. Of course, the mouse could offer no objection to this; only he hoped that Mrs. Puss would not fail to restore his lost tail. What she did with poor little mousey's request, I will tell you at another time.

HORN HOUSES.—There is a certain district in the suburbs of Lassa, the capital of Thibet, where the houses are built entirely with the horns of cattle and sheep. The old edifices are of extreme solidity, and present a rather agreeable appearance to the eye; the horns of the cattle being smooth and white, and those of the sheep being black and rough.

These strange materials admit a wonderful diversity of combinations, and form on the walls an infinite variety of designs. The interstices between the horns are filled with mortar.

CLOCKS.—The history of clocks is carried back by some to the eleventh or twelfth century. One of the most ancient on record was put up by an Abbot of St Albans, but every trace of it has long disappeared. Striking clockwork were not known in England, until about A. D. 1250. One of the oldest, of which any portion remains, is at Exeter, another at Wells, and a third, put up by Cardinal Wolsey, at Hampton Court. Of the last only the face is left, the works being wholly modern. There is a singular clock at Launceston, with antique striking figures on each side of the face. It is as old as the reign of Henry the Eighth. A very valuable astrological clock has been for some years in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries. It is of portable dimensions, a circle of some eight or nine inches diameter, of the early date of 1525, and capable of being set going and performing all its duties at any hour. It is the oldest clock known that can be put in motion so as to keep correct time.

SEEDS OF PLANTS.—The seeds of plants are their eggs. A sunflower produces 4000; a poppy, 30,000; a tobacco plant, 3 or 400,000; and spleen-wort, 1,000,000. The capsule of the white poppy contains 8000 seeds. Some seeds germinate after boiling. The seeds of mosses germinate either in hot earth or in water.

THE POOR IRISH STUDENT BOY.

In the Sophomore class of 1824, in Williams College, there was a poor Irish boy, who was struggling up through a liberal education, with the purpose of becoming a minister. He was assisted in his efforts by the "Brick Church" of New York. He was fitted for College at an academy in Amherst; but did not, as was expected, enter the college there.

In the midst of his regular duties and daily studies at Williams, there came a letter from the officers of the "Brick Church," stating that, in consequence of certain reports which had come to them, prejudicial to his character, the assistance of the church would be withdrawn from date. The intelligence came upon the poor fellow like a thunderbolt, so sudden and so crushing. No opportunity was afforded for self-defence or explanation—the letter was decisive and final.

In this state he went straight to Professor Dewey, and told his trial—that his support was taken from him, that he must leave college, relinquish his hopes and plans of doing good, and all for an offence of which he was ignorant, and of which, whatever it might be, he protested his innocence.

Prof. Dewey had regarded this son of Erin's Isle with perhaps a peculiar interest. He had been inspired with confidence in him. His fellow students respected and liked him. He was a good scholar, and unexceptionable in his deportment. Under these circumstances, Prof. D. told him not to leave, or trouble himself about the paying of bills; and going to the President, prevailed upon him to consent to the young man's remaining, on the assurance that he himself would take the responsibility. So

the poor Irish boy studied on, without any particular notice being taken of the "Brick Church."

At the end of six months, or thereabouts, a second letter came from the officers, stating that the charges of delinquency had turned out to be false, renewing their support, and, better than all, paying up the arrears of the last six months. So the young man was saved.

And the Irish boy of 1824, is now none other than the "Kirwan" of America; ay, the "Kirwan" of the world!

ABSTRACTION OF THE MIND.—Numerous instances have occurred resulting from the intense abstraction of the mind and employment in one pursuit. Of Dr. Robert Hamilton the author of a celebrated "Essay on the National Debt," it is said, that he pulled off his hat to his own wife in the street, and apologized for not having the pleasure of her acquaintance; that he went to his classes in the college in the dark mornings with one of her white stockings on one leg, and one of his own black ones on the other; that he often spent the whole time of the meeting in moving from the table the hats of the students, which they as constantly returned. He would run against a cow in the road, turn round, beg her pardon, and hope she was not hurt. At other times he would run against posts, and chide them for not getting out of his way.

Hast thou a child? Give not time to vice to gain upon him; let him be sanctified from a child, and consecrated to the Spirit from his tender years.

AFRICAN WITCH DOCTOR.



THIS frightful looking creature is called a witch doctor. He pretends to be a sort of fortune teller, to reveal secrets, to discover criminals, to converse with the dead, and many other wonderful things, which, of course, are entirely beyond his ability either to know or do.

But the poor Africans being ignorant and stupid, are deceived by his tricks and pretensions. They are afraid also, of his curses: they believe he can bring evil upon them; they consult him when they wish to discover an unknown thief or murderer.

You see him, in the picture, in the act of answering the questions of some who have consulted him. He has made a magic circle on the ground, within which he leaps and dances like a wild maniac. Having burnt the bones of snakes and smelt the ashes; having tied the skins of serpents and the claws of birds and beasts to his joints; and stuck

the feathers of ravenous birds in his hair; there he appears with bundles of spears in his hands in the midst of his wild and wicked dance. His eyes glare; his muscles writhe; his lips utter songs, prayers, and yells, as he calls upon the spirits of the dead to reveal to him the name of the criminal.

The people gather round him. As he names, first one and then another, the shrewd impostor watches the countenances of his auditors, until he thinks he has hit upon the parties whom they suspect. When he does this they applaud him; and then hasten away to seize the cattle of the poor wretch, whom the witch doctor has condemned.

This is only one of the miseries which heathenism has brought upon these poor ignorant Africans. Do you wish they knew better, good reader? Well, you can pray for them, and be grateful that you were not born in such a land.

PYRAMID OF EGYPT.—The Great Pyramid in Egypt is 456 feet in height, and its base occupies thirteen acres. Its weight is estimated at six millions of tons, and its erection would occupy 3,000 men twenty years. If it was broken up, the materials would rear a wall around the whole empire of France ten feet high and two and a half feet thick.

POOR JACK.

A drunkard was one day staggering in drink on the brink of the sea. His little son by him three years of age, being very hungry, solicited for something to eat. The miserable father, conscious of his poverty, and of the criminal cause of it, in a kind of rage, occasioned by his intemperance and despair, hurled the little innocent into the sea, and made off with himself. The poor little sufferer, finding a floating plank by his side on the water, clung to it. The wind soon wafted him and the plank into the sea.

A British man-of-war, passing by, discovered the plank and child ; a sailor at the risk of his own life, plunged into the sea, and brought him on board.

He could inform them little more than that his name was Jack. They gave him the name of Poor Jack. He grew up on board that man-of-war, behaved well, and gained the love of all the officers and men. He became an officer of the sick and wounded department. During an action of the late war, an aged man came under his care, nearly in a dying state. He was all attention to the suffering stranger, but could not save his life.

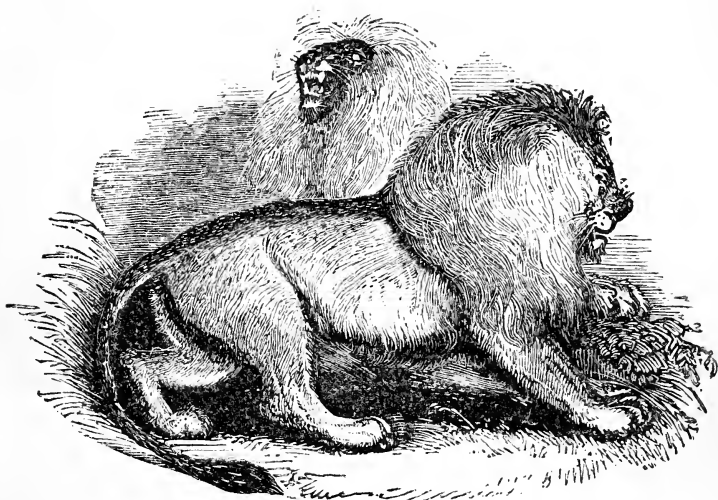
The aged stranger was dying, and thus addressed this kind young officer : For the great attention you have shown me, I give you this only treasure that I am possessed of—presenting him with a Bible, bearing the stamp of the British and Foreign Bible Society. It was given me by a lady ; has been the means of my conversion, and has been a great comfort to me. Read it, and it will lead you in the way you should go. He went on to confess the wickedness and profligacy of his life before the reception of his Bible ; and, among other enormities, how he once cast a little son, three years old, into the sea, because he cried to him for needed food !

The young officer inquired of him the time and place, and found here was his own history. Reader, judge if you can, of his feelings, to recognise in the dying old man, his father dying a penitent under his care ! and judge of the feelings of the dying penitent, to find that the same young stranger was his son—the very son whom he had plunged into the sea, and had no idea but that he had immediately perished ! A description of their mutual feelings will not be attempted. The old man soon expired in the arms of his son.

ABSENCE OF MIND.— There is a story told of a man of learning, that being deeply occupied in his study, his servant rushed in, and informed him that the house was on fire. “Go and tell my wife,” said the scholar, “such matters do not concern me.” I believe it was La Fontaine, who, in a dreaming mood, forgot his own child, and, after warmly commending him, observed how proud he should be to have such a son.

COACHES were invented in France about the year 1500, but were not introduced into England until about the year 1553. They were then without springs, which were an invention of a later date. It is said that there were only two coaches in Paris in the reign of Henry II, about the middle of the 16th century. Coaches were first let for hire in Paris about the year 1650.

ANECDOTES OF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.



ARABIAN TALES OF THE LION.

The Arabs tell us some novel tales of the lion. Thus they affirm that some of those thieves by profession, who prowls about during the night armed to the teeth, instead of braving the lion when they meet with it, cry to it, "I have nothing to do with thee, nor thou with me; I, like thee, am a thief; pass on thy way, or, if you would rather, let us go together."

And they add that the lion does not molest these thieves, but sometimes actually keeps peaceably by their side for long distances, and that in some cases, a kind of personal friendship or alliance, such as that which exists between the dog and its master, exists between the lion and the thief; pretending that thieves have been actually seen to treat lions as we treat dogs, the lion standing by while

the thieves despatched their food, and having the fragments thrown to it. Even women, too, the Arabs tell us, have successfully acted in a similar way; and, when the lion has run away with some of the contents of their larders, they have forced it to give up its booty to the right owners, by belabouring it with sticks, and assailing it with cries of "Thou thief! thou son of a thief!" the lion always, according to the Africans, being filled with shame when the epithet of "thief" is applied to it, which makes it scamper off as fast as it can from those who call it so.

This last imaginary trait which they conceive the lion to possess, is a proof that to the children of the desert it is quite an animal apart, holding a middle place between the brutes and man; a creature which is gifted with great intelligence, as well as with great strength.

The Arab legend, intended to explain how it suffers the sheep to escape with more ease than any other animal, may also be taken as a further proof. That legend is as follows: "One day the lion, enumerating all the exploits which its strength enabled it to execute, said, "*Ah chah Allah*, if it please God, I can make prey of the horse without the slightest trouble; *Ah chah Allah*, I can carry off the heifer without its weight preventing me from running!" The lion went on in this manner with all the animals till it came to the sheep, and by that time it had come to think so greatly of its own prowess, that it neglected to make use of the religious formula, *Ah chah Allah*. For this omission, God condemned it to be unable to destroy the sheep without difficulty, and only to be able then to drag, instead of carrying its carcase."

INSECTS IN WATER.

We read with wonder of a hundred thousand human beings congregated in one Crystal Palace; and yet we think not that in a single drop of water taken from a pond, we may have, could our eyes behold them, a still greater number of God's living creatures, freely disporting as in a crystal palace, finding also their aquatic habitation stored with all that is necessary for the support of their happy lives. And so prolific are these little creatures, that Ehrenberg, the highest authority in such matters, calculates that in a few days a single individual may increase to a million, and that in a few days more the increase may be numbered by billions, trillions, and quadrillions. These are numbers that we can pronounce very glibly with the tongue, without attaching to the words any adequate idea of the immense multi-

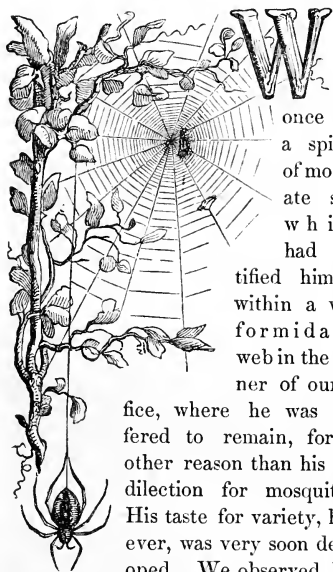
tudes of living creatures we are at the time speaking of. A gentleman on hearing his son, who had got some lessons in arithmetic, go very trippingly over his enumeration table, said to him, "George, you deal in mighty numbers; have you any idea of the meaning of the high sounding words you are pronouncing? You seem quite familiar with quadrillions; for how much will you undertake to count for me a quadrillion of these peas, which I am now sowing in the garden?" "I will do it," said George, who was an off-hand lad, and thought he was making a good bargain with his father—"I'll do it for two-pence." George was safe, had he known it; for he had only to make the reasonable demand that the *materiel* on which his powers were to be employed should be furnished him, and his father must have owned that he could not furnish it; but, as it was, George was glad enough to back out from his engagement on being shown that though he were to live a hundred years, and spend every moment of his long life in counting, death would overtake him when his monotonous work was scarcely begun.

But seeing there are so many of these little animalculæ in the water, it becomes an important inquiry to ascertain what is their value in the economy of nature. Now many of these little creatures live on dead animal matter, and are consequently of immense use in clearing the waters of impurities; but not only are they useful in this way, but the very functions of animal life seem reversed in some of them; for it is found that instead of evolving carbonic acid gas—a poisonous vapor—as other animals in breathing do, many of them evolve pure oxygen, the principal supporter of res-

piration. The air bubbles given out by water in which living "minim" abound, contain such pure oxygen gas, that a bit of deal on which a flame has just been extinguished, will burst into a flame again on being immersed in these bubbles.

Liebig, the great German chemist, states, that he himself has ascertained the fact by experiment.

A CUNNING SPIDER.



WE once saw a spider, of moderate size, which had fortified himself within a very formidable web in the corner of our office, where he was suffered to remain, for no other reason than his predilection for mosquitoes. His taste for variety, however, was very soon developed. We observed him, a morning or two since, making very rapid preparations to attack an enormous beetle, whose peregrinations had extended into his neighborhood. The web was made fast to two of his legs at the first onset. Mr. Beetle, apparently not altogether satisfied with this "fraternal hug," bade him good morning, and marched off, carrying his chains with him; in doing which he had well-nigh demolished the fortress itself.

In a few moments, however, the beetle repeated his visit. In the meantime, the spider had repaired damages, and was prepared for the reception of the formidable stranger. The web was about eighteen inches from the floor: the spider precipitated himself from it, but stopped suddenly when within about two inches of the floor. As this feat was again and again repeated, we have no doubt it was an experiment to try the strength of his cord. At length he threw himself upon the back of the beetle, attached the web to the posterior extremities, and then retreated. Mr. Beetle's suspicions of the purity of the intentions of his long-legged host were now confirmed; and, apparently with no small degree of displeasure, he turned his back upon the spider, the frailty of whose web, notwithstanding his precaution, interfered not in the slightest degree with the dignity of Sir Beetle's measured tread. The spider, convinced that open attack was altogether unavailable, resorted to stratagem. With rather an eccentric manoeuvre, he fastened the attention of Mr. Beetle upon himself, and then commenced a retreat up the surface of a somewhat rough wall. Whether Mr. Beetle mistook this act of the spider for politeness, under the impression that he was conducting him to his castle, or whether it was a matter of sheer curiosity that induced him to follow his betrayer, we are not able to decide: it is sufficient that the decoy was successful. Mr. Spider was vastly civil to Sir Beetle: court language was used on the occasion, without doubt, until they reached a point directly over the web, when he threw off his disguise, and, in a trice, mounted upon the back of Sir

Beetle, disengaged his feet from the wall, and they tumbled together into the web. With the rough legs of the beetle, and being unable to obtain foothold, extrication was impossible, escape hopeless. He surrendered at discretion; and, on the following evening was found dead in his chains.

A MONSTER SPIDER.



During a mineralogical stroll, on the Cambray farm, in the parish of Glenluce, says a Scotland correspondent of the Free Press, a spider, of an extraordinary size, attracted my attention. There he was, seated on the extremity of a stone which projected out of a dike, reconnoitering the surrounding locality, with a calm self-possession which would reflect credit on any general. He was evidently the undisputed lord of all the insects of the place; for, although he observed one of the "lords of the creation" approach, he betrayed no symptoms of fear, and he plainly manifested that thoughts of a retreat never entered his head. But courage without prudence frequently leads to unfortunate results; and so it happened to my spider, for it served him no other purpose than that of affording his enemy an opportunity of capturing him. The creature measures about an inch and a quarter in length, and nearly the same in breadth. Its back is beautifully spotted and streaked, the colors mixing and blending in each other in the most beautiful confusion.

This confusion, however, does not extend to the legs, for they are covered with alternate stripes of white and black, disposed with the most mathematical accuracy and regularity. When viewed through a microscope, it exhibits wonders of beauty sufficient to dispel every prejudice against the poor spiders, and to make every one admire them. Does it not show that nature, in her lowest, and in what we would consider her meanest developments, far surpasses the most delicate and exquisite works of art? Altogether, I consider this spider a rare and interesting creature.

WHAT IS THE MOST DEPLORABLE CONDITION? — Corsses, king of Persia, in conversation with two philosophers and his vizier, asked, "What situation of man was most to be deplored?" One of them said it was old age, accompanied with extreme poverty; the other, that it was to have the body and mind worn out and the heart broken by a series of misfortunes. "I know a condition more to be pitied," said the vizier. "It is that of him who, having done no good, is suddenly summoned to appear before God."

CRACKING OF GLASSES. — Why will a glass sometimes break by pouring hot water into it? Solids convey heat from particle to particle, and some do this more slowly than others; glass conveys it very slowly, and the hot water in contact with the inner surface causes the inside surface of the glass to expand; but the outer one, not being so hot, will not follow it, and so snaps, being very brittle. Thin glasses will not break so readily, the inner and outer surfaces being almost simultaneously heated.

PENCIL DRAWING—SIMPLE FIGURES AND CURVED LINES.

If you have thoroughly practised the simple figures, which I gave you to imitate on page 55, you are now prepared to take another step in advance. If you have not; if you have been in too much of a hurry to take pains with the plain outlines therein contained, you must not proceed with this lesson. It will do you no good if you do. You can never succeed in drawing well, unless you are willing to take time with these primary lessons. You may wish I would make haste and give you pretty pictures to copy. You may say "Pooh! pooh!" and turn up your nose after the fashion of a fop; but that wont alter the true state of things, nor make you skilful with your pencil without labor. Children acquire skill only by pains-taking and toil.

Did you ever read about the lobster which a fisherman caught one day? Having carried the poor creature home, he dropped him into a kettle of boiling water. That was harsh treatment; and it killed the lobster of course: though it changed the color of his coat into a bright scarlet.

Well, the story is — though I don't believe it — that a gentle fairy, or a naiad of the sea, pitied the lobster, restored him to life, and carried him back to his old friends under the water. "O," cried they, as they looked upon him, "what a beautiful coat you have got! How did you get it?"

"O, I only had to be boiled to get it," meekly replied the scarlet lobster.

Now you see it had cost this lobster no little suffering to get his fine coat. It is so with excellence in children.

Not that they have to be boiled, that would be too bad; but they do have to work hard and sweat a little over their studies, just as I wish you to do with these drawing lessons.

Here is the outline of a box or chest. You may call it Jack Ratlin's sea chest, if you choose.

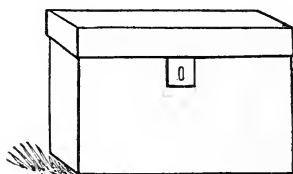


FIG. 11.

Suppose you draw it on paper. You see it is formed by a few straight lines. Draw the *front oblong* first. Now proceed to the end. Be sure you make the *perpendicular* boundary lines, which are farthest from the eye, rather shorter than those which are nearest. This will represent what is called *perspective*, a subject I will explain to you hereafter.

And here is the outline of a pump.

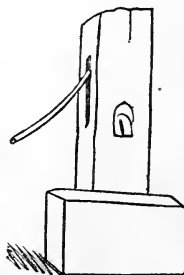


FIG. 12.

Draw the lower square first: then the end; next the top. Then proceed to

the upright oblong: after which you may put in the spout and the handle, and your pump is made.

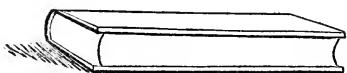


Fig. 13.

Figure 13 is a book lying on its side. Draw the *horizontal* lines first. Make the two lines in front which form the top nearly *parallel*: the others must approach each other a little to give the impression of distance. Make the under lines heavier than the upper as you see them in the figure, which will answer for the absence of light and shade.

You may now try to copy real objects yourself. Take a box, a brick, a chair, a table — real ones I mean — and sit before them, pencil in hand, until

the paint around the parlor doors, as I have seen some children do.

You may now leave these easy figures, which are formed by straight lines, and try your skill upon figure 14.

It will test your patience a little, I know. But you must go at it, nevertheless, with a resolution to conquer it, as you certainly can, if you try with all your might. Try the *curved* line, *a*, first. Begin at the top and finish with one sweep of the pencil. Keep practising it, until you can do it easily and well, even though you have to produce it five hundred times. You may then take the line *b*, which is only *a* reversed. After doing this well, proceed to *c*, *d*, *e*, *g*, and *h*. Draw them in every possible position, beginning now at the top and then at the bottom, until you can draw them either way, with ease and beauty. You

ease and beauty. You may finally try your powers on the lines f and $b' a$. They will tax your skill somewhat more: but *mind* they must be mastered! They enter into so many figures that you will be hindered at every step of your progress hereafter, unless you conquer them completely.

I shall leave you now,
to practice this lesson at
your leisure. Sharpen
your pencils, get out your
india rubber, and go to

work with a firm and patient will; and when I come with my next lesson, and with more complicated figures for you to copy, you will be both ready and glad to meet me.

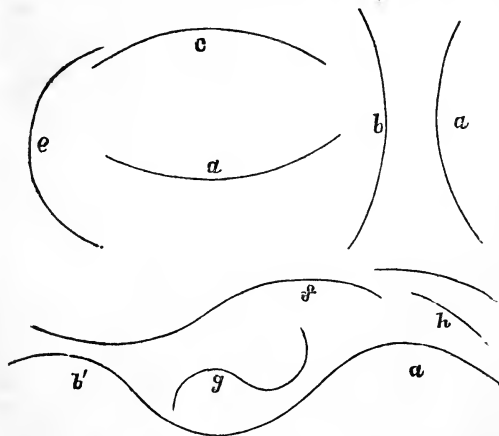


Fig. 14.

you can draw them with correctness and propriety. You will soon surprise yourself by your own success. Only try it. But be sure you don't draw on

NEDDIE NAYLOR'S INQUIRIES.



ONE day as NEDDIE NAYLOR was with his uncle at the village, he noticed a barber's shop, before which a very large pole, with its winding stripes of red and white, stood glaring in the sun. Now Neddy had often wondered why barbers used such poles for a sign. So, twitching his uncle's sleeve to get his attention, he said:

"Uncle Oliver! please tell me why barbers always place such odd looking poles before their doors? I don't see anything in those red and white painted bands, that resembles shaving a man's beard or cutting his hair. Do you, Uncle?"

"Not the least, Neddie. But there was a time when that pole was a very appropriate symbol of, at least, one part of a barber's business."

"Which part was that, Uncle?"

"Perhaps you are not aware, that, in the olden times, when doctors were more scarce than they are now, it was customary for the village barber to act the part of a surgeon. He was expected not only to mow beards, cut hair, frizzle wigs, and dress false curls for old ladies who wished to look young; but also to draw an aching tooth, open a vein, or dress a wound, as need might require."

"Why, Uncle, is it possible that barbers did such things?"

"They did, Neddie, most certainly. And you see now, how the red stripe on the pole speaks of the blood they were prepared to let run with their lancets; and the white one is very significant of the strips of linen with which they bound up a patient's arm. Thus, you see, the language of the striped pole used to be 'Bleeding done here.'"

"Well, that's funny! I never should have thought of that. But as barbers don't bleed people now, why do they still use the pole?"

"Because it is still very convenient to designate their place of business, I suppose. It has no significance, however, to their employment as mere barbers; and like other relics of the past, it will, I presume, gradually pass out of use."

"Thank you, Uncle," replied Neddie, "you have given me a new idea, which I shall lock up in my knowledge box for future use."

"That's right, Neddie. Only keep using your power to observe; and inquire into the things you see around you, and you will become a wise man by and by."

"Yes, Uncle, I will. But look down that street! What a fine building is going up there! What is it intended to be?"

"That's our new Schoolhouse, my boy. Schoolhouses, you know, are the bulwarks of our country. I think more of them than Englishmen do of the wooden walls of old England, as they proudly call their ships of war."

"But that's such a large building, Uncle: I thought it was for a great hotel."

"No, it's for our high school; though it contains a large hall which is to be used for town meetings. You know, Neddie, that, that curious compound called the public are beginning to feel the importance of providing you boys and girls with spacious and healthy edifices, where you may be educated without being crowded together in close rooms and poisoned by bad air."

"I wish the public would feel so where I live, Uncle; for our school-house is crowded almost as badly as a bee-hive."

"They will by and by, Neddie. The spirit of improvement is abroad. I have a picture at home of a grand building about to be erected at a place called Kent's Hill, in the State of Maine, for a Female Collegiate Institute. It is in my paper, and you shall see it when we get home."

"Thank you, Uncle," answered Neddie, "I shall be pleased to see it; but if it is finer than this, it must be a grand affair."

Neddie and his uncle having now reached the spot where the old chaise stood, they ceased their conversation, jumped into the chaise, and were soon safe in Uncle Oliver's parlor. There Neddie got a peep at the Kent's Hill Female Collegiate Edifice, which he pronounced to be a grand affair indeed. A picture of it is at the head of this article. The reader can look at it, if he please, and decide whether Neddie was right or wrong in his opinion. I think he was right.

Let children be brought up in industry, and when they are old they will never know poverty.

A SINGULAR DEVICE. A singular circumstance, exhibiting in a remarkable degree reflecting faculty of a wolf, is related as having taken place at Signole Petit, a small town on the borders of Champagne. A farmer, looking through the hedge of the garden, observed a wolf walking round about his mule, but unable to get at him, on account of the mule's constant kicking with his hind legs. As the farmer perceived that his beast was so able to defend himself, he considered it unnecessary to render him any assistance. After the attack and defence had lasted fully a quarter of an hour, the wolf ran off to a neighboring ditch, where he several times plunged in the water. The farmer imagined he did this to refresh himself after the fatigue he had sustained, and had no doubt that his mule had gained a complete victory; but in a few minutes the wolf returned to the charge, and approached as near as he could to the head of the mule, and spirted a quantity of water in the mule's eyes, which caused him immediately to shut them.

That moment the wolf leaped upon him and killed the poor mule before the farmer could come to his assistance.

THE greater part of the head of most flies is taken up by two protuberances, which, on a minute examination with a common magnifier, seem to be reticulated, or similar to net-work. These are the animal's eyes, and consist of an immense number of convex lenses. In the libellula, or dragon-fly, there have been counted upwards of 25,000, of hexagonal figure, and a brilliant polish. The eyes of crabs and lobsters, and all that family, consist of square lenses.

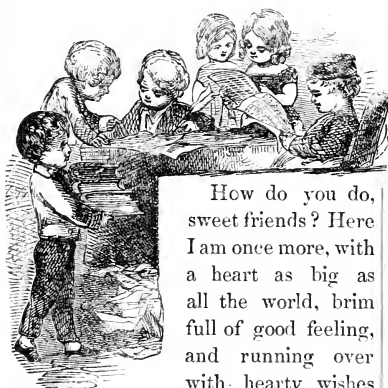
WE find the following among the Recollections of Foote, the actor:—"Foote was one day invited to dinner at Merchant Tailors' Hall; and so well pleased was he with the entertainment, that he sat till the chief part of the company had left the hall. At length, rising, he said:—"Gentlemen, I wish you both very good night." "*Both!*" exclaimed one of the company; "why, you must be cozy, Foote; here are twenty of us—" "I have been counting you, and there are just eighteen; and as nine tailors make a man, I'm right—I wish you *both* very good night."

PRESERVATION OF PENCIL DRAWINGS.—To preserve pencil drawings, apply a thin wash of isinglass, which will prevent rubbing off of either black lead, or hard black chalk. The simple application of skimmed milk will produce the same effect. In using the latter, lay the drawing flat upon the surface of the milk; then taking it up expeditiously, hang it, by one corner, till it drains and dries. The milk must be perfectly free from cream, or it will grease the paper.

CHILL FROM WET CLOTHES.—After a shower of rain on your clothes, and while they are drying on your back, do you not feel much colder than you did before?—This is the cold arising from the wet on your clothes becoming vapor. For this reason you should never sit in your wet clothes.

Learning is wealth to the poor, honor to the rich, and comfort to old age.

FRIENDLY CHIT-CHAT WITH MY READERS.



How do you do, sweet friends? Here I am once more, with a heart as big as all the world, brim full of good feeling, and running over with hearty wishes

for the health, wealth, and happiness of all my readers and every body else. All hail to you, then, good friends! I am glad you have lived through the reign of that grim, biting, young warrior who calls himself FEBRUARY, and who goes about, like some fierce knightly champion of the olden time, with his broadsword, which he calls Frost, in his huge fists, cutting off the tips of people's noses and trying to mow off their toes. I say, I'm glad you have all passed from under his dominion; and I hope none of you got wounded by his formidable weapon.

I am glad, too, that spruce Mr. MARCH has come with his big cheeks puffing formidable breezes and his white lips spouting out torrents of rain. I like him, because he is such a brisk young fellow, wide awake, and full of life. "Hurry along! Hurry along!" is his watchword. If you don't obey him, he puffs a mighty breeze from his cheeks, and away you have to dash like a ship in a hurricane. O, it is fine fun to scud before the March wind! I like it,

though, at times, it makes my old joints creak, like the rusty hinges on my ancient grandmother's worm-eaten treasure chest. Well, never mind! Francis Forrester can't expect his venerable body to last forever. It will drop down, one of these days, like an old house gone to decay. But that don't trouble him, sweet friends, because he has a better habitation in the "better land," which a very dear and precious friend is fitting up for his reception. So he is quite willing the worms should have his present "fleshy house," when his hour comes.

But until then, Francis Forrester means to be a happy man: to look on the sunny side of every event and of every person. He wants to persuade his young readers to do the same. He has a *secret* to unfold to every boy and girl among them—a secret worth more than all the magic rings, lamps, talismans, and charms that genii, fairies, elves, or magicians ever invented, or oriental dreamers ever fancied. What is this mighty secret? I will tell you.

Did you ever notice what your sleepy old cat does in a cool day when the fire gets low? She always goes and lies down in the sunshine. If there is only a single patch of sunshine on the floor, she is sure to find it out. She will lie down in it; and curling herself almost into a ball will purr, purr, purr, as cosily as if she was nestling in a heap of wool before the fire. And, if the patch of sunshine moves, as it will, she moves too; and thus continues to keep in the only bright warm spot there is in the room.

Now, I have a very high opinion of the wisdom of Miss Puss in this thing. And I have long found out that I must, like her, look for the patches of sunshine which are always somewhere about me. No matter if the day is dull, if the wind is cold; I get into the bright patch and say to the wind "Blow away if you will, I've got a warm and sheltered place!" and, thus, I make out to keep a cheerful heart and a happy spirit at all times. For my heavenly Father is always so good, as to send me a patch of sunshine somewhere; and by a little searching I am sure to find it.

I hope my young readers won't forget this secret. Look for the sunshine, boys and girls! Don't go sneaking into dark corners, with long faces and bitter lamentations! Don't make mouths at trouble, and whine and fret. No, no. But resolve always to do right, trust God, and look for the patches of sunshine!

By the way, Mr. Rand has published all the numbers of "My Uncle Toby's Library." He has sold lots of them too. The *Boston Transcript* says of this beautiful library:—

This is the most popular set of juvenile works ever published in the country. The moral lessons are excellent, and in their literary and mechanical execution the whole series is unexceptionable. The series has had a very extensive circulation, and the stories been read with delight and profit by thousands of our youth. Female teachers have read the series entire to their schools, and no teaching has been more profitable. The whole will make a very good beginning for a juvenile library, and is sold at a very reasonable price.

The last number is called "Arthur's Triumph." Here is one of the cuts which adorn it:—



ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

RIDDLES.—1. Because it overthrew a House of Lords. 2. Obey. 3. A Dutch Y. 4. Because it is in tea resting (interesting.)

ENIGMAS.—1. Noah's Ark. 2. A Ring. 3. Cape.

J. H. W.'s CONUNDRUMS. 1. Sing Sing and Rockaway. 2. Because they are licked to make them stick to letters.

ADELAIDE WEBB'S ENIGMA.—Benjamin Franklin.

ALVINA M. D.'S ENIGMA.—Want, Misery and Distress.

A CONNECTICUT GIRL'S ENIGMA.—Helen Augusta Curtis.

I like to see children both merry and happy in play hours. I don't like to see them always at play. That spoils them. But when they do play, I like to

see them enter into it with all their hearts. To help my magazine children to a little harmless fun, I print a piece from my portfolio, which describes a very funny game for a party of boys and girls. It is called

THE GENTLE GENTLEMAN.

A quantity of pieces of paper having been prepared, with one end twisted up in a point, like the papers used for lighting candles, and the players all being seated in a circle, the one who commences the game, turning to the person seated on the left, says :—

“Good morning, gentle gentleman (or lady, as the case may be), always genteel, my gentle gentleman, always genteel; I have to inform you that this gentle gentleman (pointing to the person on the right of the speaker), always genteel, possesses an eagle with a beak of gold.”

The person thus addressed must accurately repeat the same words to the player seated on his left, and so on in rotation till every one in the circle has repeated them. Any one who makes a mistake in repeating the words, receives a horn—that is, one of the pieces of paper is stuck in his or her hair; and, as the game proceeds, is invariably addressed as the “horned gentleman,” with one, or two, or three horns (as it may happen), “always horned.”

When the words have gone the round of the players, the first speaker, supposing he had a horned gentleman on his right, would recommence with :—

“Good morning, gentle gentleman, always genteel, my gentle gentleman—always genteel; I have to inform you that this horned gentleman, with one horn,

always horned, possesses an eagle with a beak of gold, and claws of iron.”

Every time the words go round, the first speaker adds a new property to the eagle.

The third time he gives him *eyes of rubies*. The fourth time he gives him *wings of silver*. The fifth time, he gives him *heart of steel*.

By this time a good many of the party will be well horned; and, as every horn incurs a forfeit, the game may cease until they are redeemed.

And here is an enigma, which will puzzle all my new subscribers, I'm sure.

ENIGMA.

There was a man went into a wood, and he caught me; he sat down to get hold of me, and because he could not get hold of me, he came home with me.

Now for my correspondence.

Here is a letter from a *professor in a College*. He tells what he thinks of my Magazine; and, you may depend upon it, I have a very exalted opinion of his judgment. He who so highly appreciates Forrester's Magazine shows himself to be no common man!

Lebanon, Ill., Feb. 4, 1854.

MR. FORRESTER. Dear Sir:—I take this opportunity to say that your excellent Boys' and Girls' Magazine has found its way into the *far West*. A friend sent a bound copy of the Magazine, for 1853, to my son, a lad of eight summers, who was completely carried away with it. He has had many books, and periodicals before, but none that interested him like this. All his leisure moments, night and day, were devoted to the reading of it, until all was read once, some twice, and some pieces three or four times over. Late in January he set out to get subscribers for it. Many were interested, children begged their parents to take it for them; but they said no, not this year, we have subscribed for

so many papers already we cannot; but next year you shall have it. An agent, in the field, early next December, will secure a goodly number of patrons, I have no doubt. There is one feature, Mr. Forrester, of your Magazine, which I wish especially to commend. It is the fact that while it pleases and interests the juveniles, it cannot fail to profit them. There is an absence of everything that can minister to vulgarity, immorality, or levity and coarseness of manners.

It stimulates to worthy deeds, inculcates the exercise of kindness and generosity, and helps to the formation of a good taste. It is on this account chiefly that I wish for it a wide circulation among the boys and girls of this nation. If every parent that has children old enough to read, looked at the subject as your correspondent does, he would make its presence in the family of more importance than almost any other periodical.

Yours truly,

A FATHER IN THE WEST.

Here is a letter from a little miss whom I love for the sake of the kind words she sends me. Long life to thee, my little Nellie.

Gloucester, Mass., Feb. 15, 1854.

DEAR MR. FORRESTER:—I subscribe for your Magazine, and like it very much. I intend to try and learn to draw as you give the instruction. I should admire to see you. If you ever come to Gloucester, I should like to have you call and see me. Every one knows my father, so it would be easy to find me. What a terrible snow storm we have had. I like Neddie Naylor's inquiries very much, and think that Neddie was a very good boy. I was very much amused at your neice's having bumps. I have good slides but tumble into the snow sometimes too; I think that is pretty good fun.

Good bye. NELLIE.

Here is another, from a South Boston boy, who really thinks he has seen my venerable self in South Boston. Would'nt it be funny if, after all, Master George didn't see Francis For-

rester, Esq.? Who knows whether he did or not? Never mind, he was got out to meeting, and that is worth one of the best curls in my worn out wig. Here is his letter.

South Boston, Feb. 18, 1854.

DEAR MR. FORRESTER:—I have taken your Magazine one year and I like it very much. The last time you was at South Boston, I did not want to go to meeting; but my mother told me that Francis Forrester was going to preach, so I jumped up very quick and dressed myself and went to meeting; and I think that boys lose very much when they stay away from church.

Yours, very respectfully,

GEORGE A. LORD.

Here is a note from a boy who gives good proof that he will work his way through the world finely. He will be sure to go through. He wont stop, like the Wandering Jew, for he has got three new subscribers for my Magazine. He also answers some of the Enigmas. I *should* like to shake hands with him. Here is what he says.

Philadelphia, Nov. 29, 1853.

MR. FORRESTER. Dear Sir:—I commenced taking your Magazine, last July and am very much pleased with it. I saw it advertised in the Magazine that if we got three new subscribers, you would send us last year's numbers all bound, and so I thought I would try, and I succeeded. The following is my first attempt to make an enigma.

I am composed of 30 letters. My 1, 4, 13, is a manner of cooking; my 2, 13, 22, 7, 30, 3, is a shell fish; my 5, 18, 25, we often eat; my 6, 8, 19, 16, 8, is a river in Europe; my 7, 12, 10, 14, is to throw up; my 11, 15, 9, is a stick of iron; my 17, 24, 20, 29, is a woman's work; my 23, 15, 18, 24, 27, 28, 16, 30, is a small book; my 21, 26, 22, 7, is the end. My whole is a nice book for children.

Yours, respectfully,

L. J. DEAL.

Here is a note from a New York lad. I hope he will get me *five hundred* subscribers.

DEAR MR. FORRESTER:—Your Magazine is the first I have ever taken, and I can assure you, that to me, it is a very interesting one; and I will endeavor to do my best at getting all my young friends to subscribe for it. I have written to you before, but it seems I made some mistake, and therefore you did not put it in the Magazine; but this time I will endeavor to have all right. I send you some enigmas and conundrums, which if you please you will insert in your Magazine.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 19 letters. My 5, 11, 18, 9, 15, is a fowl; my 2, 13, 15, 5, 7, is a river in Russia; my 8, 7, 6, 15, is what we all have; my 6, 7, 19, is an animal; my 14, 12, 4, is what we could not do without; my 6, 7, 10, 15, is extremely fragrant and aromatic; my 13, 15, 5, 19, 18, is a river in North America; my 7, 17, 3, 6, is a sulphate of ammonia and potass; my whole is the name of a very fine book.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is an egg undone like an egg overdone?

Who made a voyage to sea without ship, compass or rudder?

Yours, &c.,

MARVIN R. CLARK,
New York City.

And here is a good word from an *Alabama* boy, who wears a right *royal* name. I hope he will be *crowned* with virtue.

Lamington, Russell County, Ala.

MR. FORRESTER:—Having read two numbers of the Boys' and Girls' Magazine which you sent to my teacher, and being delighted with them, I with pleasure enclose one dollar to ensure its reception for one year; and hope, though far distant in this land of the South, to feel as I peruse its pages, that Mr. Forrester is no stranger.

Yours respectfully,

HENRY KING.

And here is another good word from *Alabama*. My Magazine must be getting quite popular with the *Alabama* boys. Huzza!

FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ. Dear Sir:—My sister, at the East Alabama Female College, sent me one of your Magazines, which delighted me so much that I am anxious to have a copy of my own, and will hope to have many a chat with you through its pages.

REUBEN A. BLAKEY,
Alabama.

I have letters from *Richard H. Davis*, *Mary H. Peterson*, *D. W. Thompson*, (get all you can). *Susan M. Capeheart*, *Emily L. Dickinson* (Glad to hear from you, Miss Emily), *Phil* (All right) *Mary C. Hasler* (Your brother must have a good sister and I think he loves her too), *Susan A. Silsby* (I am glad Susan has so indulgent a father, I hope she loves him very fondly), *Sarah* (Long life to you also, Miss Sarah, get all the subscribers you can), *Ellen* and *Calista* (Glad you like it), *Arvilla Grinnell* (I hope you will like Cousin Nelly), *Isaac* (You can if you 'try'), *C. Crocker Sali* (Heaven bless you), *H. C. Beale*, *R. M. Dawson* (Your cranes are very creditable to your skill: though you need to practice the elementary lessons in the Magazine), *Ellen Phillips* (That's right, Ellen, let my Magazine talk to you every year until you are grown up to womanhood), *Myrah* thinks my Magazine the best she ever read. She wishes to hear from Fred Frolic again. Fred is getting popular. Come Fred, stir up your genius and tell the boys and girls about that *launch*. *C. A. W.* (Your enigma is good but I haven't room this month). And now I once more wish you good-bye.

FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

HIRAM POWERS, THE AMERICAN SCULPTOR.



Who has not heard of that beautiful statue, the "Greek Slave"? Where is the boy or girl who is not familiar with the name of its great sculptor, HIRAM POWERS? I should be surprised if all my readers from Johnny Bull's loyal land of Nova Scotia to Brother Jonathan's newest state, Cali-

fornia, are not acquainted with this artist's name. And I suppose they would like to know something about him too.

Like many other men of genius, Hiram Powers was once a poor boy. He was born in Woodstock, Vermont, July 29th, 1805. His father was a plain

farmer; and was a poor man, with eight children, besides Hiram.

At a suitable age, young Hiram was sent to the district school, where he made good use of his brains and his books. Nor was he idle out of school. But, by making the acquaintance of certain skilful persons, he contrived to pick up some instruction in the use of mechanic's tools; and in the art of drawing.

But Hiram's father, being poor, found it difficult to support his nine children on his little farm. Hoping to better his condition, he took his family to the great west; and settled upon a farm in Ohio; where, alas for his wife and children, he soon died.

Poor Hiram was still a boy, when this sad event took place. But he had a stout heart, and was willing to work. See him, then, with his little bundle in his hand, trudging off to the Queen City of the West, Cincinnati, without a friend to help or to advise him. Ah! how I pity him, poor, lonely, fatherless boy!

But, you know, God watches over orphan children. If they try hard to do right, He helps them too. Young Hiram found it so, for he soon obtained something to do. First, he acted as boy in a reading-room; next, he became clerk in a store, and afterwards the assistant of a clock maker. But, wherever he was employed, he behaved well, and was a steady, industrious, honest boy.

At length, he met with a Prussian, who was something of an artist. Young Powers, seeing this man modelling a bust of General Jackson in plaster, felt a strong desire to imitate him. The kind artist gave him a little instruction,

and Powers soon succeeded in making some very excellent busts.

This success led him to determine to become an artist—a great artist. In pursuance of this resolve, he entered the Museum in Cincinnati, and was employed in its artistic department. A museum is not a very promising place for a youth; but it seems that young Powers resisted its temptations, studied closely, kept himself in the quiet path of sobriety, and steadfastly proceeded to improve himself, during the next seven years.

When he was thirty years of age, he went to Washington, where his great talents were recognized, and he was employed to take the busts of some of our greatest men. His work was highly prized; and the name of Hiram Powers began to be known to the country.

Two years afterwards, aided by the liberality of a wealthy gentleman, he went to Italy and became a student of Sculpture in the studio of the lamented GREENOUGH. Here, with the great works of ancient artists before his eyes, he made rapid progress.

He first gave himself to the production of busts of living men. These busts soon became celebrated. But this did not satisfy him. He aimed higher. He sought to climb high as the highest of the sons of art. Hence, he produced his beautiful statues of Eve, of the Greek Slave, and of the Fisher Boy.

These works have been exhibited in London and in America. The best judges of such objects, have pronounced them equal to the most renowned statues of antiquity. The great THORWALDSEN, so well known as the artist of the

famous statues of Christ and his Apostles, declared Powers to be the greatest sculptor since Michael Angelo!

Here, then, you see a man, who made himself what he is, by his own industry. Had he, in the days of his boyhood, been idle and vicious; had he, in his youth, yielded to the temptations of city life, his name, in spite of his natural genius, would have never been known out of Cincinnati. But by right action, he has made it familiar as a household word. Courage, then, dear boy! You may be poor or rich, no matter which; only be true to yourself; dare to do right; resist temptation; be studious; be persevering; never despair; and you will not be a common man by and by. No! no! You may not be as widely known as Powers, but you will make a mark on the world which will remain long after you are dead.

CHILD SACRIFICES. — The abominable practice of sacrificing children to Moloch, the god of the Babylonians and of the ancient Hebrews, has lately received a curious illustration in the Babylonian cylinders published by the *Syro-Egyptian Society*. Among those cylinders one is found which contains a representation of a child with a chaplet round its head, and the hands tied behind, being led up to the Babylonian Saturn, who holds a sword in his left hand, while a female figure stands by in the act of supplication. In another, a little figure is seated before Moloch; a female child dressed very gaily, as if for presentation to the god; she has the right shoulder uncovered. She elevates her right hand, and seems as if earnestly addressing the god. Dr. Grotefend

has recently deciphered an arrow-headed inscription, in which Nebuchadnezzar is made to offer his son to be burnt to death in order to ward off the affliction of Babylon; something similar to which we read of the King of Moab: "Then he took his eldest son that should have reigned in his stead, and offered him for a burnt-offering upon the wall," — 2 Kings, chap. iii.

PERPETUAL MOTION. — Some years ago, at Glasgow, an eccentric barber of the name of Richard Witherspoon, proclaimed that he had found out the theory of perpetual motion. Richard had wit, and a considerable share of humor: his chief fault was rather too frequent offerings to the shrine of Bacchus.

One fine afternoon in summer, he appeared in his breeches and waistcoat, wanting his shoes, with a night-cap on his head, in the market, jumping and skipping about, and exclaiming, — "God be praised, I've found it! I've found it! my bread's baken! my bread's baken!" The people of the market immediately gathered about Richard, crying, — "What's this, Richie? What hae ye found?" "What hae I found? I've discovered the *perpetual movement*! Ye'll ne'er see Richie Witherspoon scum the shafts o' the ungodly for a bawbee, a' ye're days again! Twenty thousand pound! twenty thousand pound! My bread's baken! I'm gaun up to Lunon the morn." "Ay, Richie, that's fortunate, we wad like to see 't." "O weel I wat ye may see 't, and hear 't too," says Richie. "It's our gudewife's *tongue*, it's gaen sax weeks, night an' day an' it'll ne'er stop mair."

BOB SLACK.



I watch'd the coal fire brightly burn;
 The nice beef-steak was broiling —
 I peeped into the coffee urn,
 Then gave the toast another turn,
 Just to prevent its spoiling.

And now I'll wake the boys, I said,
 'Tis time that they were routed;
 They must not learn to love the bed —
 I started at the sound of Ned —
 With all his might he shouted,

"Hurrah for coasting! Bob, it snows,
 All night it has been snowing;
 I've watched it till my ears and nose
 And hands and feet are almost froze,
 Wake up Bob, let's be going.

"Hurrah! wake up! Bob can't you hear?
 The soft blue sky is peeping
 From out the clouds so dull and drear,
 And *now* the sun is shining clear:
 For shame Bob, to lie sleeping.

"Beyond the lane the slanting hill
 In spotless white doth glisten;
 In silver shines the ruined mill —
 And don't you hear the swollen rill?
 Do, Bob, get up and listen.

"The little snow birds have come back
 And merrily are playing —
 And there comes rosy Tom and Jack
 To coast awhile, and *you* Bob Slack
 In bed are idly staying.

"Hark! joyous shouts ring through the air;
 Our schoolmates flock together;
 They're coasting on the hill-side fair
 Beyond the lane — I'll soon be there, —
 Bob, you a'int worth a feather."

HARMONY FORRESTER.

CICERO said of a man who had
 ploughed up the ground in which his
 father was buried — "This is really cul-
 tivating one's father's memory."

IT'S no my view o' human life, that
 a man's sent into the world just to save
 his soul, an' creep out again. — Alton
 Locke.

BARRING OUT.

DID you ever hear of "Barring out" before? I presume many of you never did: because it is a phrase that is more used by English school boys, than by American lads. Indeed I believe it never was known in practice, in this country. I sincerely hope it never may be.

Barring out is a phrase used to describe a wicked practice, formerly somewhat in vogue in English boarding schools. It is another phrase for a regular rebellion against the authority of the school. It was resorted to, when something in the government of the school became offensive to the majority of the scholars. In that case they shut themselves up in some chosen room and refused to return to their studies, until their master agreed to yield to their demands. Of course, the whole of such a movement was wrong and wicked, and never resulted in any good. I have selected the following account of one of these affairs, merely to show you a phase of English school life, as it was a few years ago. I believe, however, that a "barring out" seldom or never occurs now, in that country.

The occasion of the "barring out" of which you are about to read, was the introduction of something like military drill among the boys, during their play hours. This, they did not like: and they *barred out* their teachers until the head-master, whom they called the Pelican, consented to dismiss poor Tater, by whom the drilling had been managed. The person who relates the story was a teacher in the school.

"One night, as we were sitting around

the supper-table in the council-room, while Tater was amusing us with a fluent and rapid lecture on the subject of carbonic acid gas, we were suddenly startled by a voice on the stairs over head, which shouted in thundering tones 'B, A, R.' In an instant there was a rush from all the smaller dormitories to the principal bed-room, which was followed the moment after by the sound of heavy blows struck by large hammers, succeeded by three tremendous cheers, the last prolonged by yells, hootings, and imitative cock-crowings for several minutes. We started up, electrified, from our seats. Tater turned as pale as death. Some of us ran to the study of the head-master, whom we found already aroused by the tumult, and, with his two coadjutors, about to proceed to the scene of action. Accompanied by the steward, wardens, and trembling maid-servants, we made our way in a body to the large room. This room, which contained about seventy beds, had the door taken off for the sake of ventilation. The entrance was, however, effectually blocked up, and we saw that all attempts to gain admission would be ineffectual for that night at least. The rogues had taken the whole of the bedsteads, which were of iron, to pieces, and by the aid of strong staples forced into the solid joists on either side, had erected a wall of iron bars not two inches apart. Against these they had piled mattresses one upon another, over which they had bent other rods fastened by similar means. To all the appeals and interrogations of the masters they replied only by a cheer, and refused to

hold any parley until the next day, when, and not before, they declared themselves willing to treat on the subject of their grievances. As nothing else was to be done without creating a disturbance in the town, it was judged best to leave them unmolested for the night, the masters probably thinking that the demands of appetite might reduce them to submission in the morning. We could see from the play-ground that the mutineers had provided themselves with lights, which were not extinguished till long after midnight; and hours were passed in uproarious frolic before they retired to rest.

"The next morning we commenced operations, after the usual clanging of the bell, with six pupils, instead of over two hundred. These were examined as to the cause and the originators of the barring out. They informed us of what we knew already—that the cause of all was the interference of Tater with the out-door sports; but of the contrivers and ring-leaders they professed to know nothing, and neither threats nor the promise of reward could extract from one of them a syllable in betrayal of their comrades. They were evidently mortified at being shut out of the conspiracy and the glory it involved, a circumstance which had resulted from their own tardiness in answering the signal. After we had breakfasted, we followed at the heels of the head-master to hear the terms of capitulation; but our summons was answered by the declaration, made by the lips of the youngest child amongst them, a little pet of seven years of age, that the republic would not rise till eleven o'clock, when they would make known their ultimatum. The Pelican, anxious to prevent the

odium of exposure, retired, and when a couple of hours had elapsed again summoned them to parley. He was answered by an elder spokesman, who disguising his voice by speaking through a roll of paper and the teeth of a comb, now declared that they had resorted to insurrection to free themselves from tyranny; that they were resolved upon the dismissal of Tater from the school, and that until they had obtained a promise from the master that he should be dismissed they would never surrender, but would one and all starve first. This declaration was instantly corroborated by an overwhelming cheer from the whole body of insurgents. The terms proposed were considered such as could not be entertained; and, after some attempts at expostulation, the head-master informed them that if they did not pull down their fortification by one o'clock, he should feel himself compelled to send for workmen and effect an entrance by force. They answered this threat by 'three cheers for the Pelican' and 'three groans for Tater,' and with the determined asseveration, often repeated, that if a breach were effected they would defend it with their lives,—ending with a tremendous roar of 'Liberty or death!'

"There was no symptoms of concession in the course of the afternoon; and about four o'clock the head-master, perplexed with the state of affairs, sent for a couple of carpenters, with a view to effect a forcible entrance. This was no easy matter. The elastic iron bars, backed by the wool mattresses, would not yield to the blows of his mallet. Tater came to his assistance with a crow-bar, with which he succeeded in bending aside two or three of the rods; but

he got an ugly cut in the wrist from the point of a carving-knife, in the hands of one of the defenders, and retired wounded from the field. Further attempts at force were now abandoned: the insurrectionists repaired the breach and strengthened the barricade with additional mattresses, buttressed within with the solid bedstead and furniture of the writing-master's chamber. Night came on, and they celebrated their triumphs with renewed shouts and uproar.

"Next morning we were astonished, on descending to the school-room, by the unexpected apparition of nearly sixty boys, instead of six, whom only we expected to find. They were all young children under eleven years of age, who had been ingeniously got rid of as so many useless and bread-devouring mouths by the self-imprisoned garrison. From them we learned, that though the fortress was well victualled — abounding at present in hams, polonies, salt beef, bread and biscuit, and bottled beer, yet, as a long siege was expected and a determined resistance resolved upon, a council had been called, and the resolution formed of getting rid of those who, from their tender age, could be looked upon only in the light of non-combatants. This had been accomplished by cramming each little appetite into a pillow case, and letting him down, at the first dawn of day, by means of ropes, into the play-ground, a height of at least twenty-five feet. These involuntary deserters did not add, what was the fact, that they had been busy for a full hour in collecting every vessel they could lay hands on, and returning water to the thirsty mutineers by the same conveyance. Young as these children were, they were as intractable as their elders

on the score of impeaching, and would afford us no clue for discovering who were the contrivers of the conspiracy.

"The affair now began to assume a more formidable aspect, and it became necessary to resort to decisive measures of some kind to bring it to a termination. With any other man than the Rev. Mr. E——, the authority with which he was invested would have been inducement enough to have brought about submission by force; but our head-master had all along constituted himself the bulwark of the boys against the very authority which he himself delegated to his subordinates; and he could not endure the thought of jeopardizing his popularity. He held a long conference with his two coadjutors in his study. To this conference Tater was at length summoned, and induced, by the united representations of the trio, much against his own judgment, to send in his resignation. He drew up and signed the document with due formality; and the head-master then proceeded alone to apprise the insurgents that their demands were complied with. On his promise that no one should enter but himself, they pulled down their barricade and gave him admission, crowding around him, as he afterward told us, with every demonstration of affection. How he graced his surrender I had never the means of ascertaining; but it must have been admirably done; because the boys returned immediately to their duty, and, doubtless in performance of some pledge which he had, during an hour's interview, solemnly exacted, conducted themselves throughout the remainder of the 'half' in a manner, so far as discipline was concerned, almost irreproachable."

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE; A FABLE FOR LITTLE FOLKS.



Now, Mrs. Puss, with all her good qualities, was selfish. She loved her little friend, the Mouse, very well; but she loved herself more. So when she saw how much the mouse wanted his

tail, she thought, she could use him for her own benefit. And as she had not had any milk for breakfast, that day, she said:

"I won't give you your tail, pretty

Mr. Mouse, unless you will get me some milk for my breakfast."

The mouse thought this was rather hard in Mrs. Puss. She had bitten off his tail, and now she wanted to be paid for putting it on again. But the poor little fellow could not help himself. It was better to go in search of the milk, than to live without a tail. So he put on a bright face, brushed up his whiskers with his foot, and said :

"I will get you some milk, Mrs. Puss. Old Madame Brindle, the cow, is my friend, and I will go and ask her for some."

Then off he tripped, skipping and frisking along, until he found old Brindle in the barn yard. An old pail stood, bottom upwards, near the cow. The mouse, being a little fellow, jumped on to the pail and squeaked aloud, to get old lady Brindle to look at him. Hearing him squeak, Madame Brindle looked round, and lo! there was the mouse lifting up his feet, and saying :

"Please, Brindle, give me some milk. I don't want it for myself, but for Mrs. Puss. She bit off my tail, and says she won't put it on again, unless I bring her some milk. If you will give me some milk I can get my tail again. Please do, good Brindle, give me some."

Brindle looked at the mouse and smiled to see how queer he looked without a tail. She felt a little pity too, but, mixed with her pity, there was a thought of self; and she said to herself, "if Mrs. Puss means to get pay for giving Mr. Mouse his tail, I may as well get pay too, for my milk." So she stood and looked at the mouse, thinking all the while, what price she should ask for some of her milk. But the poor little mouse kept lifting up his tiny feet and casting

such glances at Madame Brindle as would have melted her heart to pity, if she had not been a selfish cow.

MADAME DE STAEL AND THE BUTCHER.—Lord Cloncurry made a journey from Ancona to Venice in company with Madame de Stael. "I shall not easily forget," says he, "a scene in which I witnessed her acting upon our arrival at the city of St. Mark. She made it a point never to waive any of the ceremonial which she thought properly belonged to her rank. She always took care to have the guard of authors turned out whenever she approached a position, and never failed to accept all the honors of literature. Following out her custom in this respect, she had written to announce her approach to a poet, resident at Venice, whose name happened to be identical with that of the principal butcher of the city. By some blundering of the postal authorities, Madame la Baronne's letter was delivered to Signor —, the butcher, instead of to Signor —, the poet; and the former anxious to receive so distinguished a customer, carefully watched our arrival, and lost not a minute in paying his respects to the baroness. She, of course, was prepared to receive the homage of genius, *en cour pleniére*, and we were all (including M. de Sismondi, the historian of the Italian Republics, who was in the company) convened to witness the meeting. Neither of the high saluting parties knew the power of the other, and it was some-time before an explanation came about, the ridiculous character of which it is easier to conceive than to describe."

WHAT I DID WHEN I WAS A SCHOOL BOY.

BY AN AGED GENTLEMAN.

IN my tenth year I commenced going to school to a very eccentric gentleman by the name of Turner. He was well-educated, and had that ease and elegance of manner which are acquired by intercourse with the world.

To me he had the air of one who had retired from some great metropolis in disgust, choosing his temporary home among obscure country villages, where he could vegetate and take his ease. When his means gave out, and something had to be done to obtain a livelihood, he chose to have a gang of boys about him, and thus secured both amusement and support.

He was extremely fond of children and had many pets amongst the boys, and kept the school in an uproar on many occasions by the manner in which he employed them. One little incident will give an idea of his humor:—Our schoolhouse was situated at the outskirts of the village, surrounded by a large grove of trees. It was a wooden frame, fastened together with pins, weather-boarded on the outside, and lathed on the inside. The space between the outside boards and the inside laths was chinked with mud. In this mud all the numerous kinds of reptiles stowed themselves snugly away for the winter, and there remained luxuriating in torpidity until the genial sun of spring thawed them out.

On one occasion, as one of Turner's pet-boys had fallen asleep, a large snake was discovered protruding his head from the wall, and was leisurely surveying his unconscious companion.

The natural instinct of the snake made him fork out his tongue with fearful rapidity at the sight of an enemy. At this juncture the snake was discovered, and immediately reported to Turner. Turner rose up from his seat, and walking over softly on his tip-toes, amused himself by poking straws in the boy's ear as he enjoyed his siesta. The boy snorted and rubbed his nose, as he half-unconsciously moved his head from right to left, until the frequent repetition of the tickling caused him to raise up lazily, rub his eyes, and finally to open them.

The panic with which he was seized, upon finding a huge snake glaring his fiery eyes upon him, can well be imagined, and he gave a yell that disturbed the peaceful citizens at a mile distance. To add to his terror, Turner pounced upon him from behind as if in great alarm, crying out at the top of his voice:—

"Bill, don't eat him; he's not good raw!" whilst Bill, almost choked between fright and anger, turned round and replied:

"Who do you think is going to eat him?"

It was at this school that one of the most amusing incidents of my boyhood occurred. The first examination in which I had to take a prominent part was about to come off, and old Turner's vanity was aroused to make a sensation. It was suggested to my father that in the approaching exercises I could figure largely by making a speech. This touched my good mother's pride, and she proposed to add interest to the occasion

and incentives to the scholars, by presenting a pound-cake to the boy who was named victor in the coming contest. The idea was caught up as a good one, and I went to work night and day to commit to memory the "Chameleon."

It must have been laughable to have seen me practising before the glass to make my gestures graceful and effective.

The citizens of our little village were all invited to attend the examination, and judges were appointed to award the prize. It was the original intention to give the whole cake to one boy; but Turner suggested that as my mother had presented it, and as I would most probably get it, it would appear rather selfish and vain-glorious. It was then decided that the cake should be divided into three parts, and given to the three best speakers. This decision was promptly acceded to by my mother, and the largest oven to be found was put into requisition, so that the one-third of the aforesaid cake should still prove a very desirable prize.

Boys in those days, as well as now, were all fond of cake, the only difference being probably that they get it oftener now; and great was the ambition and the struggle to obtain a share of that famous big one.

The woods around the school-house were echoing far and near with the sounds of voices in anxious preparation. Some of the competitors were mounted upon stumps and fallen logs, declaiming to parties of chosen friends and favorites. Others had their books propped open against the trees, to take a peep when at a loss for a word, and leaving both hands free to saw the air. All were displaying a degree of energy

and activity that no amount of punishment could have elicited.

At length the days of preparation were over, and the time for action was at hand. The school was large, the day was fine, and the good people of both sexes turned out in great numbers. Many a fond mother's anxious heart beat high on that momentous occasion, as she donned her prettiest bonnet and newest gown to do honor to her darling son, who was to achieve immortal honors and prodigious profits.

Ah! what one of us who reads these humble pages can restrain swift-winged Memory as she faithfully recalls our individual cases, causing each one to exclaim, in the sincerest prayer that his fond heart ever offered—

"God bless my mother!"

The first hour was spent in the recitations of the junior classes. Then came the examination in higher branches. But in spite of the exertion to make the exercises interesting, the time wore heavily away, and every eye was a faithful needle pointing to the old-fashioned clock in the corner, and watching with manifest impatience for the sun to reach the meridian, when the young cocks were to begin to crow. As a still greater incentive to exertion, the quarter-section of cake was elevated upon a high stand, and to each parent's eyes loomed up like the expectancies in a rich uncle's will. Boy after boy delivered his speech. All received tokens of approbation from his relatives and friends, and many were honored with hearty cheers from the company. How well I remember my rapid glances at my father and mother, as each candidate ascended higher and higher in the scale of approbation, thus demanding still greater efforts from me

to sustain my reputation and carry off the prize. As their faces paled before the resplendent geniuses, I pitied their anxiety, and longed for my turn to come to relieve their agonizing doubts. At length my name was called, and I arose with an amount of impudence and self-possession perfectly irreconcilable with my present well-known diffidence. All eyes were turned upon me, and, looking around with a kind of "Veni, vidi, vici" air, I waited for my mother's quiet, approving smile, and my father's expression of triumph, and then began:

"Oft has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
Returning from his finished tour,
Grown ten times pertter than before," etc.

As I proceeded, there was a marked sensation, and I became so confident of getting the cake, that I fell into a reverie, which, although very charming in itself, was well-nigh losing me the cake. The thought would keep intruding itself, "What shall I do with it? Must I hand it around, as my mother wishes me, or not?" Thus my castles kept on increasing, until my speech became a secondary thing, and I began to hesitate and stammer for the next line. Just then an ill-natured chap, who had no hopes of success, whispered quite audibly to his next neighbor: "Jim, that fellow's got no bottom."

This cutting remark, and the sudden apparition of my father's anxious countenance, restored me to myself; and on reaching the point where the dispute about the color of the chameleon was to be determined, I delivered the following lines in my happiest manner:

"Well, then, at once to end the doubt,
Replies the man, 'I'll turn him out;

And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him!"

then, dwelling upon the "eat him" long enough to get my white pocket-handkerchief out of my bosom, ready for a grand flourish at the climax, I gave the last two lines with killing effect:

"He said—then full before their sight
Produced the beast—and lo! 'twas white!"

Having thus delivered my speech to my entire satisfaction, I took my seat beside my mother, amidst rounds of applause, fully conscious that I deserved the whole cake, and half mad that I had been swindled out of it by the new arrangement of dividing it between three.

The judges put their heads together, and gave their award in a few minutes, and the village magistrate proceeded to divide the cake according to law. After each division, three boys were called up, amongst whom was myself, and each one received a share amidst the cheers of the company. The other fellows grabbed up their pieces, and, with one bound out of doors, into the woods they ran, to enjoy it on the same favorite spot where they had struggled in the preparation for it, whilst I acceded to my mother's earnest entreaties to act "like a gentleman," and cut up my portion into small pieces, and proceeded to hand it round to the ladies. It was a great misfortune for me that the cake had been so long exposed to the gaze of the multitude. It was far too tempting to be resisted by any common effort of humanity. As I went round the room from bench to bench where the ladies were seated, my "pile" was diminishing at every step, like the leaves of autumn before each blast of the pitiless storm, and my politeness was "fast

oozing out at my finger-ends." An occasional sigh, growing louder and more frequent, could not be suppressed, and Melancholy might have marked my lengthened visage for her own, but for a new train of feeling which was suddenly awakened.

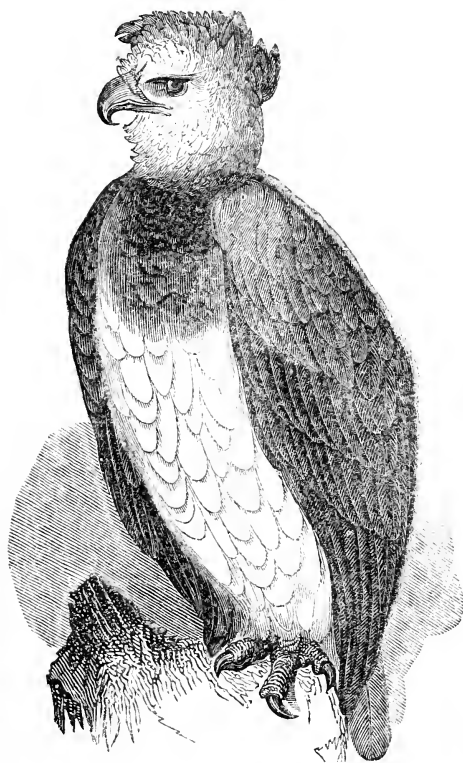
Pursuing my melancholy round, asking every lady to have a piece, and inwardly wishing every one who did take any far enough, my cake was reduced to one solitary morsel; my heart concentrated all its hopes and affections upon that remnant, which common politeness had rescued, and I felt determined to save it. But just as I was passing the last lady, who had kindly refused to rob me, her son, sitting by her side, snatched it from the plate. This was too much for any boy of ten years of age to bear, however well trained in the manners of "a little gentleman;" and without a moment's reflection—in fact, as if all consciousness had deserted me—I gave him a blow with my clenched fist, which rolled him over and over, screaming and yelling under the benches. But he still clutched at the cake as if in a death-struggle, whilst the company set up a shout of laughter whose merry echo reverberated through the woods, and brought back the other "fellows," wiping their mouths and sucking their teeth (hungry *lions* as they were), and re-enraging the "little gentleman," who was just then mentally realizing the truth of the old adage, that "the proof of the pudding lies in the eating."

THERE is nothing more frightful than for a teacher to know only what his scholars are intended to know.—*Goethe.*

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "GHEE WHOA."—Pegge, in his *Anecdotes of the English Language*, attempts to prove that the words "Ghee Whoa," used by carters driving their horses, are derived, the first from the Danish word "Ghen," *go on*, and the last from the French "Ho, or Hola," which was formerly used by the heralds when they wished to stop a knight in his course at a tilt or tournament. We mentioned this once to an old gentleman of our acquaintance, with whom we were conversing. "I could give a better derivation than that," replied he, "from 'Je-hu,' the charioteer."

DANGER.—A person named Danger kept an inn on the road from Cambridge to Huntingdon. Another hostel, nearly opposite his own, happening to become vacant, Danger applied for it, thinking it a more eligible situation; in fact, Danger changed sides. Danger's late residence was, in consequence, in want of a master, and advertised to be let. A tenant was soon found, who, desirous that the change of proprietors should be known, posted over his door, on a board, "*No Danger here now.*" Mr. Danger was sorely troubled at these words, conceiving that they implied something more than a mere change of masters. Calling in some friends, he had a consultation respecting what was to be done, when one of them advised him to place over his door, in equally conspicuous characters, "*Danger from the other side of the way.*" This mode of retaliation was highly relished, as the pockets of Mr. Danger soon could testify.

ANECDOTES OF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.



TAMING AN EAGLE.

Richard Langtry, Esq., an Irish gentleman, had a golden Eagle which was extremely docile and tractable. It was taken, in the summer of that year, from a nest in Inverness-shire, and came into his possession about the end of September. This bird became at once attached to its owner; and, after being about a month in his possession, was given full liberty,—a high privilege to a

golden eagle having the use of its wings,—but which was not abused, as it came to the lure whenever called. It evidently derived much pleasure from the application of the hand to its legs and plumage, and permitted itself to be handled in any way. As one of the first steps towards training this eagle for the chase, it was hooded, after the manner of a hunting hawk; but the practice was soon abandoned as unnecessary, in consequence of its remaining quiet and contented when carried on the arm of its master. It was unwilling, indeed, to leave him, even to take a flight, unless some special “quarry” was in view. When at liberty for the day, and my friend appeared in sight, at any distance, his arm was no sooner held out towards the affectionate

bird, than it came hurriedly flying to perch upon it. I have, when in his company,—for it was quite indifferent to the presence of strangers,—seen it fly to him, without any food being offered, not less than a dozen times within half an hour. When on the ground, and the lure was thrown comparatively near, this bird preferred running, which it could do very fast, to using its wings. * * This golden eagle was more partial to alighting on trees than

the sea-eagles were. Flying from one group of them to another, it in this manner followed its master about the demesne indolently remaining as long as possible where it perched, consistently with always keeping him in sight. My friend discontinued any further training of this eagle, on account of its boldness, as it flew not only at well-grown cygnets of the tame swan, but at the old birds themselves, which were obliged to take to the water for safety. It also flew at dogs; so that its liberty had to be lessened. This bird has now been for some years in the menagerie of the Royal Zoological Society, Phoenix Park, Dublin. — *Thompson's Natural History of Ireland.*

THE CHAMELEON.

The chameleon is the feast of the philosopher. Like the crocodile, this little animal proceeds from an egg; and it also nearly resembles that formidable creature in form; but it differs widely in its size and its appetites, being not above eleven inches long, and delighting to sit upon trees, being afraid of serpents, from which it is unable to escape on the ground. The head of a large chameleon is only two inches long, and thence to the beginning of the tail, four and a half: the tail is five inches long, and the feet two and a half: the thickness of the body is different at different times; for sometimes, from the back to the belly, it is two inches, and sometimes but one; for it can blow itself up, and contract itself, at pleasure. This swelling and contraction is not only of the back and belly, but of the legs and tail.

These different tumors do not proceed from a dilatation of the breast in breathing, which rises and falls by

turns, but are very irregular, and seem adopted merely from caprice. The chameleon is often seen, as it were, blown up for two hours together, and then it continues growing less and less insensibly; for the dilatation is always more quick and visible than the contraction. In this last state the animal appears extremely lean; the spine of the back seems sharp, and all the ribs may be counted; likewise the tendons of the legs and arms may be seen very distinctly.

This method of puffing itself up is similar to that in pigeons, whose crops are sometimes greatly distended with air. The chameleon has a power of driving the air it breathes over every part of the body: however, it only gets between the skin and the muscles; for the muscles themselves are never swollen. The skin is very cold to the touch; and though the animal seems so lean, there is no feeling the beating of the heart. The surface of the skin is unequal, and has a grain not unlike shagreen, but very soft, because each eminence is as smooth as if it were polished. Some of these little protuberances are as large as a pin's head, on the arms, legs, belly, and tail; but on the shoulders and head they are of an oval figure, and a little larger: those under the throat are ranged in the form of a chaplet, from the lower lip to the breast. The color of all these eminences, when the chameleon is at rest in a shady place, is of a bluish grey, and the space between is of a pale red and yellow.

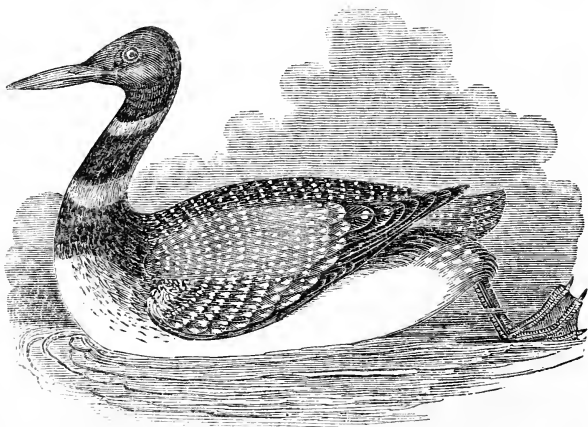
But when the animal is removed into the sun, then comes the wonderful part of its history. At first it appears to suffer no change of color, its greyish spots still continuing the same; but the whole surface soon seems to imbibe the rays of

light, and the simple coloring of the body changes into a variety of beautiful hues. Wherever the light comes upon the body it is of a tawny brown; but that part of the skin on which the sun does not shine, changes into several brighter colors, pale yellow, or vivid crimson; which form spots of the size of half one's finger: some of these descend from the spine half way down the back, and others appear on the sides, arms, and tail. When the sun has done shining, the original grey color returns by degrees, and covers all the body. Sometimes the animal becomes all over spotted with brown spots, of a greenish cast. When it is wrapped up in a white woollen cloth for two or three minutes, the natural color becomes much lighter, but not quite white, as some authors have pretended; however, from hence it must not be concluded that the chameleon assumes the color of the objects which it approaches; this is entirely an error, and probably has taken

its rise from the continual changes it appears to undergo.

When the chameleon changes place, and attempts to descend from an eminence, it moves with the utmost precaution, advancing one leg very deliberately before the other, still securing itself by holding whatever it can grasp by the tail. It seldom opens its mouth,

except for fresh air, and when that is supplied, discovers its satisfaction by its motions, and the frequent changes of its color. The tongue is sometimes darted out after its prey, which is flies; and this is as long as the whole body. The eyes are remarkably little, though they stand out of the head; they have a single eyelid, like a cap with a hole in the middle, through which the sight of the eye appears, which is of a shining brown, and round it there is a little circle of a gold color: but the most extraordinary part of their conformation is that the animal often moves one eye when the other is entirely at rest; nay, sometimes one eye will seem to look directly forward, while the other looks backward,



and one will look upward, while the other regards the earth.

GREAT NORTHERN DIVER, OR LOON.

Here is a picture of a bird which can beat all the boys in the United States at diving in deep water; nor is he easily caught napping by the hunter or sportsman. Not he. He is as sharp as his

own black bill ; and although his head is of a greenish blue, there is nothing *green* about his brains. He is somewhat of a dandy too in his dress, as you may see. He sports a plumage of glossy black marked with rows of white spots of various shapes, except the breast and lower parts, which are shining white. He is about three feet long, and generally weighs as much as a good sized baby — that is to say about *ten* pounds.

The Great Loon, as this bird is usually called, is found in the colder portions of both continents. It migrates in winter to the southward, and at that season is seen in nearly all parts of the United States. In Massachusetts and Maine, as well as in some of the Western and Middle States, a few pairs generally remain through the summer to raise their young, but the greater number retire to the colder regions of the north in the spring. The nest, which is placed on the ground very near the water, is always large and bulky, raised to the height of a foot or more from the surface, and composed of grass. The eggs are two or three in number, of a greenish color, marked with brownish spots. A beaten pathway usually leads from the nest to the water, through which the female crawls when leaving or returning to her eggs. When disturbed, she scrambles along into the water, and immediately dives, and does not rise again until at a great distance. In a few days after they are hatched, and while they are yet covered with black down, the young take to their natural element, attended by their mother, and at once begin swimming and diving with great expertness. They do not attain the full plumage of the adult until the succeeding summer.

Of all the swimming birds of the

United States, the loon is the most shy, vigilant, and difficult to be procured. It disappears beneath the water so suddenly, swims to so great a distance, and reappears in such an unexpected direction, that the most persevering pursuer is completely *non-plussed* by its movements. Even Mr. Audubon confesses his vexation and exhaustion on such occasions. "If ever so slightly wounded," says he, "the loon prefers diving to flying off, and all your endeavors to kill it are almost sure to prove unavailing. You may shoot at it under such circumstances, but you will lose both your time and your ammunition. Its keenness of sight defies the best percussion-locked guns, for it is generally deep in the water before the shot reaches the spot where it has been. When fatigued with diving in the ordinary manner, it will sink backwards, like a grebe or a frog, make for some concealed spot among the rushes, and there lie until your eyes ache with searching, and your stomach admonishes you of the propriety of retiring."

Two smaller species of this genus, the Black-throated, and the Red-throated Diver, are found in the United States.

AN Irishman, in the course of a discussion touching the superior natural productions of various countries, said — "You may talk as you please about it, but Scotland is the finest country in the wurruld for nathural productions." "How so?" cries one. "Impossible!" exclaims another. "Give us your reason," demands a third. "Why, gintlemen," said he, "don't ye see that Scotland has got a whole *river of Tay* running through it?"

GRANDFATHER WHITEHEAD'S LESSONS ABOUT PHILOSOPHY.

A STORY ABOUT A PHILOSOPHER.

NEARLY a century and a half ago, great distress prevailed in a certain district in England, where there were but a few houses, peopled by laborers in the humblest condition of life; and, as the land was unproductive, and marshes hemmed in by mountains were to be seen far and wide, the earth did not bring forth sufficient to supply the wants of the people, so that many of them were obliged to leave the home of their childhood, and settle elsewhere. A poor lad, who had only received sufficient education to enable him to read, was removed from school to assist his father in his employment of stuff-weaving. The love of knowledge — the ardent desire of becoming a scholar — had taken possession of the youth, who devoted all his leisure moments, and even a portion of the time which his father required of him, to reading and writing. The father, instead of encouraging his son's fondness for study, forbade him to open a book, behaved with great harshness, and at length drove him from the house, telling him to go and seek his fortune where and how he chose. Weary, and uncertain where to go, he threw himself upon the heath to reflect upon the course he must take; and, having refreshed himself at an adjoining brook, walked to the neighboring village, and took up his abode in the house of a tailor's widow, with whose son he had been previously acquainted. He contrived to support himself by industry and frugality, and to add to his stock of knowledge by careful observation and reading. Soon

after his arrival, a pedlar, who combined fortune-teller and astrologer with his own trade, came to lodge in the same house; and becoming intimate with Hallam — for such was the boy's name — instructed him in the various branches of knowledge that he was acquainted with, while pursuing his own trade of pedlar and itinerant merchant.

From the astrologer-pedlar he obtained the knowledge of the first principles of Natural Philosophy; and his naturally active and intelligent mind, improved by reading, extracted new and important facts from the incidents of every-day life with which he was surrounded.

The time for the departure of the pedlar arrived, and previous to setting off on his journey, he lent Hallam *Cocker's Arithmetic*, which had bound up with it a treatise on Algebra, and a work upon *Physics and Somatology*. These he studied so thoroughly that when the pedlar returned he was astonished to find his quondam pupil had almost eclipsed his tutor, and forthwith proceeded to draw his horoscope, as he termed it, in order to discover the probable career of this wonderful lad.

Having concluded his observations, the pedlar predicted that in two years Hallam would surpass his tutor, and ultimately rise to be a great man; and the youth promised that if such came to pass, he would not forget in his prosperity the instruction of the pedlar, and his kindness towards him.

* * * * *

Eighteen years have elapsed, and the

prediction has been fulfilled: the lad abandoned his trade of weaver, turned schoolmaster, and married his landlady—the tailor's widow. He has passed through many phases in his journey through life, and, notwithstanding the privations and hardships he encountered, has risen to considerable eminence as a scholar, has been appointed Professor of Mathematics, and elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

The few houses that were scattered upon the borders of the wild and desolate district where Hallam's father formerly lived, have increased in number and size; the marshes have been drained, the land tilled, the mountains quarried, and the whole aspect changed from desolation to the busy hum of commercial activity. Jacquard-looms have been erected, mills and factories built, and long lines of streets; so that from being a village at first, it has grown into a city. He seeks out the aged pedlar, who still instructs the young, and labors for his daily bread; the old man has almost forgotten his pupil, but tears of joy suffuse his eyes, as the remembrance of other days is recalled. At eve, the two stroll towards the brow of the hill, Hallam supporting his aged tutor, and as they approach a mill on the road-side, they halt, for the pedlar is wearied and wishes to rest himself.

"This spot," said Hallam, "is where I reclined when my father drove me from his house; but how changed the prospect! The mountain's side is now peopled; and where the heath and furze grew amid marshy land, the golden-eared corn bends to the breeze. Observe yon wagon as it moves along the road: 't is mine—aye, and all the

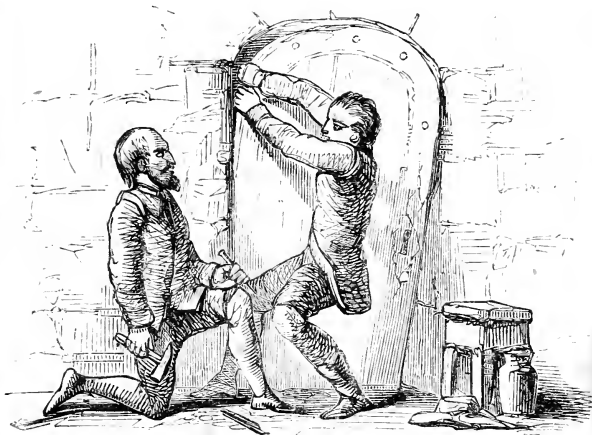
factories beyond! So you must now leave off toiling, and share them with me; for to your instruction I owe all."

"To mine?" replied the pedlar.

"Yes! 'twas through the knowledge obtained from you, that I have risen to my present position. Your prediction ever before me, and with the desire of reaching the highest pinnacle of fame and honor, I worked incessantly; success crowned my efforts; and now, surrounded with wealth and honors, I must not forget the pedlar-astrologer, and his gift-book of—NATURAL PHILOSOPHY."

CURING A WOUND.—When Philip Von Hutten, whom the Spanish writers call Felipe de Utre, made his expedition from Venezuela in search of the Omeguas, an Indian wounded him with a spear, under the right arm, through the ribs. One Diego de Montes, who was neither surgeon nor physician, undertook to treat the wound, because there was no person in the party better qualified to attempt it. A life was to be sacrificed for his instruction; and, accordingly, a friendly cacique placed the oldest Indian in the village at his disposal. This poor creature was dressed in Von Hutten's coat of mail, and set on horseback; Montes then ran a spear into him through the hole in this armor, after which he opened him, and found that the integuments of the heart had not been touched, this being what he wished to ascertain. The Indian died; but Von Hutten's wound was opened and cleansed in full reliance upon the knowledge thus obtained, and he recovered.

LATUDE AND D'ALEGRE, THE BASTILE PRISONERS.



they made handles for two hooks, which they pulled out of a large table in their cell. These hooks they rubbed to an edge on the stone floor until they served for chisels. They next dug up some stones from the floor, where they found a hollow place in which

You have all heard of that gloomy old Paris prison, called the Bastile, which the French tore down at the time of their great revolution. The kings of France used to shut up such of their subjects, as chanced to offend them, within its hateful walls. I will tell you how two of these prisoners once escaped from its dungeons.

LATUDE and D'ALEGRE were two young noblemen, who for offending a wicked woman, whom the king of France loved, were sent to the Bastile. After remaining there a long time, they made up their minds to escape.

To get out of such a dungeon, as that which enclosed them, seemed impossible. But they believed everything was possible to a strong will and persevering labor; and they set about their task with vigor.

The steel of their tinder box they made into a knife. With this knife

to hide their tools. Their next task was to make rope ladders, with which to let themselves down from the prison walls. To obtain these, they pulled out the threads of their linen, of which, as was common in those times, they had large quantities. Of these threads, they made ropes, to which they fastened rounds cut with their homely knife from their firewood.

The rope ladders being ready, they began to cut away the iron bars which were built into the chimney of their dungeon. So hard was the mortar, and so poor their tools, it cost them six months of the severest labor to cut out the bars.

At last, they had everything ready. Early one winter evening, they climbed the narrow chimney. After excessive toil, they reached the ramparts. Here they fastened their rope ladder to a gun and let themselves down into a moat which surrounded the prison.

But their task was not yet done. The ditch of the moat had to be crossed by swimming, and a hole dug through an outside wall five feet in thickness. They had brought the bars, which had been cut from the chimney, with them for this purpose. Favored by the darkness, they wrought on the wall, and by five o'clock in the morning they found themselves outside the prison. Here they dropped on their knees and offered thanks to God for their escape.

Poor fellows ! They had escaped from the Bastile, but not from the power of their tyrant king, nor the vengeance of the wicked woman they had displeased. They were pursued ; and though they contrived to get out of France, they were retaken and placed once more in the dungeons of the Bastile. The unhappy D'Alegre became a maniac. Latude was not relieved until after a period of thirty-two years from the time of his first imprisonment. He was set free at last, and died in 1805, in the eightieth year of his age.

How thankful every American child should be for that freedom from the power of tyrants, which is enjoyed in this happy country ; and what fine men and women they would become if they were as persevering in the ways of goodness, as was poor Latude in his labors to escape from the Bastile !

EARLY MANUSCRIPT OF THE BIBLE.

— The late Duke of Sussex possessed an extraordinarily fine manuscript of the thirteenth century, upon vellum, in two volumes—"Biblia Sacra Hebraica." At the end of Vol 2. was the following curious inscription : — "I, Meyer the son of Rabbi Jacob the Scribe have

finished this book for Rabbi Abraham, the 5052 year, [that is Anno Domini 1292] and he has bequeathed it to his children and his children's children, for ever, Amen, Amen, Amen. Selah. Be strong and strengthened. May the Book not be damaged neither this day nor for ever, until the ass ascends the Ladder." After this is a rude figure of an ass climbing a ladder.

WHY DO THE RÔSES FADE.

"Mamma, why do the roses fade?"

A little girl did say ;

"Methinks such lovely flowers as these

Should *never* know decay.

They look so beautiful and fair,

And such bright tints disclose :

Then, dear mamma, oh, tell me why

So quickly fades the rose ?

"I've often heard you say, mamma,

How life is like a flower ;

Which, though it passing fair doth seem,

May wither in an hour.

But why, mamma, is life so short,

Like sunshine in sweet May,

And why is every joy on earth

Destined to pass away !

"You said when little brother died —

The child we all did love —

That he was gone where brightest flowers

Deck the sweet meads above ;

But why, mamma, did brother die

And leave us here to pine ;

And wherefore must we sigh in grief,

And every hope resign?"

"My sweetest child" the mother cried,

"We will no more complain,

Since mourning never can restore

The lost one back again ;

But rather let us joy, my love,

At this assurance given,

That all which fadeth here on earth

Blooms yet more bright in Heaven!"

PENCIL DRAWING—SIMPLE FIGURES AND CURVED LINES.

PRACTICE makes perfect, is a saying as old as — as — well, I don't know how old it is; but I should'nt wonder if that ancient man ADAM used it in teaching master Cain how to till the ground. Be that as it may, it is a good saying; and if it were printed in big letters, large as a boy's hand, on the walls of all the schools in the land, it might help the faint hearts among school children to keep trying.

It was long practice with types that made FRANKLIN a good printer. HANDEL, HAYDN, and MOZART practised musical composition a long time before they were able to write the music which has made them immortal. So did WILKIE, WEST, ALLSTON, RAPHAEL, MURILLO, and other notable painters practice long and tediously, with pencil and palette, before they became good painters. And many a child who at first thought it impossible for him to learn to draw, has at last conquered his fears, and succeeded

well. His first lines looked like a spider's legs or bird tracks; but he practised, and soon learned to draw very cleverly.

I am now about to give you the most difficult lesson you have yet had. Here it is — (see Fig. 15.)

But, remember, you *must* practice it, or I won't write your name among the world's worthies. Begin with the circle at *a'* sweep round to the right to *b*, and then to the left from *b* back to *a'*, where you began. Ah! what a crooked affair! Never mind, try again, and don't give it up. Stick to it, as Capt. LAWRENCE did to his ship; and you will, at last, produce a circle so perfect that there will not be a crook in its outline.

When you can draw the circle correctly by sweeping to the *right*, try it by sweeping to the *left*. Then, draw circles within circles, as at *c' c*. Be careful to keep the lines at the same distance from each other all round.

You may next proceed to the ellipse *a b*. Do this well; and then try the oval or ellipse *c d*, within the large oval.

You may now employ your skill on some simple figures. Draw them on suitable paper with care. Here is a rough three legged cricket. (Figure 16.) Draw the outline first, beginning with the top, and putting in the legs

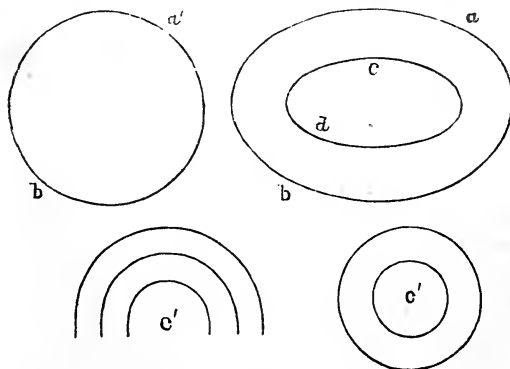


Fig. 15.

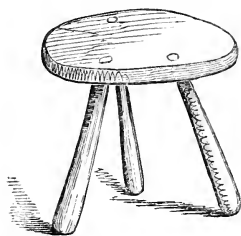


Fig. 16.

the first time. Shading never looks so well, when it has to be retouched, as when it is put in right at first.

Now try this bowl. (Fig. 17.) Make that part of the oval nearest to you a little heavier than the back part. Be care-

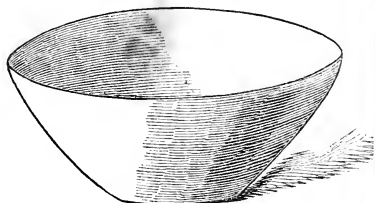


Fig. 17.

ful of your shading; and you will have a bowl handsome enough for a nursery wash bowl. But be sure, in all your efforts, not to forget that "PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT."

POWER OF IMAGINATION.—An honest New England farmer started on a very cold day in winter, with his sled and oxen into the forest, half a mile from home, for the purpose of chopping up some wood. By accident he brought the whole bit of the axe across his foot a side-long stroke. The immense gash so alarmed him as to deprive him of all strength. He felt the warm blood filling

his shoe. With great difficulty he succeeded in rolling himself on the sled, and started the oxen for home. As he reached the door he called eagerly for help. His terrified wife and daughter with much effort lifted him into the house, as he was wholly unable to help himself, saying his foot was nearly severed from his leg. He was laid carefully on the bed, groaning all the while very bitterly. His wife hastily prepared dressings, and removed the shoe and sock, expecting to see a desperate wound, when lo! the skin was not even broken. Before going out in the morning he wrapped his feet in *red* flannel, to protect them from the cold; the gash laid this open to view, and he thought it flesh and blood. His reason not correcting the mistake, all the pain and loss of power which attend a real wound followed. Man often suffers more from imaginary evils than from real ones.

THE term *Blue Stocking*, applied to literary ladies, was conferred on a society which was called the Blue Stocking Club, in which females were admitted; and so called owing to a Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, one of its acting members, wearing blue stockings.

A SECRET is like silence—you cannot talk about it and keep it; it is like money—when once you know there is any concealed, it is half discovered. "My dear Murphy," said an Irishman to his friend, "why did you betray the secret that I told you?" "Is it betraying, you call it? Sure, when I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to somebody that could?"

LUCILLE'S CHOICE, OR THE FADED VIOLETS.



THE happy Lucille arose early upon her birthday morning, and hastened into the garden with her friend Emily; there was to be a brilliant fete that evening in her honor, and she wished to gather the newly awakened flowers ere the sun had stolen their freshness, that they might be woven into garlands, and grouped in vases, to adorn the rooms. "I am to be queen of the festival," said the young girl, as she passed like a humming-bird from flower to flower, "and will choose the fairest of these garden beauties to wear in my bosom; I will adopt it for my own, and so emulate the peculiar beauty for which it is admired, that I shall be called Lucille the rose, or the tulip, or whatever flower I may choose; the idea is so pretty! but first I must find a perfect flower."

Thus talking with her friend, the young girl passed among the flowers, culling the fairest, and filling the broad baskets which had been placed to receive them.

Though all were beautiful, none seem-

ed as yet worthy of her especial choice; and she rested a moment against a marble basin, whence issued a little fountain, and gazed upon the beautiful profusion of flowers which surrounded her.

Just at her feet, and almost concealed by the long grass, grew a tuft of deep blue violets, with the flowers embedded in soft green leaves; the tears of morning yet trembled upon their bosoms, and their breath arose like the incense of gratitude from the freshened sod.

Lucille looked down upon them, and spoke:

"You are winning in your gentle loveliness, sweet blossoms of the spring; and I would fain resemble you, but other flowers are fairer, and perchance as sweet; won by their superior charms, I might regret my choice, and neglected you would wither; hide yourselves, therefore, amid your leaves, and if I find none lovelier I will return."

A dew-drop fell from the violet's cup like a tear of patient sorrowing; but the young Lucille bent her gaze upon the fountain, and the lovely face which its clear waters reflected, seemed far too brilliant to find its fitting emblem in the humble violet.

"I wish to be loved," said the young girl,—"but I must also be admired: surely there is some other flower which combines the sweetness of the violet with more brilliant charms;" and with a gay smile she passed on.

Won by the gorgeous hues of a magnificent tulip, Lucille stooped to admire it.

"Here is a beauty that will attract all

beholders," said Emily; but as she bent towards it no breath of perfume welcomed her—the splendid flower was void of fragrance.

"What avails beauty without sweetness," Lucille replied, and sighing sought again a perfect flower. The waving anemone, the brilliant jonquil, the drooping columbine, and stately lily, each in turn attracted her; but in each there was something which the young girl cared not to imitate, or which left her a charm to desire, and still she found not what she sought.

Suddenly she paused with a cry of delight, for, bathed in the dews of morning, the graceful rose unfolded her rich petals to the sun, and perfumed the air with her sighs.

"Behold perfection!" exclaimed the young girl, putting forth her hand to cull the tempting flower; but as she clasped the delicate stem, a thorn pierced her finger, and she started in disappointed surprise.

"These thorns would wound my heart," she cried; "beautiful, yet unkind, I dare not cull you, nor choose you as my emblem flower, for I desire not to attract by loveliness and sweetness, only to wound by hidden stings,"—and again she passed on sorrowing.

Wearied with her fruitless search, Lucille threw herself upon a shaded bank, and thoughtfully compared the varied charms of all the brilliant flowers that she had seen; then she remembered the gentle violets, and eagerly sought the spot where they bloomed. The sun had mounted high in the heavens when the young girl reached the fountain, and saw the modest turf at her feet.

"Fairest and sweetest," she exclaimed, "behold I have sought amid all the

flowers and there are none like you. I find beauty without sweetness, elegance without gentleness, brilliance without modesty. You, in your gentle loveliness, far excel all others of your bright compeers. Come, I will wear you next my heart; your fragrance shall refresh me while your loveliness delights. Yes, I will strive to emulate your modesty and sweetness, and thus deserve at length to be called Lucille the Violet."

She knelt to cull the flowers, but they were withered. Unable to bear the heat of noonday they had drooped and faded; her choice had been too long delayed, and now they could bloom no more. A fainting breath of perfume was all that remained to tell of their wasted loveliness and decay.

"Ah!" said Emily, "my mother says it is ever thus with earthly good. While we gaze upon it, it perishes. I think I will seek to adorn myself with piety, which my mother calls the flower which never fades."

"And so will I," replied Lucille, "for that which will never die must be the most precious thing of all."

SINGULAR TOMB. In the cemetery at Nuremburg, I remember one tomb to the memory of a beautiful girl, who was killed as she lay asleep in her father's garden, by a lizard creeping into her mouth. The story is represented in bronze bas-relief, and the lizard is so constructed as to move when touched.

YOUTH is the gay and pleasant spring of life,
When joy is stirring in the dancing blood,
And nature calls us with a thousand songs
To share her general feast.

Ridgway.

THE POWER OF PERSEVERANCE — A DIALOGUE FOR TWO BOYS.



Richard. What have you there which so interests you, William? You look as grave as a man who has just lost his purse.

William. I have a picture of an Egyptian boy learning his letters. And very queer letters they are too. Look here! (He shows Richard the picture.) I don't think I could ever understand such uncouth letters as those are. Do you think you could, Richard?"

R. Certainly I *could*, if I made up my mind to do so; and so could you. Don't you know that what *has been* done by one boy, *can* be done again by another?

W. I don't know about that, master Richard. There's that wonderful mathematician, young Safford, whose skill in numbers has surprised all the savans at old Harvard; do you think every boy can acquire the power to solve problems like him?

R. Perhaps not, with the same quickness. Young Safford is a very extraordinary boy, a brilliant exception to children in general. Still, I think every boy may learn to solve the same prob-

lems which he solves; only most of us will have to be longer about it, and it will cost us more labor.

W. I wish I could think so, Richard. I hate Arithmetic soundly; and as to my Latin, why, it vexes me so, I am afraid it will spoil my temper.

R. I hope your temper is not past spoiling already, William; for, pardon me for saying it, you speak of your lessons in a way that sounds very much as if your temper had, at least, begun to spoil. But I don't wonder, you don't get along with your Latin and your Arithmetic.

W. You don't? What do you think is the reason?

R. You don't *try* to master them. You say you *hate* them. Now I can assure you, you must get rid of that silly feeling, or you will be a dunce all your lifetime. You must learn to look at the value of knowledge. You must think how much of your future usefulness depends on what you acquire at school, and then, you must set out to conquer all your difficulties, with a determination to subdue them at all hazards.

W. Do you think I could become a good Latin scholar if I should do so?

R. No doubt of it. Perseverance overcomes everything. No one can tell how much he can do until he really tries. Did you ever read of Wolf, a great German scholar?

W. No! Who was he?

R. He was a very learned man among the Germans. When he was a youth, he went to Heyne, a celebrated professor in the University of Gottingen, saying that he wished to study philology,

and nothing else. Heyne stared at the youth and advised him to do differently; giving as a reason for his advice, that there were but four or five professorships in all Germany where a professor of Classical Philology could be supported. So that, as Wolf was poor, he would have but poor prospects, if he did not fit himself for some larger sphere.

W. That was good advice, certainly. Did Wolf follow it?

R. No. He felt too much confidence in his own powers to do that. But, with a soul on fire, he told the good old professor that he intended to have one of those five professorships.

W. Heigho! He was a bold fellow. You would not have me imitate him, would you, Richard.

R. Not exactly. Yet, let me say, Wolf did get one of those professorships. Still his *manner* was too abrupt and positive. But I would like to have you feel a little of Wolf's confidence in your own powers. I know you might be at the head, or nearly so, of all your classes, William, if you would only try and persevere.

W. I have often thought I would try, but in a day or two I have lost all my zeal again.

R. That is because you have not studied with a noble aim in view. With you, the recital of your lesson has been the highest object. You must aim higher. You must study in view of growing up to a useful manhood.

W. Well, I should like to be something when I grow up. But I don't know about it. This trying is hard work.

R. That is true. But it is *harder* to suffer the consequences of not trying. Besides, there is a real pleasure in hard

study, when you once get used to it. It would soon inspire you with hope, and that is a pleasure. It would lead you to a real victory, and that is a pleasure. Don't you think the little ant which had a kernel of wheat roll down the hill leading to its cell sixty-nine times, and got it in only at the seventieth trial, enjoyed a pleasure rich enough to pay for all its toil, when the grain was stored? The pleasure of a boy is much greater where he wins a victory, and that pleasure may be yours.

W. You encourage me a little; and I think I will try to become a scholar, that I may become a useful man. Adieu.

CHILDREN should be kept in order, rather by the fear of offending, than by the fear of punishment. True good breeding is nothing more than the practice of the common principles of humanity and good nature, extended to all the concerns of common life. We are sent into this world as soldiers to battle; we too often reserve our virtue for great occasions, and our fortitude for great trial; and we forget that few are called to be heroes and martyrs: let us act uprightly, and with kindness in the station in which we are placed, and be thankful that God has not imposed on us a greater task.

A QUAIN old gent, who is withal one of our most active, stirring men, had a man at work in his garden who was quite the reverse. "Mr. Jones," said he to him one morning, "did you ever see a snail?" "Certainly," said Jones. "Then," said the old boy, "you must have met him, for you could never overtake him."

THE PURSE PROUD MERCHANT.

Many years ago a merchant, worth near a million of dollars, stood upon a wharf, watching the approach of a rich ship, just arrived in port, of which he was the owner. He was elated with his good fortune, and looked lofty and arrogant. A poor seaman, suffering under grievous maladies stood near, and having experienced how changeful is life, he ventured to suggest to the triumphant merchant, that "riches had wings."

"Poh!" said the merchant, "there, you see that diamond ring I take from my finger? See me fling it into the river. It is gone. As well may you expect ever to see that ring again, as to see me a poor man!"

Some days afterwards, the merchant gave a dinner to his friends. Among the luxuries provided for the feast, was a salmon from the river.

The cook happening to open the stomach of the salmon, found there, to her great surprise, the merchant's diamond ring! She carried it to him. His countenance fell, for he remembered his boastful language.

The dinner was heartless and tedious to him. The rich wine only made his thoughts the more poignant. He slept none that night. He became an altered man. His speculations were all unfortunate. Loss succeeded loss: and in a few years he was a poor man.

Wealth is the gift of God, and given for a good purpose, not to be squandered — not to make its possessor hard of heart; but to teach him benevolence, to enable him to benefit his fellow men.

A GOOD THOUGHT. John Howard, having settled his accounts at the close of a particular year, and found a balance in his favor, proposed to his wife to make use of it in a journey to London, or in any other amusement she chose. "What a pretty cottage for a poor family it would build!" was her answer. This point met with his cordial approbation, and the money was laid out accordingly.

LOST ART. If we may credit a story told in the Jesuit's Letters, the Chinese have now lost a curious secret. They knew formerly how to paint their porcelain with fishes and other creatures, in such a manner, that these figures never appeared to the eye until the vases were filled with liquor.

A LITTLE fellow weeping most piteously, was suddenly interrupted by some amusing occurrence. He hushed his cries for a moment; there was a struggle between smiles and tears; the train of thought was broken: "Ma," said he, resuming his snuffle, and wishing to have his cry out, "Ma — ugh! ugh! ugh! *what was I crying about just now?*"

RELIGION OF THE DAHOMANS. — The religion of the Dahomans resembles that of the other nations of Western Africa. The *Fetish* of Abomey, the capital of Dahomey is the leopard, that of Whydah, the snake. The religion is a mystery known only to the initiated, who possess great power. Human sacrifices are common; and when a rich man dies, a boy and girl are sacrificed to attend him in the next world.

FRIENDLY CHIT-CHAT WITH MY READERS.



BLESSINGS on you, my young friends! Here I am again as blithe and brisk as a bee on a sunny day in July. To be sure it is not July yet, but it is almost April, and we have had so much sunshine during March that I have been tempted to think Miss MAY has been guilty of turning young MARCH out of doors; and of palming herself on the world in his stead. But however this may be, I am glad we have had fine weather, and that I have the means of talking to you once more.

You know, that some folks who are more idle than witty, call the first day of this month, "April fools' day." They also take the liberty of playing off some *practical* jokes on their friends. When I was young, such graceless lads and lasses were wont to make up mock parcels, stuffed with rags or paper, and to throw them on the side-walk. Some passer-by would pick up one of these packages, look round for its owner, or smile to think himself in such good luck. But alas! how soon his smile would change into a frown, when a group of idlers, bursting from their hiding place, would show themselves and shout "April fool!" "April fool!" Then the

poor victim would hurl the parcel across the street, and walk off covered with shame and confusion, while shouts of laughter from his wicked tormenters were ringing in his ears.

Now, this may have appeared to be very funny sport to these idle boys. Perhaps, they thought it was not wrong. But I think it was very wrong indeed. It certainly inflicted severe pain upon an unoffending stranger; while it did no one any good. It also taught those idlers to take pleasure in the unhappiness of another, which was very hurtful to them. So, you see, I have not a very high opinion of *April fooling*. I hope none of my readers will be guilty of it in the least degree. No. You must all find your pleasure in making others happy; and not in causing them pain.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN THE
MARCH NUMBER.

PORTFOLIO ENIGMA—A Thorn.

Marvin R. Clark's Enigma—Young Man's Counsellor.

Marvin R. Clark's Conundrums—1.—Because both are hardly done. 2.—Jonah.

Here are some puzzles from my portfolio, which will make you think:

ENIGMAS.

1.

My face is fair, and generally looked up to; my hands are slender, but it is curious that I have no arms; my body is always stationary, and is sometimes tall, sometimes short, often round, and often square. When people pay attention to me, I am true to them; but if neglected, deceive them.

2.

'Tis in the church, but not in the steeple;
'Tis in the parson, but not in the people;
'Tis in the oyster, but not in the shell;
'Tis in the clapper, but not in the bell.

3.

Three feet I have, which ne'er attempt to go,
And many nails thereon, but not one toe.

RIDDLES.

1.

Neither a father's son, nor a mother's son,
but yet a human child.

2.

What is that which is neither flesh nor bone,
and yet has four fingers and a thumb?

3.

You eat me, you drink me, deny it who can;
I'm sometimes a woman, and sometimes a man.

Now for my Correspondence. My first letter is from a boy in the city which sprung up like a work of enchantment. Here it is:—

Lawrence, Feb. 20, 1854.

MR. FORRESTER. DEAR SIR:—I have long thought of writing for your Magazine, so I will send you the following Enigma for the March number. Remember that this is my first attempt.

I am composed of 19 letters. My 1, 15, 9, 14, is what sailors dislike; my 2, 18, 11, is what farmers use; my 4, 8, 13, is an animal; my 1, 18, 5, 9, 3, 12, is a part of a harness; my 10, 18, 15, 17, 13, is what people often do; my 3, 19, 13, is an insect; my 16, 6, 7, 13, is what every bird has; my whole is the name of the writer.

Yours truly.

Here is a letter from North Carolina:

Normal College, N. C., Feb. 14, 1854.

MR. FORRESTER. DEAR SIR:—I have been reading your Magazine for some time, and am very well pleased with it; though perhaps some might say, from its title, it is intended for those younger than myself. But, amid all your good things, and fine sayings, I have looked in vain for commendations upon one band of American Youth, the "Cadets of Temperance."

Do you not believe in the Order, or are you not acquainted with their proceedings? Doubtless many of your readers are members of this fraternity, and would be glad to have the opinion of one whom they esteem so highly.

Respectfully yours,

C. C. COLE.

To the inquiry, here so courteously made, I am obliged to say that I am not much acquainted with the Order of Cadets. But since the order has a good object, and since I am in favor of every thing that will help boys to be good and virtuous, I suppose I must be on the side of the Cadets, though I don't certainly know. If the Cadets would let such a venerable old gentleman as I am join them, I could tell more about it. But I suppose they would cast *black balls* if I were to ask admission, unless I could first get ground down into a boy again. However, never mind, I will throw up my old wig, and shout huzza for the Cadets of Temperance, because they go in for pure cold water.

Here is a letter from a young lady who hides her name beneath the folds of an enigma. Come boys hunt it out and let us know the young lady's name.

Brunswick, Feb. 19, 1854.

MR. FORRESTER. DEAR SIR:—We, that is, my brother, sister and myself, take your excellent Magazine, and of course, could not

help liking it very much. We think the answer to the down-east girl's enigma is Benjamin Franklin; and we all know that Misery and Distress are found in every city. The Connecticut girl's name is Helen Augusta Curtis. I send you this enigma, which if your readers wish to know my name they must work out.

I am composed of 15 letters. My 1, 13, 15, 13, 4, is a girl's name; my 2, 3, 7, 14, 9, 10, 7, is a kind of sport; my 3, 13, 9, 7, 6, is an animal's cry; my 4, 2, 7, is a small horse; my 5, 11, 12, 13, is what we dislike; my 6, 13, 3, is a kind of fowl; my 7, 9, 4, is an intoxicating drink; my 8, 5, 9, 14, is an infant's cry; my 9, 4, 10, is a kind of dwelling; my 10, 13, 14, 15, is a nickname; my 11, 2, 4, is a kind of dish; my 12, 5, 9, 15, is an exclamation; my 13, 7, 7, is what the polite call "Hen's fruit;" my 14, 2, 3, 13, is a kind of road; my 15, 5, 8, is a profession. My whole is the name of the writer.

Yours truly,

Here is a letter from a new subscriber:—

Millbridge, Feb. 28, 1854.

MESSRS. F. & G. C. RAND. SIRS:—I have received both numbers of the Magazine and find them very interesting; the answer to the first enigma is Benjamin Franklin. 2d, Want, Misery and Distress. 3d, Helen Augusta Curtis. I also send you one of my composing, which if you think worthy, you may insert in your Magazine. Here it is:—

I am composed of 18 letters. My 3, 5, 6, is used by the ladies; my 1, 5, 8, 6, 14, is one of the United States; my 9, 7, 8, 15, 9, 11, 12, 15, is a very useful instrument; my 1, 5, 4, 16, 13, 6, is a bird; my 6, 11, 15, 17, you would rather fight than to lose it; my 18, 5, 1, is an animal; my 10, 11, 9, 16, 17, 18, is the name of a male; my 2, 5, 10, 16, is sometimes made of boards. My whole you must find out for yourself.

Yours,

GEORGE W. FOSTER.

A down-east boy writes me this:

Kirkland, Maine, Feb. 19, 1854.

FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ. DEAR SIR:—I have taken your Magazine one year, and I

like it very much. I always like to work out the enigmas, conundrums, &c. Although I have never seen them, I picture in my mind that Julian and Augustus B. Knowlton, and all of the many subscribers to your Magazine are warm-hearted friends.

Yours respectfully,

HOWARD C. BEALE.

Your conundrums are omitted master Howard, because you did not send the answers.

Melville Cook also sends me an enigma for which I have not room.

H. T. Stetson writes me some incidents of the Pilgrim Celebration at Plymouth; with some conundrums. I wish I had room to print his letter. F. B. Pierce (I hope you will love its pages). Clara A. Wells says she gave her Christmas present, which was a dollar, to pay for my Magazine. Bless thee for that, Clara, and I know you won't despise an old man's blessing. T. C. wants me to visit Greenfield when the Hoosac Tunnel Bill passes. I think I would rather do so in warm weather when Greenfield is dressed in her summer clothing. Ah, Thomas, would we not have a fine time on your beautiful hills! But you know old men don't travel much. Charley E. P. (Well done Charley, may you live to be an editor yourself). A Massachusetts boy sends me the following poetical solution to the Connecticut girl's enigma. He roguishly insinuates that he hopes she will one day change her name, though I think her name is good enough as it is, and she need never be in a hurry to change it. Here is his answer.

A Hat is worn by ladies fair;
The Latin is a language rare;
Nathan was David's prophet bold
Who dared his monarch's guilt unfold;

Green is the color of the grass
 O'er which the *Urus* fierce doth pass;
 The wandering *Crane* doth slowly fly,
 And leave *us* gazing at the sky;
 The number *ten* remains to guess,
 And then the lady's name confess.
 Please, Miss Connecticut, it is
Helen Augusta Curtis? Yes.

A MASSACHUSETTS BOY.

P. S. — You will see that I have been hallooing before I got out of the woods. My talk about Mr. March and Miss May is all spoiled, since the rude blusterer has come out of his hiding-place with a fury, like that of Achilles, when he strode across the fields of Troy to avenge the death of his friend, Patroclus. Well, I must look out next time how I praise either a child or a month, until I know all the facts of the case.

THE QUESTION SETTLED.

I am very sorry to tell you, that an anonymous writer has been allowed, by the Editor of "*Woodworth's Cabinet*," to charge me with deception in the matter of the letter which "*Mark Forrester*" wrote for my Magazine a little while ago. That anonymous writer says "*Mark Forrester*" did not write for my pages. Now, here is a letter which tells *who* *Mark Forrester* is — viz. the REV. DEXTER S. KING. His word is of course sufficient to settle this question. But if the writer in the Cabinet — who is doubtless the former publisher of this Magazine — is still unsatisfied, he can go to his own assignee, and there find in his own "statement" of his affairs, the sum of fifteen hundred dollars credited, *in his own hand writing*, to Mr. King, for "*EDITING Forrester's Boys' and Girls' Magazine*." The truth of which entry will hardly be doubted, inasmuch as the accounts were

sworn to, only a little while since, before the Commissioner of bankruptcy. I am sorry he should have done as he has. Francis Forrester and his publishers are above such a petty deception as is charged upon them. With these facts before him, I hope the Editor of the Cabinet, who, being a clergyman, is, of course, a very honorable gentleman, will publish Mr. King's statement in his Magazine. But here is Mr. King's letter:

TO MESSRS. F. & G. C. RAND: — As you purchased Forrester's Boys' and Girls' Magazine and the good will thereof, at a generous price, and with the consent of all the parties, having any publishing or editorial rights; and as those parties gave you leave and wished you to use the name "*Mark Forrester*," at discretion and by right, we would hardly expect any person to claim property in that name, or to use it only by your consent. But I see the question mooted in Woodworth's Cabinet "*Who is Mark Forrester?*" and some body, for some purpose, complains of deception in your use of that name in the last January number of your Magazine.

And now, I will state for the purpose of protecting your interest and not for my own sake, that I wrote and signed the article in question. If any gentleman wishes to deny me this right, obtained by four years' editorial control, let him do it over his own signature.

But lest I should appear assuming, or to be withholding credit from others to whom it is due, I will state that there were several persons who wrote by the name of Forrester, and that no one person wrote all which appeared as editorial. I can allow a vast amount of credit to parties who sustained the Magazine, only insisting that they shall leave you in the peaceful possession of what they granted cheerfully and for value received.

Your friend,

D. S. KING.

Boston, March 20, 1854.

And now, children, I must bid you adieu until next month. F. F.

WALTER SEDLEY—THE PUNISHMENT OF SELF WILL.



WALTER SEDLEY was one of those boys who think their own way is always the best way. He met with many mishaps and much trouble because of this foolish wilful pride. I will relate one of his mishaps, which occurred during his winter holidays.

The frost having now set in for some time, the following day was fixed on by the young gentlemen of the village for a skating party, and all the boys who were spending their holidays at Mr.

Sedley's set off, under the care of a trusty servant, who was directed to see that they went into no danger, but kept to the one pond they were accustomed to, the water of which was exceedingly shallow. All went on very well for the first hour; but at the end of that time, Walter proposed trying another pond, of which there were many, and much larger than the one they were on. "See," he said, "how nicely those boys get on out yonder; this is so narrow;

we shall have so much more room at the next, and there is nobody there to interrupt us."

"All that is very true, to be sure," replied Master Pemberton, to whom he had been speaking; "but then, you know, Mr. Sedley told us only to skate here, because the water here is shallow, and there it may be very deep."

"Of course," rejoined Walter, "it is very right of my brother to be careful of us, but then there is such a thing as being over careful, you know."

"No doubt there is," returned Pemberton, "but that, if a fault, is, at least, one on the right side; so we will stay where we are."

Walter was in high spirits from the effects of exercise in the open air. He was, though so young, a good skater, and had received several compliments, that had not only increased his exhilaration, but created a strong desire to give a further display of his cleverness.

"My brother," said he, "tells us to go to this pond, as a general rule, without considering it sometimes freezes so hard that it is as safe on another as it is on this; and that is the case to-day."

"That is very likely," replied Pemberton; "but for all that, as Mr. Sedley desired us to skate here, in order to prevent the possibility of an accident, this is the pond for us; we ought certainly not to attempt any other; neither do I think John would let us, if we designed to do so."

"That's very well thought of," cried Walter; "if we go we must give the old fellow the slip."

"Indeed, I shall do no such thing, nor let you either," said Pemberton.

"It's very hard indeed," returned the wilful boy, "to be always thwarted

in one's pleasures for nothing; I am sure if my brother was here he would make no objection, and therefore it is just the same as though he was here."

"Not quite, I should think," observed Edmond Hargrave, who had been listening to the dialogue; "for in one case we should have Mr. Sedley's own word, and in the other we have only Walter's opinion of what that word would be."

"I am sure of one thing, however," cried Walter, angrily, "and that is, cousin Edmond, that you are always willing to prevent my having any pleasure that I set my mind on."

"O, Master 'Never Wrong' can tell, to be sure," said Pemberton, laughing: the next pond is as safe as this, of course, if *he* wants to go on it."

"If I am to have that stupid name, I may as well have it for something," cried Walter, reddening with passion, "and I'll go, if it's only to convince Pemberton that I am right now, at any rate, in reality."

"Worth while, to be sure," replied Pemberton, "for you to risk incurring your brother's displeasure, and perhaps an accident, for the sake of convincing me. Come Walter, don't be wilful and foolish; forget and forgive, you know."

"*You* forget to call me by that foolish nick-name, and then, perhaps, *I* may forgive your ill-behavior," replied Walter, magnificently; "but for all you can say, I won't believe that the next pond is less safe than this is. What should make it so?"

"I will tell you," said Hargrave:—"this is more shaded by trees, and that is more exposed to the sun."

This was indeed the case; and, owing to that circumstance, some of the neighboring cottagers had chosen that pond

in preference to the others for the purpose of supplying themselves with water, and had broken the ice at the far end of it, so that they could throw a pail in with a string to it, and pull it out again without danger to themselves. This was of course unknown to the little party from the school.

"However," said Hargrave, again addressing Walter, "as it seems impossible to convince you by argument of either the propriety of doing as you are bid, or that the other pond may be less safe than this, we will, for your satisfaction, just go and try its strength."

"That's right," cried Walter, triumphantly; "I thought I should be able to show you the folly of not doing so."

"Softly, Master Watty: not quite so fast, if you please," said Hargrave; "I may perhaps be able to show you that the folly is all your own."

He then called to the other boys and John, and told them that, to please Walter, he was going to try the ice on the next pond with some long poles they had with them, and stones, — not that he, or any of them, he assured John, meant to go on it, however firm it might be found. They then all proceeded together. Walter had by this time not only worked himself into a full conviction of being right, but was bent on the triumph of proving that he was so; therefore, the moment that they reached the edge of the pond, he threw his skates upon the ground, and, before any one could be aware of his intention, he had slid into the middle of it; when, waving his hand exultingly as he turned his head towards the companions he had left, instead of looking before him, he gave another slide, and in the next moment wholly disappeared,

having slid into the hole already mentioned.

Hargrave, only waiting to rid himself of his shoes, — his worsted stockings enabling him, with the help of a pole, to walk on the ice, lost not an instant in hurrying to his assistance, regardless of danger to himself. Fortunately for Walter, who might otherwise have been drowned, some boys had early in the morning amused themselves with throwing heavy stones around the hole previously made, so that the ice was broken there to a considerable extent, and was floating about in large fragments. Walter had risen near the same spot at which he had gone down, and had instinctively caught at a long slip of ice, over which he got his arm just as Edmond came up; another moment, and his brittle support might have broken from the main body, to which it was still attached, and have sunk with his weight. Hargrave placed his pole across from the ice on which he stood, to a firm piece opposite, and then, trusting his weight to its support, let himself down into the water, moving with his hands along the pole till he reached Walter, whose grasp he directed to the same object. By this time the rest had ran round the pond to the same spot, and by their assistance, though not without considerable difficulty, both Walter and his preserver were extricated from their perilous situation, amid the tears of joy and exclamations of thankfulness uttered by the attached group that thronged around them; for Hargrave was, as he well deserved to be, a most especial favorite, and Walter's faults and ill-behavior were almost forgotten in their rejoicing at his safety.

More dead than alive through terror

and mortification, the so lately exulting and self-sufficient boy was almost carried home by John, one of the boys running on first, to tell what had happened, in order to prevent unnecessary alarm on their arrival. Both Edmond and Walter were put into warmed beds, and a medical man directly sent for. On his arrival he gave it as his opinion that a fever would be the consequence of Walter's folly and misconduct, owing to the state of excitement he had been and was still in. Hargrave, he said, was in no danger. Both judgments proved correct. For some days Walter's life was nearly despaired of; but the skill of his physician, and the great attention he received from everybody, even those he had in his perverted judgment called his enemies, at length restored him, after a confinement of many weeks to a sick chamber.

In the course of this tedious period, he had plenty of leisure to reflect on his past conduct; he shuddered when he thought of how nearly he had lost his life, by his habit of arguing falsely; he could no longer conceal from himself that in reasoning he had allowed inclination rather than judgment to suggest what he said; he perceived, too, that he was equally in error in the character and motives of conduct he had attributed to others; Hargrave, whom he had long thought to have ill-treated him, had risked his own life to save him; little Henry had clearly proved himself to be his friend, even before that never-to-be-forgotten day of the accident; and then his brother! his patient, sensible, and good brother! — "How," said Walter to himself, "shall I ever be able to make up for my ungrateful conduct to him?" That

brother whose understanding he had often dared to treat as inferior to his own, whom he had believed capable of allowing himself to be prejudiced against him, and whom he had often designated as harsh and severe, and consequently unjust; that brother had attended him through a long illness with the patience and solicitude of a parent, sitting up with him for several nights, to the injury of his own health, forbearing to reproach him with his misconduct and disobedience, though he was so extremely culpable; but, on the contrary, only kindly encouraging his reformation.

The veil of self-deception was at length completely withdrawn, and Walter, far more exalted by his humility than he was in his arrogance, saw all his conduct in its true light; nor was he backward in acknowledging that he did so.

A KING'S OPINION OF ARITHMETIC. — Charles the Twelfth, King of Sweden, wished to give laws not only to kingdoms, but to science itself. He wished to alter the usual method of computation by tens to sixes; and was so impressed with the excellence and utility of Arithmetic, that he used to say, "a man who was an indifferent arithmetician was only half a man." Dr. Johnson also paid a compliment to arithmetic: "The good of counting," says he, "is, that it brings everything to a certainty, which before floated in the mind indefinitely."

PRESERVE well the fire of your charity and the fervor of your devotion.

ANECDOTES OF BIRDS AND ANIMALS



THE OPOSSUM.

The opossum is about the size of the common cat; but its long hair makes it appear much larger; head similar to that of the fox; ears large and naked; mouth deeply cut and opens wide; tail long and tapering, towards the body hairy, the rest covered with scales, very prehensile, suspending the animal; legs short; toes five, with strong curved claws; color gray, or a mixture of black and white.

The opossums are exclusive inhabitants of America. There are six or eight species of the family, some of which are found in nearly all parts of the continent. The largest and best known is the Virginian, and to this our description applies. The opossum is essentially a nocturnal animal, prowling about during the night, and living on

such small quadrupeds and birds as it can catch; sometimes visiting the poultry yard and making terrible havoc among the inmates. When they cannot obtain flesh, they eat fruits and other vegetables. They are capital climbers, for which their sharp claws and prehensile tails are well adapted. Sometimes they suspend themselves by the tail from the branch of a tree, watching for some luckless bird or squirrel, that may come within their reach. Like squirrels, they leap from tree to tree with great agility.

In confinement they are tame and amiable, but uncleanly and disagreeable. When attacked in the woods, and finding no other means of escape, they roll themselves into a ball; and if on a tree, will fall to the ground and then pretend to be dead, though unhurt and ready to

run away the instant it can be done safely. If the young happen to be in their nest at such times, they also simulate death; and it is stated that no infliction of pain within the bounds of humanity will make them either show the least signs of life. This is what they call playing the "possum," in the western country. They are exceedingly tenacious of life, so that in Virginia there is an adage, "If the cat has nine lives, the opossum has nineteen."

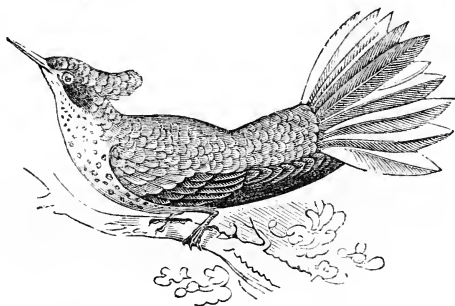
These animals treat their young with the greatest affection, receiving them into their wonted place of protection on the least alarm, and when there is not time for this, the little ones wind their tails around that of their mother, and thus all escape.

THE CRAB-EATING OPOSSUM.

In its adult state the crab-eating opossum attains a size fully equal to the Virginian species. Its head and muzzle are much more elongated; and its tail exceeds the length of its body and head combined. The general color of its fur is darkish brown. The long slender muzzle usually terminates in a black tip.

This species appears to be the most common of those which inhabit South America. It is found in great plenty in Guiana and Brazil, climbing trees with facility, but running slowly and with an ill grace. It prefers marshy situations, or the neighborhood of the sea coast; and feeds, like the other species indiscriminately, on the smaller quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, insects, and fruits. But

it is said also to have a particular fondness for crabs, whence the derivation of its name. Its flesh is commonly eaten by the natives, who assert that it is similar in flavor to that of the hare. In captivity it is as stupid as the Virginian species, offering no resistance, but rarely familiarizing itself with its keepers, and seldom exhibiting any signs of vivacity, except a snarling pettishness when disturbed.



HUMMING BIRDS FEEDING THEIR YOUNG.

The nest of a humming bird having been discovered near a house, it was taken, with its two young ones, and put into a cage near the window, when the parents continued to feed them until they grew so tame as not to be at all disturbed when a person came into the room. After a while, the old ones, who had perfect liberty to leave the cage, staid and slept with their brood; and finally, when the young ones could fly, they did not forsake the place, but all of them would sit quietly on their master's fingers. They were fed on a nearly transparent paste, made of sugar and biscuit, with a little wine; and into this they would dip their tongues, seeming to enjoy their food in the highest degree.



Nest of the humming bird.

In this way they were kept for five or six months, but finally met a sad fate, being destroyed by rats.

BATTLE WITH AN EAGLE.

Some years ago, in Sutherland, a lad named Monro, stimulated by the premiums offered by a farmers' society, determined to attempt robbing an eagle's nest in his neighborhood, which appeared to him, comparatively easy of access. He took no assistant with him, that there might be no division of the prize money, and set about scaling the rock alone. Holding on like a cat, by projections of the rock, and some roots of ivy, he had mounted to within a few yards of the nest, and was on the point of reaching it, when the female eagle came home, bearing a young lamb in her talons. Instantly, when she saw the intruder, she dropped her game, made a rapid wheel, and attacked him. Monro had no firm support for his feet, and was obliged to hold with one hand by a root of ivy. The eagle fixed one talon in his shoulder and the other in his cheek, and

thus commenced the battle. Monro had but one hand free; to quit his hold of the ivy was to insure a fall of a hundred feet. In these circumstances of peril his presence of mind did not forsake him. He remembered what he called "a bit wee knife" in his waistcoat pocket; this he reached, opened it with his teeth, and with it he attacked in his turn the eagle, unable to extricate her talons from his clothes and flesh; and stabbed and cut her about the throat till he killed her. He did not care to carry the adventure further, but descended, without waiting for the return of the other eagle, faint and half-blind with his own blood. He carried the marks of the eagle's talons in his face and shoulder to his dying day.

MAXIMS.

OUR admiration, which is a very pleasing emotion of the mind, immediately rises at the consideration of any object that takes up a great deal of room in the fancy. — *Addison*.

It was equity that established weights and measures, and discovered the use of numbers. — *Phœnician Virgins*.

To detract anything from another, and for one man to multiply his own conveniences by the inconveniences of another, is more against nature than death, than poverty, than pain, and the rest of external accidents. — *Cicero*.

The only wealth is a clear, an uncorrupted, an honorable independence. — *Anon*.

Beware of sudden change in any great point of diet; and if necessity enforce it, fit the rest to it; for it is a secret both in nature and state, that it is safer to change many things than one.

ALBERT, THE SILVERSMITH'S SON.

It was a pleasant day in October, in the year of grace 1798, when a large group of loungers was gathered near one of the pillars of the City Hotel, in Nuremberg. To the pillar was affixed this notice:—

“Joseph Durer, silversmith of this city, informs his fellow-citizens that he intends to make this evening, at his shop in Clock Place, a general sale of his stock in the silversmith line, consisting of articles too numerous to be here mentioned. The sale will commence at four o'clock.”

“What!” exclaimed one of the bystanders, “What! the rich silversmith Durer going to sell his wonderful productions at auction! What can have reduced him to such an extremity?”

“Probably you don't know, sir,” replied a man standing by the side of the questioner, “that Joseph Durer has made immense sacrifices to sustain the house of his son-in-law, who not long since, was one of the first merchants in Lubeck. This son-in-law has absconded, leaving many large debts unpaid; and it is to repair this misfortune—it is to maintain a pure and unsullied character—that the good man parts with his precious productions. This noble conduct is worthy of a loyal citizen of Nuremberg, and serves very much to conciliate public esteem in his favor; but why must a sad remembrance interrupt this general approbation, as if to prevent this unanimous sympathy?”

“Can I dare, without indiscretion,” inquired the stranger, “to ask an explanation of the last few words?”

“Willingly, sir. Joseph Durer had

three sons and one daughter. His daughter he married, giving her, at the same time, a large dowry, to a merchant of Lubeck, who has just failed. His two eldest sons were placed, one at the Court of the Elector of Bavaria, and the other, at the Court of the Grand Duke of Weimar. They have both run, so far, a brilliant career, forgetting their old father, and exchanging the simple name of citizen for the more pompous titles of Count and Baron.”

“And the third son, what is become of him?”

“Albert?” replied the narrator of this family history. “Albert wished to be an artist; but Joseph Durer was opposed to it. ‘You must be a silversmith, as I am,’ replied his father, as Albert begged him for crayons, canvas, and pencils.”

“And what did Albert do when he found himself thwarted in his favorite pursuit?” asked the stranger.

“One day he disappeared, and has not been heard of since. Whether he is dead or alive, or whether he has become a soldier, I know not.”

At that moment the clock struck four, the silversmith's shop was opened, and a crowd of virtuosi and idlers entered, when the public crier also began to give notice of the sale.

Plate, dishes, ewers, and pitchers, of gold, silver, and silver gilt, were first disposed of. Then came the precious productions, the masterpieces of the silversmith. So long as the auctioneer was selling the common articles of his trade, the silversmith remained quiet in the back part of the shop; but when he heard the names of his masterpieces

mentioned — as soon as he heard the auctioneer praising, in the usual style of his business, the merit and beauty of those works which had rendered his reputation so great and so general, — he was no longer able to preserve his indifference. He started up hastily, and began to walk around the different articles which were about to be sold, just as a mother would walk around the cradle of her sick child.

"Six small statues," cried the auctioneer, "from the antique."

"A thousand ducats," cried one.

"One thousand and fifty," said another.

"One thousand one hundred," said the first.

No one bid any higher, and the articles were declared his.

The old silversmith scarcely breathed.

His face was almost as white as his locks, and a convulsive shudder ran through his limbs. He continued, however, to stand by the side of the public officer who was recording the purchases. When all was sold, the old man cast his eyes about him with an inexpressible look of grief. The most terrible moment was approaching. The highest bidder was going, before long, to carry away all his prized productions, which he had looked upon almost in the light of household gods, and which were, so to speak, a part of his very existence.

"Let the highest bidder upon the last twenty-three lots come forward," said the registrar.

At this, a young man, who might be twenty-six or twenty-seven, approached. He was elegantly dressed in the French style, with the exception of a Spanish cloak, ornamented with embroidery and silk, which lay gracefully upon his shoulders.

Around his neck he wore a magnificent chain of gold, to which was appended a medal of the same precious metal, which bore a head of the Emperor Maximilian. His hat was slouched over his eyes, and his hair, which was very long, rested upon his shoulders.

"This is the whole amount of what I have purchased," said the gentleman. "Have the goodness to compare the account with yours."

The officer compared it, and finding it quite correct, said —

"Your name, sir, since I must record it in the registers?"

Meanwhile the old silversmith, mute and dispirited, as he might well be, under the unpleasant circumstances, was sitting in a corner, waiting for the purchaser to give the order for the removal of his property.

"Write," said the stranger, hesitating — "write Albert — Durer."

At the sound of this name, the silversmith started up, and in a moment was in the arms of his son.

"Albert!" he cried, "my dear Albert! is it really you that I see again? Do I really press you to my heart? Oh! come, that I may embrace you again — come, my dear son! Indeed, you have not forgotten your old father! Can it be that you no longer entertain any harsh feelings towards him?"

"Towards you, my father?" cried the young man, falling in tears upon his knees; "it is I who must ask pardon of you for my disobedience to your parental wishes."

"Ah!" said the old man, raising his son, "could I not forget a fault which restores me to life and happiness? Albert, I forgive you."

"My father," said the young man,

"youths are often deceived with regard to the choice of the calling which they are destined to follow; and, to be respected, the talent for any particular vocation needs a trial. Your rigor was based upon prudential considerations—upon that old maxim, 'be rather a good artisan than an indifferent artist.' You were right, my father; and, as for myself, perhaps I was not altogether wrong in acting as I did."

"Yes, you acted right, Albert," exclaimed a voice from the midst of the crowd. It came from the celebrated Hapse Martin, who had initiated Albert, when a child, in the rudiments of painting, and who had encouraged him to persevere boldly in that profession.

"Thank heaven for the disobedience of your son," continued Martin, turning to Joseph Durer: "for at this moment, while I am speaking; Albert possesses the secret of all the arts, and in all he surpasses the most celebrated artists in Germany. He is not only a painter of the first class, but he is also a most ingenious engraver and architect, and one of the most distinguished engineers in Europe. The Emperor Maximilian has appointed him his first painter, and employs alternately his pencil and his burin. The republic of Venice has entrusted to him the construction of a fortress, and the king of France, Louis XII., is trying to induce him to go to his country, and improve the monuments of Paris."

A WAG, on reading that in a certain engagement a Dey and two Knights were killed, remarked that that was what he called killing time with a vengeance!

WRITTEN ON SEEING JOHNNY'S PICTURE.

DEAR Johnny—thee I've never seen,
Ne'er gazed upon that face,
Which, in its heavenly beauty, needs
No more to give it grace.

But on thy semblance I have looked,
That shows no shade of care;
And in thine eyes' bright depths I've seen
A pure soul mirrored there.

The clear light of thy lofty brow,
Beams out with unstirred thought,
And every line and feature, seems
With some rich burden fraught.

Thy hair, that in its childish grace
O'ershades thy face so sweet,
Has spell-bound—wilt thou give to me
A bright lock when we meet?

For, Johnny, I have almost learned
To love thee, in life's morn,
Ere clouds have cast a darkening hue,
Or roses given a thorn.

Then scorn thou not this simple lay,
But sometimes give a dream
To her, who to this tribute signs
Her name, as "GUESSY GREEN."
Wes. Col. Inst., Wilmington, Feb. 21.

THE wife is the sun of the social system; unless she attracts, there is nothing to keep heavy bodies like husbands from flying off into space.

A SORT of prepared linen is now used in Germany to print children's books on; it is dearer than paper, but the young readers cannot tear it.

THE habit of turning men into ridicule and exposing to laughter those one converses with, is the gratification of little minds.

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE; A FABLE FOR LITTLE FOLKS.



AFTER Madame Brindle had gazed awhile on poor Mr. Mouse, she said,

"Friend Mouse, I want you to have your tail again, and I will give you some milk for Mrs. Puss; but I have a fancy for some nice new hay. If you will get me some hay, I will give you some milk."

The mouse thought that Madame Brindle was a little unkind in making this request. But he was a wise little mouse; so keeping his thoughts to himself, he said,

"Thank you, Brindle, for your promise to give me the milk. I know ROBIN CLODPOLE. He is my friend; and I think he will give me some hay."

Then the mouse trotted off to find Robin Clodpole. He did not skip along like a happy mouse this time. Poor fellow! He was sad, because the cow was as selfish as the cat, and he began to fear he never should get his tail again. But when he thought how bad it was for so smart a mouse as he to be without a tail, he made up his mind

to do all that could be done, rather than live and die without it. When this thought had found its way into his little head, he felt better, and began to run a little faster, thinking that if Mrs. Puss and Madame Brindle were selfish, Mr. Robin Clodpole would not be.

He soon found the jolly farmer, dressed up in a broad brimmed hat and big boots, while his men were busy pitching a load of just such hay as the cow wanted, on to a large hay mow. Mr. Clodpole was in a brown study, with his hands behind him, and his eyes fixed on the ground, when the mouse found him. To get him to hear what he wished to say, the mouse jumped on to his boots, and then leaped off again, and seating himself on his hind legs, lifted up his fore feet and uttered a very pitiful squeal.

These actions caught Mr. Robin Clodpole's eye. He looked at the mouse, and stooping down towards him, he placed his hands upon his knees, and said,

"Hi! hi! what do you want, Mr. Mouse? What have you done with your tail? Have you cut it off, that you may be in the fashion?"

"No, Mr. Clodpole; I did not cut it off. Mrs. Puss bit it off. She says she will give it to me again if I will give her some milk. Brindle says she will give me the milk if I will give her some nice new hay. And now, good, kind Mr. Clodpole, will you please to give the hay, that I may get my tail from Mrs. Puss again."

Mr. Clodpole stared at the mouse, on hearing this, and he looked so smiling that the poor mouse felt sure of getting some hay. Whether he did or not, you shall know next month.

TO MY CHILDREN-FRIENDS.

LET'S be happy, little children,
Let's be happy now,—
Kindly words on the lips keeping,
Smiles upon the brow.
Birds and flowers to us are coming,
Sunshine, dews and song,
Let's be happy, let's be holy,
And forget the wrong.

Let's look up the sky, toward Heaven,
On the dreamy eve:
Out in the untrodden forest
Tender blossoms weave.
Pour out, with the birds, in joyance,
Gushes of sweet song—
Let's be happy, let's be holy,
And forget the wrong.

Swiftly, now, must hurry o'er us
Fear, and woe, and care —
Wrinkles to the sunny forehead —
Greyness to the hair —
Let's be happy, let's be holy,
And forget the wrong,
Then at last, we shall be angels,
Mid God's shining throng!

On these pleasant days of spring-time,
Let no angry word
Move our lips, and let our spirits
By no scorn be stirred.
Out and play amid the blossoms,
Think, neath starry sky,
Love, where birds their nests are building,
Pray, continually.

E. JENNIE HURLBUTT.

Wilbraham, March 18.

Don't tell me of to-morrow;
Give me the man who'll say
That when a good deed's to be done,
Let's do the deed to-day!
We may command the present,
If we act and never wait;
But repentance is the phantom
Of the past that comes too late!

GRANDFATHER WHITEHEAD'S LESSONS ABOUT PHILOSOPHY.

1. *Teacher.* WHAT is Natural Philosophy?

Pupil. It is that branch of the natural sciences which treats of phenomena that do not depend upon a change of the construction of bodies; and makes us acquainted with the nature, causes, properties, and effects of the various objects and events which surround us.

2. *T.* What is the term Philosophy derived from?

P. From the Greek *philosophia* — which literally signifies “love of wisdom or knowledge.”

3. *T.* Then it appears from what you have stated, that Philosophy affords a wide field for observation, embracing as it does so many objects of opposite character. Is this the case?

P. Yes. The vast realm of Nature, however, presents such an infinity of subjects for our consideration, that it has been found desirable to divide the natural sciences into two great branches — Natural History, and Natural Philosophy.

4. *T.* What does Natural History treat of?

P. It instructs us in the nature of individual objects, and arranges them in systems according to their different characters.

5. *T.* If such be the case, of what does Natural Philosophy treat?

P. It endeavors to teach us the manner in which inorganic substances act upon each other; laying open, in fact, the laws of the material world.

6. *T.* What do you mean by inorganic substances?

P. Inorganic substances are bodies

that have no life, such as minerals, being the reverse of organic, or living bodies.

7. *T.* What do you mean by the term *bodies*?

P. All objects that can be known by the senses, whether fluid or solid, are generally described as *bodies*; thus water is a fluid body, ice a solid body, and steam a gaseous body. All these substances excite certain sensations in our minds, and the powers which excite them are called their *qualities* or *properties*.

8. *T.* Give me some examples of the qualities or properties of bodies.

P. Each body has some peculiar property or quality by which it is distinguished from another. It is the property of glass to be transparent and brittle; of fire to burn; of charcoal to be inodorous and insipid; of amber to be brittle, light, hard, and transparent; and of the loadstone to attract iron.

[The pupil should be requested to give other examples of the properties of bodies.]

9. *T.* You said that certain sensations were excited in our minds by bodies: give me some examples.

P. One body excites the sensation of green, another of blue, and a third is devoid of all color, or may be said to be white, such as lime.

10. *T.* Why is lime white?

P. Because the particles of matter of which it is composed are piled so densely one upon another, that they are able to reflect all the colored rays of light.

11. *T.* What do you mean by the term *matter*?

P. The substance entering into the

compositon of all bodies, has received the general name of matter, which possesses certain essential characteristic qualities.

12. *T.* What do you mean by the expression *general name*?

P. A general name is one that is used to express a large *genus* or class of things of similar character; thus, *hats* may include straw hats, gutta-percha hats, cork hats, silk, beaver, or felt hats, and many other kinds; and when we say *apples*, we use an indefinite term, if we allude to any particular kind, such as crab-apples, or golden russet, and only employ the *general name* to express the class. Generalization of facts can only be accomplished by persons of experience, well acquainted with science. The vast mass of phenomena which puzzle ignorant people, are compared, classified, and generalized by the philosopher, and rendered familiar and useful to mankind.

13. *T.* What do you mean by *phenomena*?

P. They are all extraordinary appearances in the works of Nature; the word phenomenon being derived from the Greek word *phaino* (to appear,) and signifying, literally, an appearance.

14. *T.* Give me some illustrations of natural phenomena.

P. Heat applied to ice drives the particles entering into its composition further asunder, and changes it from a *solid* to a *liquid form*; and if the temperature is increased, and the process prolonged, the water or liquid is converted into a *gaseous* fluid or steam, because the component particles are driven still further apart. Heat rarefies air and causes it to expand; for example, [Experiment 1,] let a bladder, half full

of air, be tied tightly at the neck and then laid before a fire, or held over the flame of a spirit-lamp sufficiently high to prevent the flame injuring the bladder, and the air will expand and fill the bladder.

[The pupil should give some further illustrations of natural phenomena.]

GENERAL QUESTIONS UPON LESSON I.

1. What is the derivation and meaning of the term Philosophy?
2. How is Philosophy divided?
3. Name the senses by which the existence of bodies are made known to us.
4. What is the quality of a body?
5. What constitutes the composition of bodies?
6. What is matter?
7. What is a natural phenomenon?

THE greatest flood has the quickest ebb; the most violent tempest the most sudden calm; the hottest love the coldest end; and from the deepest affection oftentimes ensues the deadliest hate.

A wise man had rather be envied for providence, than pitied for prodigality.

Revenge barketh only at the stars, and quite spurns at that she cannot reach.

An envious man waxes lean with the fatness of his neighbors. Envy is the daughter of pride, the author of murder and revenge, the beginner of secret sedition, and the perpetual tormentor of virtue. Envy is the filthy slime of the soul: a venom, a poison or quicksilver which consumeth the flesh, and drieth up the marrow of the bones. — *Socrates.*

Children, obey your parents.

PENCIL DRAWING—SIMPLE FIGURES.



IF the boys and girls who read these pages would like to know how to obtain the sweetest of all pleasures, next to those which proceed from religion, which are the very noblest of all, I will tell them. In my opinion,—and, by the way, the opinions of FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ. are not to be despised—there is no higher pleasure than that which is tasted when one *conquers a difficulty*. Where is the boy who has not felt happier, after working out a hard sum and finding its answer right in every figure, than prince Bonbennin was when he found a white mouse? And which young miss has not felt like frisking about, joyous as a lamb in summer time, when, after long and painful efforts, she has learned how to play a difficult piece of music, or to work some new stitch in needlework? Yes! yes! I know you have all tasted the pleasure of conquering a difficulty, except the few drones among you who are too lazy

to yawn, and almost too lazy to shut their eyes when it is time to sleep; and I know I hav'n't many such readers.

Look at the picture at the head of this article. That boy Charlie who stands with his pencil sketch in his hand is in the act of enjoying his victory over a difficulty. Charlie had found it very hard to practice the first simple lines in drawing; but he tried, and mastered them. Then came the *curved* lines. "Ah!" said he to his father, "I know I shall never be able to make these curved

lines. O, dear! O, dear! why can't I draw trees, horses, and ships without having to practice all these lines?"

"Because, my son," replied his father, "these simple lines enter into all the forms and figures you desire to draw. If you can't make the lines, you can't make the figures: any more than you could read without knowing your alphabet. But you can make both, if you set about it in earnest."

Upon this, Charlie sat down and did his best. It was not long before he won a victory: and there he is, in the picture, shewing his work to his father, with a heart brim full of happiness. I hope all my readers will do as well and enjoy as much as Charlie.

But I must not talk too long. Like all old men, I am afraid I am getting a little garrulous. So I will come to the matter of your drawing lesson at once, that you may have another difficulty to conquer.

I shall only give you two figures for practice this month. The first is a sketch of an old town pump. You have

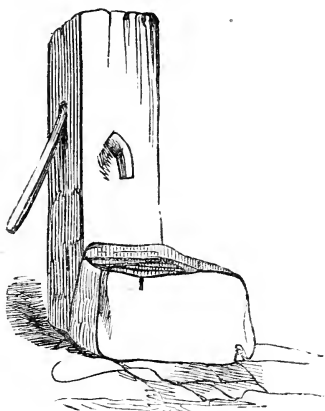


Fig. 18.

drawn the *outline* of a pump in a previous lesson, (see fig. 12, page 87,) so that this will be easy for you, since you know how to do it. Make the outline first, as you did before; and then put in the shading, which is very simple, and will not puzzle you much.

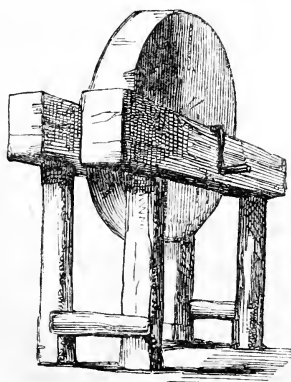


Fig. 19.

But here is a figure (fig. 19.) which

will test your skill. It is a sketch of a grindstone, such as your father grinds his scythes and axes upon, and which you don't like to turn for him. Now, I think if you can *turn* a grindstone, you can *draw* one; for the latter is the easier task of the two. Begin it then with confidence. Make the *frame* first. Be careful to keep your lines of the same proportionate length as in the sketch, or your picture will be a bungling affair. Having finished the frame-work, draw an *ellipse*, (see fig. 15, page 118,) to represent the grindstone. Rub out that part of the ellipse, with your rubber, which crosses the frame work, and your outline will be done. You must now put in the shading. Make the shading darker in the nearer parts, than in those which are farther from you. This will give the latter the appearance of distance. Do all this well, even if you have to draw the sketch fifty times; and when you have made a good picture, you will taste the pleasure of CONQUERING A DIFFICULTY.

PAPER. — The introduction of paper, first made of cotton, and afterwards of linen rags, dates from the arrival of the Arabs in Spain and Sicily, in the West of Europe, and from the time of the Crusaders, as regards the southern portion. Thus it is from two different parts of the East that we have derived this process, originally invented in China, where the art of making sheets of paper from the bark of trees, from bamboo, old rags, silk, hemp, or cotton, reduced to pulp, dates from the commencement of the second century of the Christian era.

NEDDIE NAYLOR'S INQUIRIES.



THE day previous to Neddies return home, his uncle Oliver walked with him up the banks of the beautiful brook which ran past his charming little home. During their walk, they met three boys, who lived near uncle Oliver, and who, of course, knew him. "Come boys," said the good old gentleman, "sit down with me and my nephew here, under this tree, and hear an old man talk."

"Yes sir; we shall be glad to do so, if you will let us," replied the boys. And then they all sat down, with uncle Oliver in the midst.

They were scarcely seated before Neddies began, as usual, to ask his uncle questions. Not idle questions, such as some children are always asking; but questions which arose in his mind from a sincere desire to add to his stock of knowledge. On this occasion, among other things, he said:

"Uncle Oliver: I read the other day in one of your newspapers, about a *Pasha with three tails*; will you please tell me what a Pasha is, and what is meant by his having three tails?"

The boys laughed at the idea of a man with three tails, and one of them, who had not read or thought much, suggested that perhaps a Pasha with three tails was not a human being at all; but something of the monkey or orang-outang species.

This bright idea tickled Neddies amazingly; but he was too well bred to show any contempt, as some unfeeling boys would have done, — at the ignorance of the boy. So he kept a good natured smile upon his countenance, and waited for his uncle's answer.

"A Pasha," said uncle Oliver, "is the name given to the governor of a district or province in the Turkish Empire. He is appointed by a firman or decree of the Sultan; and is thereby made both chief magistrate and commander-in-chief of the army in his district."

"Please excuse me, uncle," interrupted Neddies, "but I have read of a Bashaw in one of my books. Does *Bashaw* mean the same as Pasha?"

"Just the same, Neddies. It is written Bashaw, Pasha, and Pacha."

"But the tails, sir! What about the tails?" inquired the boys.

"The tail of a horse is the emblem of a Pasha's rank. A Pasha with one horse-tail in his banner, is called a Pasha of one tail; with two, a Pasha of two tails. A Pasha of the very highest rank has three horse-tails in his banner, and

is, therefore, called a Pasha of three tails."

"Thank you, uncle," said Neddie, "I shall never forget that, I'm sure; for it is a very funny idea. And, now, will you let me ask you another question?"

"Yes, Neddie, as many as you please."

"It is a very simple one, and I think you will wonder I don't know how to answer it myself. But I don't, and so I'll ask you. I want you to tell me what is a *bomb shell*? I read the other day about a *bomb vessel* and *bomb shells*; and I thought I should like to know what a bomb shell is."

"I am glad you asked me, Neddie," replied uncle Oliver, with one of his blindest smiles. "That boy is on the highway of wisdom and learning, who is not too proud to confess his ignorance and to inquire after knowledge. As to the bomb shell, which so roused your curiosity, it is a round shell made of cast iron. A hole or vent is left in it, by which it is filled with gunpowder. A *fusee* made of wood and filled with combustible matter, is next fastened into the vent with cement. When the bomb is

fired, it is sprinkled with gunpowder and placed in a mortar, which is a short cannon made on purpose for bombs. When fired from the mortar, the powder, sprinkled on the shell, sets fire to the fusee, which, in turn, fires the gunpowder within. When this explodes, the shell is blown into fragments, which do terrible execution wherever they strike."

"Thank you, uncle," said Neddie, and then he added, "I suppose a bomb vessel must be intended to fire bombs from."

"Yes. A bomb vessel is a small ship very strongly built, for the purpose of firing bomb shells into fortresses which are accessible from the sea."

Neddie now arose, and bidding the boys good-by, went back with his uncle to the cottage. There uncle Oliver found some person who wished to see him on business. Neddie, wishing to spend an hour on the banks of a beautiful pond near by, took his fishing rod and went down to the pond to tempt some of its pickerel to bite at the worms which, with much skill, he placed on his hooks. And there, busy with his own thoughts, and with the foolish fish, I will leave him until another time.



THE FIG AND THE CENT.

I SHALL never forget my first lie, although it happened when I was a very little girl. My younger sister had a cent with which she wished to buy a fig; and, being too ill to go down to the shop herself, she engaged me to go. Accordingly I went. As I was returning, with the fig nicely done up in a small paper, suddenly the thought occurred to me, that I should like to look at the fig. So I very carefully opened the paper, when the fig looked so very tempting, I thought I could not help tasting it a little at one end. I had scarcely despatched that bit, before I wanted it all; and, without much more thought, I ate up the whole fig! Then, when the fig was all gone, and I had nothing to do but to think, I began to feel very uncomfortable: I stood disgraced before myself. I thought of running away, off somewhere, I did not exactly know where, but from whence I should never come back. It was long before I reached home; and I went as quickly as I could, and told my sister that I had lost the cent. I remember she cried sadly; but I went directly out into the garden, and tried to think of something else,—but in vain. My own guilt stared me steadily in the face, and I was wretched.

Although it wanted a few minutes to our dinner-hour, yet it seemed very long to me. I was anxious some event might intervene between me and the lie I had told. I wandered about the garden with a very heavy spirit. I thought I would give worlds if it had not happened. When the dinner-hour came, I was seated in my high chair, at my father's side, when my sister made her

appearance, crying, and looking very much grieved. My father immediately inquired what the matter was. Then my mother stated the story; the conclusion of which was, that I had "lost the cent." I can never forget the look of kind, perfectly unsuspecting confidence, with which my father turned to me, and, with his large blue eyes full in my face, said, "*Whereabouts* did you lose the cent? Perhaps we can find it again."

Not for a single instant could I brave that tone and that look; but, bursting into tears, I screamed out, "O! I did not lose the cent: I ate up the fig!"

A silence, as of the grave, ensued. No one spoke. In an instant I seemed to be separated at an immense distance from all the rest of the family. A great gulf yawned between us. A sense of loneliness and desolation came over me, the impression of which, I presume, will go with me forever. I left the table; and all that afternoon, the next day, and during the week, my feelings were melancholy in the extreme. But, as time wore away, and my father and mother, brother, and sisters, received me back to their love and favor, my spirits recovered their wonted tone. The whole event left an indelible impression on my mind and heart. It convinced me that "the way of transgressors is hard."

"WHEN a pond is full," said Mirabeau, alluding to a certain political event "a single mole, by piercing the bank, may cause an inundation."

ANNIE'S VISIT—A STORY FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

WHEN I was quite a little girl, only nine years old, my grandmother, with whom I had lived, sent me on an errand to one Mrs. Pratt, whose house was more than two miles from ours. Mrs. Pratt lived on a farm, had plenty of cows and sheep, chickens and geese; and I went there to ask her if she had some yarn, which she had promised to my grandmother, and which was to be woven into thick, warm cloth, for winter wear. As I had no little brother or sister to play with me, I was accustomed to amuse myself alone, and to take long walks, and spend whole days in the woods, taking with me a little basket of luncheon, and coming home when the black crows went cawing back to their trees at sunset.

The road to Mrs. Pratt's was very pleasant, running past green meadows, and hilly pastures covered with sheep, by the side of brooks, through shady groves and deep woods, and now and then by a comfortable farm-house. But it was now October, and the trees had put on their red, brown, and yellow trimmings; the grain fields had been reaped, the corn had been stacked, the bright yellow pumpkins were piled up in large heaps, the potatoes had been dug, and men and boys were busy with carts and oxen taking the produce home to the barns and granaries. I had never been this road before; but there was no danger of losing my way. My grandmother charged me to deliver her message to Mrs. Pratt, and then to stay and play with the children, and rest an hour; but to be sure and come away so as to be at home in good season, and before

dark. I kissed her, promised to be punctual, and walked cheerfully off on my errand.

I watched the pretty squirrels jumping over the fences and stone walls, or busily employed under the beech trees, picking up and nibbling at the little three-cornered nuts, or stowing them away for their winter food. The birds had almost all left, excepting here and there a solitary red-breast, or a partridge who went whizzing through the trees.

I reached Mrs. Pratt's, and found the good woman at home, and inquired immediately about the yarn for grandma. She said it was all ready, and she would send Jim over with it the next day. Mary Pratt, a little girl about my age, took me to see the hens and chickens, and then to the barn, which is generally the favorite resort of children in the country. There was a man threshing wheat in the barn, and singing to keep time with his flail. After we had been all over the barn, and jumped about on the hay, we went into the house, and saw Polly Pratt weaving, and Hannah spinning. Two little boys, Ira and Albert, were picking up chips, where Jim was chopping wood; every one was busy. I asked Mrs. Pratt if I had been there an hour. It seemed to me that it was growing dark, and that it was time to go home. She said it was not time yet, and I must stay and have some supper. I said no; grandma had told me not to. But still I waited a little longer. How bitterly I repented of it afterwards!

Mary Pratt said she would walk part

of the way home with me. I was glad of this, for I began to dread the long, lonely walk. It began to grow cloudy and dark, and then I said I must go, for I was afraid it would rain, and grandma would be very much troubled if I did not come home in season, as grandpa was away, and she had no one to send for me. But I did not put on my bonnet and shawl and bid them good-by, as I ought to have done; and Mrs. Pratt did wrong in urging me to remain, as little children always think older people know best about such things. Mrs. Pratt said she would send Jim home with me after supper, for she was afraid it would rain. Sure enough, in a few minutes it began to sprinkle, then to rain faster and faster. I began to cry. I was very sad indeed. I thought how anxious grandma would be; how she would look out of the window, to watch me coming up the road, and how grieved she would be to think I was out in the rain, when I, naughty child, had not even left Mrs. Pratt's. By-and-by we had supper. Polly made some nice slap-jacks, as she called them, but I could not eat any. Mrs. Pratt said it rained so, she should be afraid to let me go home, and I must stay all night. I was now more wretched than ever; I stood at the window and watched the clouds. Though it was about the time of sunset, there were no bright streaks in the west, and I was in despair.

It grew dark, and lamps were lighted. I still stood at the window. After a long, long time, some one knocked at the door. Who could it be? They had no neighbor near, and what could bring any one out in such a rain? Mrs. Pratt, taking a candle, and shading it with her hand, went to open the door.

O, how rejoiced I was when I heard my grandfather's voice, inquiring if their little Annie was there! Yes, Mrs. Pratt told him; and in came poor grandfather, with a lantern in his hand, and his coat and umbrella dripping with water. He looked cold and tired. He said he did not get home till nearly dark, and then he found grandma very much distressed because I had not returned. As I was always at home in season, she feared something had happened to me on the way, and he immediately started to meet me, and had inquired at all the houses on the road if any one had seen me pass. How sorry I was that poor grandfather had to come all this way in the storm after me!

Mrs. Pratt asked him to let me stay all night; but he said I had better go with him. He did not like it because Mrs. Pratt did not send me home in season; this, however, I found out afterwards. I don't know what would have kept me there any longer; so Mrs. Pratt wrapped me up in a large shawl, and I trudged along by the side of grandpa, holding on to his coat, for I could not take his hand, as he held the umbrella in one, and the lantern in the other. The road was full of puddles of water; the wind blew with a dismal sound through the tall trees; the leaves strewed the ground; and the brooks, swollen with the rain, were rushing along helter-skelter, and the scene was as much changed, since noon, as was the cold, wet, repenting child, from the gay and happy one, who went along a few hours before as cheerful and contented as the birds and squirrels. Grandmother had a nice, bright fire and a comfortable supper all ready for us, and warm, dry clothes to put on. We both needed them, for we

were drenched with the rain. Grandmother said nothing about my disobedience in staying so long; she saw I was miserable enough without any other punishment; but I was more wretched for the trouble I had caused her and my good grandfather, than from pain, or cold, or hunger. But the consequences of my misconduct did not end here. The next day I was suffering with a terrible sore throat, and it was two weeks before I was able to be out with the birds again. But I never forgot this sad lesson, and the memory of the dismal afternoon at Mrs. Pratt's haunts me to this day.—
Holidays at Chestnut Hill.

THE JUDGE'S WIG.

WHILE Lord Coulstone lived in a house in the Advocate's Close, Edinburgh, a singular accident one morning befel him. It was at that time the custom for the Advocates and Judges to dress themselves in gowns and wigs, and cravats, at their own houses, and walk to the Parliament House. They usually breakfasted early, and when dressed were in the habit of leaning over their parlor windows for a few minutes before St. Giles's bell started the sounding peal of a quarter to nine, enjoying the agreeable morning air, and perhaps discussing the news of the day. It so happened that one morning, while Lord Coulstone was preparing to enjoy his matutinal treat, two girls, who lived in the second flat above, were amusing themselves with a kitten, which, in thoughtless sport, they had swung over the window, by a cord tied round its middle, and hoisted it for some time up and down, till the poor creature was get-

ting rather desperate with its exertions. In this crisis, his Lordship had just popped his head out of the window, directly below that from which the kitten swung, little suspecting—good easy man—what a danger impended over his head, when down came the exasperated animal at full career, directly upon his senatorial wig! No sooner did the girls perceive what sort of landing-place their kitten had found, than in terror or surprise they began to draw it up; but this measure was now too late, for along with the animal up, also, came the judge's wig, fixed firm in its talons. His Lordship's surprise, on finding his wig lifted off his head, was immeasurably increased, when, on looking up, he perceived it dangling in mid-air, without any means visible to him by which its motion might be accounted for. The astonishment, the dread, the almost awe of the senator below—the half-mirth, half terror of the girls above—together with the fierce and retentive energy of puss between—altogether formed a scene to which language can scarcely do justice. It was a joke soon explained and pardoned; but the perpetrators of it afterwards got many a lengthened injunction from their parents, never again to fish over the window with such a bait for honest men's wigs.

MEXICAN SPIDER.—The insect most dreaded in Mexico is a huge sort of spider, the body the size of a walnut, and the legs eight or nine inches in length. This animal is called *Vinagrillo*, from the peculiar vinegar smell attached to it, and which luckily points out its whereabouts. A bite from this insect is said to be certain death.

WHO PLAYED THE ORGAN ?

MR. I. BLEWITT, who has been celebrated, from the early age of eleven, for his extemporaneous performance on the organ, on one particular occasion attracted the notice of the celebrated Sam. Wesley, who after expressing his admiration of the superior style of his performance, to some of his friends near him, and not being able to satisfy himself who the performer was, considered it best to apply to the man who blew the organ. He appealed to the great functionary, and putting the simple question to him of "Who played the organ?" received the laconic answer, "*I blew it!*"

Wesley, considering this a great liberty of this mighty puffer, repeated the question of "who played the organ?" when he received the same answer, given with greater pertness.

Wesley, indignant at the fellow's seeming rudeness, said: "I do not, sir, doubt your ability as a blow-bellows, but I wish to know (giving an imitation with his fingers, being himself the greatest organist of the day) who played the organ?"

The wag still persisted, saying—"This is the third time, sir, I have told you, I blew it; and I will tell you no further."

Then putting on his great coat, he left the gallery.

Wesley when he got to the door, inquired of some of his friends—"Who played the organ?" when he has told, I. Blewitt! and seeing the wit of this facetious fellow, turned round and gave him a shilling, saying, "You are the best puffer I ever met with; and I know no man better qualified to handle such a subject."

ANECDOTE OF A PUG DOG.

THE following anecdote is related in a scarce old book called "Sir Roger Williams' Actions in the Low Countries." "The Prince of Orange, (father of William III.,) being retired into the camp, Julian Romero, with earnest persuasions procured license of the Duke d'Alva to hazard a *camisado*, or night attack upon the prince. At midnight, Julian sallied out of the trenches with a thousand armed men, mostly pikes, who forced all the guards that they found in their way in the place of arms before the prince's tent, and killed two of his secretaries. The prince himself escaped very narrowly, for I have often heard him say, that he thought, but for a dog, he had been taken or slain. The attack was made with such resolution, that the guards took no alarm until the fellows were running to the place of arms, with their enemies at their heels, when this dog, hearing a great noise, fell to scratching and crying, and awakened him before any of his men, and as the prince laid in his arms, with a lacquey always holding one of his horses, ready bridled and saddled, yet, at the going out of his tent, with much ado, he recovered his horse before the enemy arrived; nevertheless, one of his equerries was slain taking horse presently after him, as were divers of his servants. The prince, to show his gratitude, until his dying day kept one of that dog's race, and so did many of his friends and followers."

These animals were not remarkable for their beauty, being little white dogs, with crooked noses, called *camuses* (flat-nosed.)

A BIRD CONVENTION.

WE witnessed a few years since, a congress or convention of birds, the character of which was inexplicable, and is unexplained in all ornithological works. We question whether Messrs. Audubon or Wilson ever saw the like, for if they had they would have been quite likely to have made a note of it. Spending some days at a friend's house, in Wyoming, C., during haying time, we were among the mowers, one of whom, with his scythe, cut in twain a large spotted adder, or milk snake, the parts of which he tossed over the fence into the public highway. In a few minutes birds began to collect upon the fences on either side of the dead snake, and within one hour there was a large flock, composed of almost every variety of birds in our forest. It was truly a mixed assemblage; sitting upon the same rail were birds that we seldom, if ever, see in so close proximity, twittering, fluttering, and singing; as if they were having a jubilee.

Occasionally they would leave the fences, light in the road, and form a hollow square, in the centre of which would be the body of the dead snake. The scene continued about two hours, when the birds mostly returned to their haunts in field and forest.

It was as if a common enemy had been slain, and they were celebrating the event—for their demonstrations were joyous ones—had none the appearance of funeral obsequies. The species of snake to which the dead one belonged fascinate birds, and thus make prey of them—they break up their nests, devour the eggs and unfledged young ones. Do not these facts furnish a solution of the mysterious and singular gathering?

But by what silent and unseen agency did the news go out to all the haunts of these birds in woods and meadows, bush, briar, orchards and gardens, and so numerous and incongruous?

SOLVING A DIFFICULTY.—A grandson of the Governor of Virginia, a child of some four or five summers, was on a visit to his maternal grandfather, who is a wealthy land-holder in Ohio. One day, after making his first visit to a Sabbath School, and being duly impressed with the religious lessons taught there, he took his grandfather down on the farm to show and gather the fruit of a large walnut tree, which was ripe and ready for the harvest. On the way, the little fellow, with the philosophy which "reads sermons in stones," said,

"Grandpa, who do all these woods and fields belong to?"

"Why," said the matter-of-fact gentleman, "to me."

"No, sir," emphatically responded the child, "they belong to God."

The grandfather said nothing till they reached the richly-laden tree, when he said:

"Well, my boy, whom does this tree belong to?"

This was a poser, and for a moment the boy hesitated; but, casting a longing look upon the nuts, he replied;

"Well, grandfather, the *tree* belongs to God, but the *walnuts* are *ours*."

BASHFULNESS is more frequently connected with good sense, than we find assurance; and impudence, on the other hand, is often the mere effect of downright stupidity. — *Shenstone*.

A MAY-DAY STORY.

BY AUNT MARY.

It was a bright morning, the first in the "merry month of May," when might have been seen, a group of boys and girls, engaged in conversation on the play-ground of Mr. L.'s school-house. From their animated looks and gestures, it was plain that something important was being discussed by them. And so there was. They had obtained permission of their teacher to spend the whole day in their own way, and were now forming their plans.

It was finally arranged that they should provide themselves with something eatable, and proceed in the first place, to the woods in quest of flowers. When they had gathered as many as they wished, and were tired, they were to partake of what had been prepared, and spend the remainder of the day in any amusement they pleased.

As early, therefore, as all could get in readiness, they set out—a merry troupe. Through the fields they wended their way, chatting, and laughing, and skipping about, in all the freedom of happy childhood, till at length they arrived at the destined spot, the woods. And now their first care was to select a place for their table, where to rest and refresh themselves. The spot chosen was a most beautiful one. Above their heads towered the stately trees of the forest; seeming almost to touch with their branching tops, the clear blue sky of heaven. Around, as far as the eye could reach, was the beautiful shrubbery always to be seen in the woods in summer, while under their feet was Nature's carpet of bright, green grass. Having

here found a large smooth rock, they laid down their refreshments and started onward.

"Do you not think," said Harry Blake to George Elbridge, "that we had best divide into two parties, and go in different directions?"

"Yes," said George, "perhaps we had; and when we have gathered what we want, we will all return to this spot; and, mind you, the party that first arrives, must not touch the refreshments till the other comes up."

Having arranged themselves to their liking, off they started again full of glee, and prepared for a fine time.

"Over beyond that hill," said Frank Ellis, the leader of one company, "we shall find plenty of flowers. I was there a few days since, on a reconnoitring tour, and marked that spot as a good one for us to-day. Come, let's go."

All agreed, and on they went, now and then stopping to gather something by the way, till they came to the place Frank had selected. And true enough there was an abundance of flowers.

And now it began to be whispered round among the girls, who should be their Queen of May? All declared that Ellen Smith should be the honored one.

Ellen was a beautiful girl, and what heightened her loveliness, was her goodness of heart. She had neither sister nor brother to share her sports and her love, and at times, felt lonely; but she was never without friends, for she loved everybody, and everybody loved her.

She modestly declined the offered

crown, but it was of no avail; crown her they would, in spite of all she could say of the superior claims of others. After her coronation, all immediately placed themselves under her direction, and she proceeded to guide them back to the spot from which they set out.

As they drew near, the other party, which had arrived before them, came forward, preceded by their queen, to meet them, singing most gaily.

The girls now set about spreading the table and decorating it, while the boys amused themselves at play. Evergreens were twined around the dishes and the rock which served for their table, while flowers were placed in the centre and on the different sides.

After they had partaken of their simple repast, and just as they were about commencing some game, — Ellen Smith suddenly cried out, “where is Clara Bruce? I have not seen her since we came back.”

“Nor I,” “nor I either,” was responded by half the boys and girls there.

“Is it possible that we could have left her behind, and alone,” said Frank Ellis. “Just as we were about starting, I saw her with us, busily engaged picking flowers.”

All was now confusion. “Clara,” “Clara,” “Clara,” resounded from every lip, and “Clara,” “Clara,” “Clara,” was repeated by the distant echo. She was nowhere to be found. They searched every nook, and in every place where it was thought she could have hidden from them in sport, but in vain.

A company of the boys now set out in the direction taken by the party with which she went, thinking it probable

that she had lingered by the way, and thus been left.

O, how sad and sorrowful were their feelings! Clara was a favorite with them, — no one knew her but to love, — and how could they bear the thought of her being lost in this, now to them gloomy place. Many tears were shed, and many hopes expressed that she might soon be found, while all regretted their having come into the woods.

An hour passed on, to them almost an age, but no tidings had they heard of her, and it was now almost time for them to start for home, or *they* would be late. In anxious suspense they sat down upon the green grass, hardly daring to breathe, lest Clara might call and they not hear.

“Hark!” said one of the girls, “did you not hear something?” “There it is again.”

“Yes, yes!” was responded by all, “and they must have found her.”

The boys now came in sight, and first of all was Frank Ellis, leading Clara. One long loud shout proclaimed their gratitude at her recovery, and all sprang forward to meet her.

Clara could hardly tell how she came to be left behind, so full was her heart. It seemed that, just as they were about to start, she had seen some beautiful evergreens at a little distance from the rest of the party, and going to gather them, she was so busily engaged that she did not observe that the voices of her companions grew less and less near, as they receded from her. After she had gathered as many as she could carry, she rose to join the others, when on looking around, she found that they were nowhere to be seen. What were her feelings there alone! She walked

round and round, hoping to discover what direction they had taken, but in vain. She knew not which way she had come to the place, for she was smaller than most of the others, and had not noticed. Thus she wandered round, vainly calling her companions, till, quite exhausted, she sat down upon the ground, and there she sat weeping bitterly, when she heard the voices of those who had come in search of her, calling her name. She replied as loudly as possible, and at length drew them to the place where she was.

Fatigued and weary, they now set out on their return home, filled with gratitude for the recovery of their young playmate, and happy in having been kind and pleasant to each other through the whole day. There they soon arrived, to relate the story of their adventures to their parents. Thus ended their May-day excursion in the woods.

STEALING A KING'S TREASURY.—

In the early period of English history, it was customary for the kings of England to keep the treasury within the precincts of the Abbey of Westminster. In 1303, during the absence of Edward the First in Scotland, the door of the apartment in which the treasure was kept was found to have been forcibly entered, the chests and coffers broken open, and treasure to the amount, it was computed, of a hundred thousand pounds, was found to have been abstracted. Suspicion at first fell on the ecclesiastic establishment, and the abbot, forty-eight monks, and thirty-two other persons, connected with the abbey, were arrested by order of the king,

and sent to the Tower. They were subsequently tried by the king's justices and acquitted; nor does it appear that the real perpetrators of the daring robbery were ever discovered.

POLITENESS.—There is something higher in politeness than Christian moralists have recognised. In its best form, as a simple, out-going, all-pervading spirit, none but the truly religious man can show it. For it is the sacrifice of self in the little habitual matters of life — always the best test of our principles — together with a respect, unaffected, for man as our brother under the same grand destiny.

MR. DISRAELI.—When Mr. Disraeli was a boy at school, he was asked by a companion, who is now a respectable tradesman at High Wycombe, what course of action he meant to adopt in order to make his way in society. The young aspirant promptly replied: "I mean to write a book which shall make me famous; when I have purchased fame, I mean to get a seat in Parliament; and when once in Parliament, I shall be determined to become a right honorable." All this has been fulfilled, and we believe the anecdote we have recorded solves any mystery which may cling to Mr. Disraeli's public career.

SCANDAL.

THERE is a lust in man no charm can tame,
Of loudly publishing his neighbor's shame:
On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die.

A NOBLE WOMAN.

MANY, many years ago, a company of daring soldiers, I think in Italy, marched off to give battle to their enemies. Before them walked the standard-bearer, and beside him stood his bold and daring wife, holding by the hand their little boy. The battle was very hot; but that noble woman never stirred a step, but cheered her husband on by kind and gladdening words. At last, a shot from the enemy struck the poor standard-bearer, and he fell; and, as he fell, the standard dropped from his hands, and was stained with the blood flowing from his wounds. The moment his companions saw it, they became disheartened, and began to give way. The woman saw them giving way, and all her spirit rose at once. For the moment she forgot she was a widow, and her child an orphan, and, lifting the banner from the ground, she placed it, all stained with her husband's life-blood, in the hand of her child, saying, as she did so, "There, my boy, take the banner. Your father died bearing it aloft. Rear you it aloft, like him, and never let it go till, like your father, you fall upon the battle-field." The boy took the banner, and though he knew but little of the danger to which the act exposed him, lifted it high above his head and stepping on the centre of the bridge the soldiers were trying to take, was seen alone by all. A joyful shout rose as the men saw the boy bearing the blood-stained banner; they rallied each other's hearts, returned to the attack, and soon won the day.

THE Atlantic is nearly four miles deep off Cape Hatteras; so say the U. S. Coast Surveyors.

HANGMEN.—The earliest hangman whose name is known was called Derrick. He lived in the reign of James the First. He was succeeded by Gregory Brandon, who, it is said, had arms confirmed to him by the College of Heralds, and became an esquire by virtue of his office. Brandon was succeeded by Dun, "Esquire Dun," as he is called, and Dun, in 1684, by John Ketch, commemorated by Dryden in an epilogue, and whose name is now synonymous with hangman.

A CROW-BAR.—In "Johnson's Dictionary" the explanation given of this word is "piece of iron used as a lever to force open doors, as the Latins call a hook *corvus*." In Walter's "English and Welsh Dictionary," the first part of which was published about the year 1770, this word is printed "*Croe-bar*." Is it probable that the word *crow* has been derived from the Camb.-Brit. word *cro*, a curve? and that the name has been given from the circumstance of one end of a crow-bar being curved for the purpose of making it more efficient as a lever? — N. W. S. — *Notes and Queries*.

EXCESSIVE SLEEP.—The habit of excessive sleep, beyond the actual wants of the system, is often formed by sheer sloth, or by the wish to prolong unconsciousness of the sorrows and cares of life. This sort of sleep enervates the bodily functions and unstrings the spirits; and the last effect is due quite as much to the physical torpor and relaxation induced, as to the sense of dissatisfaction with one's self which the indulgence entails.

FRIENDLY CHIT-CHAT WITH MY READERS.



A PLEASANT *Maying* to you, my readers. I hope your conduct will always be as beautiful as May flowers, and your hearts as cheerful and merry as the gay birds, which hop about on the leafless trees and sing sweet songs to lure the tardy summer to their bowers. I am of the opinion, however, that you won't get many May flowers this year, unless coquetish Miss April grows less fond of the cold east wind and the pale-faced snow-flakes than she has been thus far. But never mind: you yourselves can grow better and more beautiful things than flowers; though they are lovely objects, and I love them so much that if any of my young readers should send me a *bouquet* now and then, I should place them in one of Mrs. Forrester's vases, and keep them until all their beauty faded away. Still, I love some other things better than flowers. I love the happy looking smiles which adorn the lips of good children; and the gentle words which drop, like precious pearls, from their tongues. These are more charming than all the beauties of Flora; and they cost nothing but good will and true love to produce

them, in any quantities. Only let children keep wrong tempers and evil passions out of their hearts; only let them seek to love everybody, and smiles will grow upon their lips as naturally as the white foam upon the rippled wave; and pleasant words will come tripping from their tongues as readily as dew-drops from a shaken rose bush.

I am sure you will be pleased to learn that *My Uncle Toby's Library*, of which I have told you before, is in great demand. Before some of you get this number of my Magazine, Mr. Rand will have printed about FORTY-TWO THOUSAND VOLUMES of those beautiful books. Only think of that! *Forty-two thousand volumes* in less than a year! If my "Uncle Toby" was alive, and knew how the children are reading his stories, I do think the old gentleman would dig his walking stick into the ground, throw up his ancient three cornered cocked hat, and give a genuine huzza for the boys and girls of the nineteenth century. I advise all of you who can, to buy this library; or else ask your teachers to get it for the Sunday School library. It contains *twelve* volumes, and

over *sixty* engravings. Their titles are, 1, Arthur Ellerslie; 2, Redbrook; 3, Minnie Brown; 4, Ralph Rattler; 5, Arthur's Temptation; 6, Aunt Amy; 7, The Runaway; 8, Fretful Lilia; 9, Minnie's Pic-nic; 10, Cousin Nelly; 11, Minnie's Playroom; 12, Arthur's Triumph. They cost 25 cents each; or 3 dollars the set.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c. IN APRIL NUMBER.

PORTFOLIO PUZZLES.

ENIGMAS.—1. Clock. 2. The letter R. 3. Yardstick.

RIDDLES.—1. A daughter. 2. A glove. 3. No one has been able to solve the third yet.

ENIGMA 1. Charles A Munson. 2. Hannah G. Winchell. 3. Mr. Francis Forrester.

I shall now give you many enigmas in one. It contains a list of articles fit for a Mayor's dinner, or a Fourth of July feast. Who will find it out? I will call it

AN ENIGMATICAL BILL OF FARE.

FIRST COURSE.

1. The preterite of a verb, and where criminals appear.
2. The Grand Signior's dominions.
3. A lean wife, roasted.
4. An unruly member.
5. A descendant of Noah.
6. A wound, and to hinder.
7. A kitchen utensil, the foundation of learning, and part of the foot.
8. A woman's employment, and what many years make.
9. A vehicle, and a disease common to sheep.
10. The ocean, and Scotch cabbage.
11. The sixteenth letter, and what everybody likes.
12. Running postmen.

SECOND COURSE.

1. An article of fuel, and a domestic bird.
2. A sign of the Zodiac, buttered.
3. A thing of no consequence.
4. Something delicious added to the staff of life.
5. The first temptation, and a gust of wind.
6. A medicine, with a term for sour.

7. A portion of what potatoes are sown in.
8. The ornamental part of the head.
9. A reptile, what on beggars we find, and you and me.
10. Upstarts stewed.

DESSERT.

1. To fret, and the first temptation.
2. The sixteenth letter, and the organs of hearing.
3. Many hundred pounds.
4. A term of contempt.
5. A chronological table.
6. The fourth of a month, and a rural habitation.
7. The sixteenth letter, and everybody.
8. The stalk of wheat, and food for birds.
9. Running streams.
10. A scraper, and birds' food.

Now for my correspondence :

Here is a letter from a down east boy. I am glad he likes my Magazine. He is not far out in his guess about the riddle, only it was a thorn instead of a splinter.

Lubec, Me., March 18, 1854.

DEAR MR. FORRESTER:—I have taken your Magazine since January last, and feel much pleased with it, and think I shall have it continued another year. I like Neddie Naylor's inquiries very much, and think that Neddie was a very good boy. I have a great desire to see you. That enigma which you thought would puzzle your new subscribers, I think is a man with a splinter in his foot.

Yours truly,

THOMAS MYERS.

Hah! hah! Here is a letter from Fred Frolic. It seems that he had a fine time at the launch of the "Beau." I dare say my young readers will be very much pleased with his letter.

DEAR MR. FORRESTER:—I promised to tell you something about the launch of our craft, the "Beau." The Saturday afternoon upon which it was to be, came in the course of time, though it did seem long in coming. How slow time seems to go, when we boys anticipate some longed for and interesting event. We were promptly on hand at Mr.

Anger's shop at the appointed time, I assure you; and, as Jerry had borrowed his father's oxen and cart wheels, we immediately commenced loading the "Bean," in order to carry her to the place from which she was to go off. Perhaps you are curious to know how we contrived to load so large an object: but country boys understand such matters. It amused me very much to see them do a thing so easily, which I thought impossible to accomplish at all.

First Jerry backed his team in such a way that one wheel passed on one side, and the other one the opposite side of the boat, the wheels being just far enough apart to compass its width. Then, with levers, we raised it up, passing one chain under it and over the axle, and another under it and over the cart "tongue," to which the oxen were attached, and it was loaded as nicely as you please, nothing more being necessary to be done but to drive to the launching ground.

The launching ground was a regular and even space, having an easy descent to the water. Jerry backed his load down to within about ten yards of the pond, the oxen facing in an opposite direction from it, so as to have her go *off stern on*. We then put some wooden rollers under her, and placed others also at regular intervals between her and the water. Next we carefully lowered her down on to the rollers, and held her in her position by cords attached to her, and to stakes driven into the ground.

Jerry drove his oxen off out of the way, and then we were ready for the *great event*. Quite a number of girls showed their interest in the occasion by their attendance. I tell you, boys, we don't always know the love our sisters have for us. I think they take almost if not quite as much interest and pleasure in our plans and pleasures, as they do in their own. But I almost forgot what I was writing about. We officers clambered into the boat, Capt. Jerry ordered the lines cast off, and down we rattled into the water with a great splash. After three cheers for the "Bean," such as boys only can give, the wind being fair we resolved to give her a *trial*. So, under my directions, we set the sail, and went off to a short distance and back, without the least accident.

Mr. Forrester, you needn't laugh about my getting ducked, for she sailed as steady as—as—as a hay-cart! We moored her in great glee, resolving to try her again on the next Saturday, and thus ended the "*lunch*."

FRED FROLIC.

Here is a very neatly written letter from a young miss who lives where they *don't* make wooden nutmegs nor poor clocks! Who will find out her name?

Camprille, Ct., March 24, 1854.

MR. FORRESTER. DEAR SIR:—I am a new subscriber for your Magazine, and am much pleased with the three numbers that I have received. I have solved most of the enigmas, and thought that I would try and see what I could do. Now if your little boys and girls wish to know my name, they will have to find the answer to the following enigma.

Yours truly.

I am composed of 17 letters. My 5, 15, 4, is worn by gentlemen. My 14, 6, 11, is worn by ladies. My 15, 16, 13, 3, 11, 14, 15, is an island in Polynesia. My 7, 8, 13, 10, 9, 11, 8, 13, is a town in Australasia. My 17, 5, 11, 10, 2, 8, 13, 10, 17, 5, 11, 9, is a city in America. My 13, 10, 10, 13, 12, is a girl's name. My 5, 6, 16, 1, 13, 3, is a useful tool. My whole is the name of the composer.

Here is a letter from an *Ohio* boy. I hope he will keep trying to persuade the buck-eye boys to take my Magazine. I have not room for more than one of his pieces. I am sorry I can't print his drawing of the bridge unless he could send it to me engraved on wood.

Bedford, Ohio, March 16th, 1854.

DEAR SIR:—I take the opportunity of writing to you, for the purpose of informing you that I have been trying to get subscribers for the Boys' and Girls' Magazine, but have not succeeded yet. *But I don't give it up for nothing, I assure you.* I think I shall try still longer. I am very much pleased with your Magazine, and hope it will get a wide circulation. I think it a very useful work. I thought of sending some composi

tions, and if worthy of having a resting-place in your Magazine, you would oblige me very much by inserting them.

THE PITTSBURGH RAILWAY BRIDGE.

This beautiful work is constructed in Bedford. It is a nice wooden bridge, stretched across a small but pleasant creek. This bridge is built below a chair factory and a grist mill. It measures about one hundred and twenty feet from the bed of the creek, and about two hundred and thirty feet span. If you ever come this way, you must visit our house and view the bridge. I have it drawn here, and if you please you may print it.

Yours truly,

W. H. MORSE.

Here is a letter from a real smart Indiana girl. I know she has a pair of bright eyes, and a big heart, for a little girl. I hope she will soon get up a club, so as to get some more books.

MR. FORRESTER. DEAR SIR:—I am a little girl only eight years old, and this is the first letter I have tried to write, and you must not expect a very long one. I think the Magazine is very good, and I enjoy myself very much in reading it. My father gave me the dollar to subscribe for it, for a Christmas present; so now I have a Christmas present whenever a new number comes. I have Arthur's Temptation, and Cousin Nelly, too. I saw them advertised in the Magazine, and so I saved all my pennies till I had enough to send for them. I have not found out the riddles and enigmas, but I hope I shall bye and bye. I have a sister older than myself, and she finds out some of them. I have been trying to get up a club, but I have not been able to. I wanted to get some of the books you offer for getting up clubs.

I hope you will excuse all the mistakes in my letter. You must remember I am a little girl. But I wanted to tell you how much I like the Magazine. I think it is time for me to get the March number. I feel in a great hurry to have it come.

With my best respects,

Your little friend,

MARY C. MAYER.

A Dresden boy writes me as follows
I am obliged to leave out his enigma, because my Magazine is full.

Dresden, March 15, 1854.

DEAR MR. FORRESTER:—I like your Magazine very much indeed; have been to the post office every day since the month came in, to get the March number; and I am trying to get some subscribers too; think I shall. Hope you have got safely through this cold winter; have felt afraid you were sick, because my Magazine did not come. If I had been up to Boston this winter, I would have helped you through the snow; hope it is all gone now.

Yours truly,

JOSEPH HENRY BEALE.

I have a heap of letters, containing solutions to puzzles, and most of them new enigmas and conundrums. I am sorry I can't print them. If I should, they would fill up a whole number of my magazine, which would hardly be profitable. So my young correspondents must not be grieved. I will print all I can, and keep the rest in my famous green bag until there is a famine in the land of puzzles. Then, as Joseph opened his granaries when corn grew scarce in Egypt, I will open my bag and print up these famous enigmas in a big book.

AUNT MARY may write me a short story occasionally, and I will do as she desires concerning my Magazine.

And now, boys and girls, once more, good-by. I hope you will have a right pleasant time in reading my pages, and that you may get lots of May flowers when you go a Maying.

As ever, Yours,

F. F. Esq.

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE



WHERE is the child who does not love and respect the name of GEORGE WASHINGTON? I very much doubt the soundness of the head and the goodness of the heart of any one—boy, girl, man, or woman—who does not honor the memory of the man who has been truly and justly called the Father of his Country. For he was a good, brave, and true man. His prudence,

his perseverance, and his sharp sword won those victories for his country which gave it freedom. And the child who has no eye to discover his excellence, and no heart to admire his character, must be very much wanting in knowledge or in noble qualities.

But all my readers do love Washington; and they will therefore be pleased with the incident in his military life which is illustrated in the picture. You see him there mounted upon his charger, on the banks of the Delaware river. He is there to attempt a bold act—to strike a blow for the liberties of his country.

The first months of the revolutionary war were very full of disasters to the American armies. They were beaten by their enemies in battle, and reduced to a very low and distressed condition. This made the nation sad. It caused the world to doubt whether the Americans could maintain their cause against their powerful foes. To prove that there was hope, George Washington determined to surprise the enemy by giving him an unexpected blow.

Hence, on Christmas night, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-six, he collected his half-clad but brave soldiers, in three bodies, on the banks of the Delaware. It was a cold night, and large masses of ice floating down the stream made it difficult, if not dangerous, to cross it. But fearless of the danger, and resolute to endure the freezing wind, the brave little army toiled all night, and by four o'clock the next morning it found itself on the opposite bank. Sending two corps in different directions, Washington led a third corps in person to attack a body of German troops stationed at TRENTON, in New Jersey.

Not expecting to be attacked by an enemy whom they considered almost conquered, the Germans were not keeping a very sharp look-out. Hence when Washington arrived, at eight o'clock, he caught them unprepared to fight. They rallied, however, and tried to defend themselves like brave men. But it was too late. Washington's men attacked them with so much vigor on every side, that after a short conflict, they threw down their arms and gave themselves up as prisoners of war. Washington marched them off, a thousand in number, in triumph, and shortly afterwards led them through the city of Philadelphia, to the great joy of the people who before that time had thought it impossible for the Americans to conquer German soldiers.

It is thought that if Washington had not executed this brilliant attack, the revolutionary war would have ended very differently from what it did. But by this victory he raised the courage of his troops and the hopes of the people. He also alarmed his enemies, and induced the friends of America, especially the French, to believe that their independence was possible. All honor then to the memory of Washington, not merely because he was a brave soldier, but because he was a true patriot and a good man.

AN Irish peasant seeing a partridge that was shot fall from a considerable height, picked it up, and running with it to the sportsman who had killed it, cried out, "Arrah, your honor, you need not have shot—the *fall* would have *killed* him."

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE; A FABLE FOR LITTLE FOLKS.



NOW MR. ROBIN CLODPOLE, the farmer, was as fond of himself as was Madame Brindle the cow. When he heard Mr. Mouse tell of Madame Brindle's offer, he thought he might as well

get something for his hay if he gave it to the mouse. And since he had not eaten any dinner that day, and felt quite hungry, he said,

"I am willing to help you, Mr. Mouse,

by giving you some of my hay, if you will also help me. I am hungry, and if you will get me some bread, I will give you some of my nice new hay."

Poor little mouse! How his heart did knock against his ribs when he heard this speech! "Ah me!" he thought, "I never shall get my tail again." But then he thought again that it was better to keep trying than to fail. So he shook the tears from his eyes, which had begun to gather there, and replied,

"Thank you, Mr. Clodpole; I know Mr. DOUGH, the baker. I think he will give me some bread."

Away then the mouse ran across the fields and into the village. He had to be very careful, however, to avoid the cats and dogs, lest in seeking the means to get back his tail, he should lose his life. When he reached the bake house, he found Mr. Dough with a cap stuck on the top of his head, his sleeves rolled up, and a fine loaf of bread in his hand. Standing in the middle of the floor, he said, "Squeak! squeak! squeak!" and looked up at the baker with so pitiful a look that his heart was touched, and he said,

"Ah, pretty Mr. Mouse! is that you? What do you want?"

The mouse told his story to the baker, and closed by saying,

"Now do, dear Mr. Dough, give me some bread, that I may get the hay from Mr. Clodpole, the milk from Mrs. Brindle, and my tail from my friend the cat!"

What Mr. Dough replied shall be told you next month.

Self love is the greatest of all flatterers.

GLASS—HOW IT WAS FIRST MADE.

Pliny gives the following account of the discovery of the art of making glass:—"Some merchants conveying nitre, stopped to refresh themselves near a river which issues from Mount Carmel. Being unable to find stones upon which to rest their kettles, they made use of some pieces of nitre for that purpose; the fire gradually melted the nitre, which mingled with the sand; this mixture produced a transparent matter, which was no other than glass." By some it is said that glass was invented in England by a monk, named Benalt, in the year 894; and that it was used in private houses in 1180. Lord Kames is of opinion that the art of making glass was imported from France into England in the year 674, for the use of monasteries: and that glass windows in private houses were very uncommon even in the twelfth century.

KING EDWARD VI.

EDWARD the Sixth, king of England, was a youth of great abilities, amiable disposition, and eminent piety. He was the joy of England, and the wonder of foreigners.

When at the age of nine years, he was crowned in Westminster, three swords were brought to him, signifying his dominion over the three kingdoms, England, Scotland, and Ireland; when he said, "There is yet one thing wanting."

"What is that?" said one of his attendants.

The youthful monarch replied, "*The Bible, the sword of the Spirit; without that we are nothing, we can do nothing.*"

MYLIO AND TONYK ; OR, THE THREE ALMS.—A LEGEND.

A LONG time ago there lived two young lords, who were as rich as they could ask to be, and as handsome as their mother could desire to have them. Mylio, the oldest brother, was nearly seventeen years old, and Tonyk was fourteen. Both had received an excellent education, so that either might have been priest or magistrate, had he been old enough, and desired to become so.

Tonyk was kind-hearted, and always ready to help the poor, and to pardon offences; his heart was ever disposed to love, and his hand to give. Mylio, on the contrary, gave to no one, not even what he owed them; he was always trying to cheapen what he bought; and if any one injured him, he revenged himself upon them with all the severity in his power.

Their father died when they were little children, and their mother, an excellent lady, had educated them herself. As the boys grew older, she thought of sending them to a distant uncle, that they might profit by his good counsel, and sometime or other succeed to his great possessions. So one day she gave them each a new hat, shoes with silver buckles, a sky-blue cloak, a purse full of gold, and a good horse; and thus equipped, she sent them to live with her father's brother. The two youths set off highly delighted to visit a land that was wholly new to them. They suffered their horses to go so fast, that on the third day even they reached a foreign kingdom, where other trees grew than those they were accustomed to at home, and other fruits were ripening in the fields.

One morning, as they were riding over a cross-way, they saw a poor woman sitting beside the stone cross, by the wayside, who kept her face covered with her apron. Tonyk drew up his horse, and asked what was the matter. The beggar-woman answered, sobbing, that her son, her only support, had died the day before, and that she was now left to the mercy of strangers.

Tonyk was touched with compassion; but Mylio, who had ridden on, and stopped some way off, cried out to him, mockingly, "You surely are not going to believe every beggar you meet with on the way! This woman is only looking out for the purses of the passers-by."

Tonyk answered, "Speak not so harshly, my dear brother; see how your hard words make her weep. Only see, now, how much in figure and age she resembles our mother."

Then, turning to the beggar, he said, as he reached her his purse, "Take it, my poor woman. I cannot, indeed, do much, but Heaven will further help you."

The beggar-woman took the purse, kissed it, and said to Tonyk, "Noble lord, you have made a poor woman rich: refuse not this nut from my hand; there is a wasp in it, with a diamond sting."

Tonyk took the nut, thanked the poor woman, and continued his way with Mylio. It was not long before they reached the edge of a wood, and there they saw a half-naked boy, who was looking about in the holes of the trees, and singing in a most doleful manner. From time to time he would beat his frozen hands together to warm

them, and then say in a singing tone, "O, I'm freezing, I'm freezing!" They could hear his teeth chatter.

At this sight, the tears came into Tonyk's eyes, and he said to his brother, "Ah, Mylio! how that poor innocent boy must suffer with the cold!"

"He must be a very chilly body," answered Mylio. "I do not find the cold so cutting."

"But you have on a satin vest, and over that a cloth coat, and over that still the sky-blue cloak; but he is half naked."

"Ha!" laughed Mylio, "he is a little peasant lad."

"Ah!" replied Tonyk, "it goes to my very heart, when I think that you might have been born in his place. I cannot see him suffer so."

At these words he stopped his horse, called the boy to him, and asked him what he was doing. "I am hunting for titmice, that sleep in the holes of the trees," answered the boy.

"And what do you do with the titmice?"

"When I have caught enough, I shall carry them to the city to sell, so that I may buy me a coat, that will keep me as warm as if the dear sun shone all the time."

"Have you found any yet?" asked Tonyk.

"Only one, as yet," replied the boy, showing a little cage made of rushes, in which sat a titmouse.

"Give it to me; I will buy it of you," said Tonyk, and threw the sky-blue cloak over him. "Wrap yourself in it, you need it more than I."

The two brothers now set off again on their journey. Mylio ridiculed his brother, and indeed Tonyk had at first

to suffer considerably from the north wind, for want of his warm cloak. But when they had got through the wood, the air grew milder, the mist melted away, and the sun threw its friendly rays through the clouds. They soon came to a meadow, where a spring was flowing, near which they found an old man sitting, covered with rags, with a beggar's pack upon his shoulder. When he espied the travelers, he called to them with tones and gestures of earnest entreaty. Tonyk went up to him. "What do you wish, old man?" he asked, taking off his hat to the venerable old man.

"Ah, my dear gentlemen!" he answered, "you see my hairs are gray, and my cheeks are hollow. I am so weak from extreme old age, that my limbs can no longer carry me. I must perish here, if one of you will not sell me his horse."

"You buy one of our horses, you beggar!" cried Mylio, in a contemptuous tone; "how will you pay for it?"

"Look at this hollowed acorn," answered the beggar; "there sits a spider in it that spins threads stronger than steel; give me up one of your horses, and I will give you the acorn and spider for it."

The eldest brother broke out into a loud laugh. "Do you hear, Tonyk?" he cried out; "I believe the old man is an impudent fool."

But the younger brother mildly replied, "A poor man cannot offer more than he has." He dismounted from his horse, approached the old man, and said, "I give you my horse, good old man, not on account of the price which you offer for it, but for pure compassion's sake; it is yours."



The old man wished him thousand-fold blessings, mounted the horse with his help, and disappeared from the meadow.

But Mylio could not forgive this last alms-giving of his brother.

"Senseless prodigal!" he cried, angrily, "are you not ashamed of the condition into which your folly has brought you? You think, forsooth, after you have squandered all your own property, to share my purse, my cloak, and my horse. You have deceived yourself. You may now gain wisdom through adversity. The privations which follow

your prodigality may teach you economy for the future."

"You are right, my brother," answered Tonyk, gently. "It will be no bad lesson for me, and I am not disposed to escape the consequences at your expense. It never occurred to me to lay claim to your money, cloak, or horse; so ride on your way quietly and happily, without troubling yourself about me."

Mylio returned no answer, but gave the spur to his horse, and galloped away. Tonyk followed on foot, but he harbored no grudge against his brother.

They found themselves not far from a mountain gorge, through which the road led. It was called the Valley of Torment, for on the very top of the rocks that towered up on both sides of it there lived a giant, who laid in wait for travelers, like a hunter for his prey. This giant was blind, and he had no feet; but he had so sharp an ear, that he could hear the grass grow in the ground, and he was a great magician.

His servants were two trained eagles, one white, and the other red; these he sent out to seize the prey, when he heard it coming. When the people of that country were obliged to pass through this ravine, they took off their shoes, and went barefoot, not daring to breathe loud, for fear that the giant should hear them. Mylio knew nothing of this, so he rode proudly through the valley, and the clatter of his horses's hoofs upon the stones waked the giant.

"Hallo, my huntsmen!" he cried, where are you?" White eagle and red eagle were immediately at hand. "Go and bring me for supper what is going through the valley down below," cried the giant. Swift as arrows, the two eagles shot down into the gorge, seized Mylio by the sky-blue cloak, and dragged him up the heights, to the dwelling of the giant.

At this moment Tonyk arrived at the entrance of the ravine. He saw his brother snatched up into the air by two eagles, and he uttered a loud cry, and rushed to the spot. But the eagles vanished with Mylio in a few minutes, behind the clouds which covered the summits of the rocks. Stunned and motionless with terror, Tonyk stood looking up to the rocky walls which rose

up steep and perpendicular till they reached the sky.

"O, my brother! my brother!" he cried out at last; "how shall I rescue my brother?"

Suddenly he heard three little, fine voices close by, which said, "Who would despair like that, at every little misfortune?"

Tonyk looked around astonished. — "Who speaks to me, and where are you?" he asked.

"In your coat pocket," answered the three voices.

Tonyk felt in his pocket, and took out the nut, the acorn, and the little rushen cage. He remembered the little creatures that were shut up in them, and he said, "Will you rescue my brother Mylio?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" answered the tiny creatures, with their three several voices.

"And how will you begin, my poor playthings?" asked Tonyk further.

"Open our cages, and you shall see."

Tonyk did as they desired. The spider hastened to a neighboring tree, and began to spin a glittering web, as fine as silk, but stronger than steel. Then the titmouse flew thither, took the spider on his back, and mounted with her higher and higher, till the web, whose threads formed a kind of staircase, reached the top of the rocks. Tonyk now climbed the marvellous ladder, which reached to the heights above. The wasp flew on before him, merrily buzzing the while, and thus they came together to the dwelling of the giant.

In a great stone cavern, as high as a church, sat the giant, without eyes or feet. He seemed to be in great spirits, for he was rocking to and fro, like an

enormous poplar swayed by the wind, and he sang in a loud voice while he sharpened a big knife with which he was going to kill poor Mylio, who lay close beside him, with his arms and legs tied upon his back, so that he looked like a chicken ready trussed for the spit. Both eagles were in a corner by the hearth, one turning a spit, and the other laying wood on the fire.

Amidst the noise of his singing and the whetting of the knife, the giant did not observe the entrance of Tonyk and his little companions. But the red eagle saw him, and darted upon him, and was about to seize him with his claws ; but the wasp was quickly at hand, and put out the eagle's eyes with his diamond sting. White eagle went to his brother's assistance, but he fared no better, for he too had his eyes put out. Then the wasp fell upon the giant, who had risen up at the outcry of his servants, and with his sting he left him neither rest nor repose. The giant sent forth a horrible roar ; but strike about as he would, he could not hit the wasp, for he had no eyes to see with, and he could not get away, for he had no feet to run with. At last he threw himself down, with his face to the earth, to protect it from the stings of his tormentor. The spider hastened up to him, and spun a net over him as fine as silk and as strong as steel ; so there he lay imprisoned, without power to stir. Loudly he called his two eagles to his aid, but all in vain. They were both mad with pain, and as they knew the giant was overpowered, they feared him no longer, but resolved to avenge themselves upon him for the long slavery in which he had held them. So they flew at their former master, beat him violently with their wings, and, full

of rage, tore his flesh through the meshes of the steel net. With every stroke of their bills they tore off a piece of his flesh, and they did not desist till the bare bones appeared. Then they sat down to rest ; but the flesh of a magician is so indigestible, that they fell down dead on that very spot.

Tonyk loosed his brother's bonds, embraced him with tears of joy, and went with him out of the giant's cave to the edge of the rocks. There quickly appeared the titmouse and the wasp, harnessed like horses to the little rushen cage, which was changed into a stately coach, and they invited the two brothers to take their seats in it. The spider took his place behind as footman, and, with the swiftness of the wind, away they went. Tonyk and Mylio passed in this manner with the greatest ease over meadows, woods, mountains, and villages ; (for in the air the roads are everywhere of the very best description,) till they came to their uncle's castle. There the coach descended to the earth, and rolled towards the drawbridge, where the brothers found both their horses tied. On the saddle of the horse that belonged to Tonyk hung the purse and the cloak, only the purse was much larger and better filled, and the cloak was decorated with precious stones. Tonyk looked with astonishment towards the coach, to ask what all this meant, but the coach had vanished, and instead of the wasp, the titmouse, and the spider, there stood three glittering angels!

The brothers fell down upon the ground, struck with amazement and admiration ; but the most beautiful and glorious angel of the three approached Tonyk, and said, " Fear not, dearest

youth. We are called Good Works; the poor beggar-woman, the freezing boy, the lame old man, were no other than ourselves. Remain as good as you have been thus far; and you, Mylio, learn a lesson from what you have seen, that even the humblest and smallest of God's creatures can be useful."

At these words they rose in the air, ascending higher and higher, till they vanished at last like swallows behind the clouds.

Mylio embraced his brother Tonyk, whose kind heart had saved his life, and became everafterwards benevolent and charitable as his brother. — *Legends of Brittany. Published by Crosby & Nichols, Boston.*

THE MISER AND HIS HUNGRY BOY.

OLD WOOD, a miser who once lived in Gloucester, England, kept a boy, a little one, miserably fed, and in great bondage. One Sunday the master was getting ready to go to church, but got his dinner in some readiness first, that nothing might have to be done when he came home, but to eat it. It was a roast chicken, which the boy stayed at home to dress. The old fellow also got out the quantity of wine he meant to allow himself, and put it upon the chimney-piece; but to prevent it being tasted, he wrote upon it, in large letters, "Poison." So off he went. The lad was cravingly hungry; and as the fowl roasted, he could not help drawing his finger across and tasting it. But this sharpened his appetite, and he could not resist pulling off a leg. The theft begun, he soon went on to the other leg; and so farther and farther, till he had quite devoured

the whole. What was to be done? for then came remorse; and worse than that, soon was coming his master! He felt quite desperate; and just at that moment his eye caught sight of the phial with the label upon it. Off he drank, at one draught, the whole contents; and old Wood came home to find him well fed, and in high spirits, the first time he ever had animal spirits to be so since he had been in his service! — *Sharpe's London Magazine.*

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE. — Rosenmuller quotes from the book of Mussar the following instructive incident: "A certain man travelling through the city continued to call out, 'Who wants the elixir of life?' The daughter of Rabbi Judah heard him, and told her father, who requested her to call the man in. When he came in, the Rabbi said, 'What is that elixir of life thou sellest?' He answered, 'Is it not written, *What man is he that loveth life, and desireth to see good days? let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips from speaking guile?* This is the elixir of life, and is found in the mouth of man.'

"NEVER MADE HIS MOTHER SMILE." — What an unique and meaning expression was that of a young Irish girl, on giving testimony against an individual in a court of justice a short time since. "Arrah, sir," said she, "I'm sure he never made his mother smile." There is a biography of unkindness in that short and simple sentence.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant.

ANECDOTES OF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.



GREAT HORNED OWL.

THIS large and noted owl is found in nearly every part of the United States, at all seasons of the year. It does not migrate to the south on the approach of winter, its clothing being proof against the severest cold of a northern climate. The favorite residence of this "Nimrod of the feathered tribes," is in the dark solitudes of some evergreen swamp, where he slumbers during the day, and whence he issues only towards evening

in search of his prey, which consists of rabbits, squirrels, and mice. He often ventures into the poultry yard, and carries off a fowl from its roost, and is so bold as sometimes to attack the wild turkey. An individual of this species, according to Mr. Nuttall, once caught a tartar, in the shape of a cat, which it attempted to carry off from the top of a house in Georgia. The owl this time, however, met his match, and such was the spirited resistance of puss, that he

was soon glad to drop her and sail away in search of some less formidable game.

"The flight of the great horned owl," says Audubon, "is elevated, rapid, and graceful. It sails with apparent ease, and in large circles, in the manner of the eagle; rises and descends without the least difficulty, by merely inclining its wings or its tail, as it passes through the air. Now and then it glides silently close over the earth, with incomparable velocity, and drops, as if shot dead, on the prey beneath.

"At other times it suddenly alights on the top of a fence, stake, or a dead stump, and utters a shriek so horrid, that the wood around echoes to the dismal sound. Now it seems as if you heard the barking of a cur dog; again the notes are so rough and mingled together that they might be mistaken for the last gurglings of a murdered person, striving in vain to call for assistance."

The nest of this owl is usually built of sticks, lined with dry leaves, and placed in the fork of a tall tree. The eggs are four in number, about the size of those of the hen, and of a pure white color.

CATS.

There are four distinct races of cats: namely, the tabby, which includes the black cats, and which is nearly allied to the wild kinds; the tortoise-shell cat, which came originally from Spain, and the males of which are buff, with stripes of a darker hue; the white and light-colored cats, which have reddish eyes, and a greyish tint in their fur, and are descended from the Chartreuse breed; and the Angora cats, which are quite distinct from all others, and are known by their long fur. The tailless cats of

Cornwall and the Isle of Man belong to the Chartreuse breed, and they are the ugliest of their kind, as the Angora cats are the handsomest. Cats are seldom ill, except from cold, which generally gets well without any particular care being taken of it: but when they have any serious disease, it generally proves fatal.

ABOU-EL-MARSCH AND HIS FAITHFUL HORSE.

An Arab and his tribe had attacked, in the desert, the Damascus caravan. The victory was complete; and the Arabs were already busy in packing their rich booty, when the cavalry of the Pacha of Acre, who had started to meet this caravan, suddenly poured down upon the victorious Arabs, killed a great number, took others prisoners, and having bound them with ropes, led them to Acre, to present them to the Pacha. Abou-el-Marsch, the leader of this plundering expedition, had received a ball in his arm during the skirmish. The wound not being mortal, the Turks had tied him upon a camel; and taking possession of his Arab charger, led away both the horse and his rider. The night before the day on which they were to enter Acre, they encamped with their prisoners in the mountains of Saphadt. The wounded Arab had his legs tied together with a thong of leather, and was stretched near the tent in which the Turks were sleeping. During the night the pain of his wound kept him awake, and he heard his own horse neigh amongst the other horses, which according to oriental custom, were shackled around the tents. He recognized its voice; and could not resist the desire he

felt to speak once more to the companion of his life. He dragged himself painfully along the ground by the aid of his hands and knees, and at last managed to reach his courser.

"My poor friend," he said, "what wilt thou do amongst the Turks? Thou wilt be imprisoned beneath the vaults of a khan, along with the horses of an aga or a pacha. The women and the children will no longer fetch thee camel's milk, or barley and doura in the hollow of the hand. Thou wilt no more range freely through the desert, like the Egyptian wind; nor will thy breast ever more cleave the waters of the Jordan. If I am to live in slavery, do thou at least be free! There; go, return to the well-known tent. Tell my wife that Abou-el-Marsch will never return more; and thrust thy head through the curtains of the tent, to lick the hand of my little children." While speaking thus, Abou-el-Marsch had gnawed with his teeth the goat's-hair rope with which Arabian horses are shackled, and the animal was free. But on beholding his master bound and wounded at his feet, the faithful and intelligent courser instinctively understood what no language would have been able to explain to him. He lowered his head, snorted over his master, and then, seizing in his teeth the leathern girdle which encircled his waist, he started off at full gallop, and carried him as far as his own tent. The moment after the noble horse had arrived, and had deposited his master on the sand at the feet of his wife and children, he expired with fatigue.

The whole tribe bewailed him; the poets sung his praise; and his name is constantly uttered by the mouth of the Arabs of Jericho.

TO A FRIEND BEREAVED.

The thorn may wound, the wound may heal,
The scar by flesh be covered o'er,
But in thy memory thou shalt feel
A wound thou never felt before.

The flower may bloom but to decay,
Health or affliction be thy lot;
Thy midnight dreams may pass away,
But *Emily* cannot be forgot.

May He who rides on stormy winds,
And guides affliction's lonely car,
Become on earth thy dearest friend,—
In death, thy bright and morning star.

MY CHILDREN STILL. — A young preacher recently called upon an eminent divine, and in the course of conversation asked him how many children he had. "Four, Sir," was the reply. At the supper-table, the visiter perceived two beautiful children seated by the side of the mother. Turning to his host, he said, "I thought you had four children, Sir: where are the other two?" Lifting his eyes, the holy man of God pointed upwards, while a sweet smile broke over his countenance. "They are in heaven," he repeated slowly and calmly; "yet my children still: not dead, but gone before."

Dibdin had a horse which he called *Graphy*. "Very odd name!" said Oxbury. "Not at all," responded Tom; "when I bought him it was *Buy-a-Graphy*; when I mount him, it's *Top-o-Graphy*; and when I want him to go, it's *Gee-ho-Graphy*."

THE RASH PAINTER—AN HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

EVERY one knows that the gallant French monarch, Francis the First, was a munificent encourager of the arts, and a generous patron of men of letters. He won their hearts as much by his amiable disposition as by his princely gifts. A great Italian painter at his court was in a declining state of health. Francis kindly paid him a visit, inquiring with benevolent solicitude respecting his indisposition. Death, who is no respecter of persons, struck the painter during his royal visit. He fainted, and Francis, forgetting his regal dignity in the interest he took for a suffering fellow creature, started forward, and caught him in his arms; and Leonardi di Vinci breathed his last sigh on the bosom of his royal patron. Such an action as this, although the mere unpremeditated impulse of a frank warm heart, gained Francis much affection and respect from all classes of men; it became the fashion for mighty monarchs to patronize the arts, and to admit painters and poets to a great degree of personal familiarity.

Among the rest, Philip of Spain, the morose and gloomy Philip the Second, being willing, it may be supposed, to imitate the gracious and graceful condescension of his father's rival, Francis the First, likewise encouraged the fine arts, and had a pet painter, on whom he bestowed signal marks of personal favor.

Antonio Moro was the name of this painter. He was born at Utrecht; but after he had learned his profession in his native city, he proceeded to Italy, where he formed his style of painting from the noble works of Rafael d'Urbino, and Michael Angelo Buonarroti. Here he

was recommended by one of the cardinals, to the Emperor, Charles the Fifth, and was employed by him to paint the portrait of Prince Philip. At this time, it may be supposed that he gained the favor of this most unamiable prince; for when Philip ascended the Spanish throne, he invited Antonio to court, and loaded him with favors and caresses.

Unfortunately, poor Antonio Moro, who was a single-hearted Fleming, and but an indifferent judge of character, and, therefore, by no means fit for the dangerous atmosphere of a court, had an idea that those who took liberties had no objection to receive them in turn. Acting on this supposition, he one day got himself, by his imprudence, into a predicament that made his life scarcely worth an hour's purchase.

He had apartments in the royal palace, and Philip and his court sometimes adjourned to Antonio's workroom, to watch the progress of an historical piece he was finishing for the monarch. The court were standing round in Spanish silence and gravity. Antonio Moro, and the most puissant sovereign on earth, were the centre of the circle. Philip, being for once in his life in the humor to play the amiable, passed his arm carelessly over Antonio's neck, so that his hand hung down on the painter's shoulder. Without having a proper fear of the consequences of such a freak before his eyes, Antonio rashly gave way to the whim of the moment, and, dipping his pencil in some carmine, playfully smeared the royal hand with some odd flourishes. It was a daring levity, considering the character and station of the

man to which it was applied. Philip the Second was no joker, but a solemn and sour observer of the most rigid etiquette, and was once known to drive a grandee from the circle with blows, for blowing his nose in his royal presence. Was this a king to have his hand smeared by a Flemish painter? The hand of a sovereign of Spain (that hand which even ladies salute kneeling,) had never been so treated since the foundation of monarchy. The moment the audacious deed had been committed, Antonio Moro saw his danger, and stood aghast at its magnitude. The king surveyed his hand seriously for a while, and in that perilous moment of suspense Moro felt his fate was fearfully balanced. The courtiers, who stood round in awful attendance, revolted from the sight with terror and amazement. Could Luca Jordano have sketched the group in that moment, and dashed it off with his rapid facility, what a subject it would have made for a painter! Caprice, or perhaps pity, turned the scale, and Philip passed over the silly action with a smile of complacency. The painter dropped on his knees, and kissed the aggrieved hand in humble atonement for his offence, and all was well, or seemed to be so.

Nevertheless, the action was too daring to escape the notice of the Inquisition, and that sagacious body held a debate on the possibility of the simple-hearted Fleming being a magician. He had, they said, scrawled strange characters, of a sanguine hue, on the royal hand. These characters, they doubted not, belonged to the art of magic; and it was a sure sign that the Fleming had bewitched the king, or would Philip have suffered such an atrocity to go unpunished?

While these sage deliberations were going on, one of the Spanish ministers, moved with compassion for the intended victim, informed Antonio Moro of his danger. The Inquisition was then in the very zenith of its terrors; and Spaniards harbored a supposition that not even the royal authority could shield a person from its fangs. Poor Antonio fled with the utmost precipitation, and never thought himself safe till arrived at Brussels. It was in vain that Philip solicited him, by pressing letters under his own hand, to return. Although these letters were expressed in terms the most kind and condescending, and filled with declarations of affection to his person, as well as of esteem for his talents, the horrors of that dark tribunal, from which he verily believed not even the royal hand which he had so familiarly treated could snatch him, weighed down all the assurances of Philip; and he obstinately remained in Flanders, enjoying the wealth with which the Spanish monarch and grandees had rewarded him for his labors during his sojourn in Spain.

This anecdote is worthy of notice, since it is the only trait but one on record that gives us any reason to suppose that the hard heart of Philip the Second was ever touched with the feelings of humanity. The other instance is his dignified reception of the Duke of Medina, the admiral that had conducted his unwieldly armada sent to invade England. The whole Spanish court expected that the duke would be condemned to some severe punishment for his want of success; and when he appeared at court, after his return to Spain with the remains of his shattered navy, the nobles retired on each side, not daring to speak to the man who

they expected, from the well known character of his master, would soon be signally disgraced. Philip appeared in the circle. Medina bent his knee, and faltered out an apology for having lost the most stupendous navy the world had ever seen. All were amazed to see the stern Philip graciously raise the admiral, with these words:—

“I sent you my lord duke, to fight against men and ships, not against winds and waves. It is the will of God.”

THE PERSIAN DOCTOR AND THE GLASS BOTTLE.

A few years ago, at Ispahan, one of the principal cities of Persia, some Englishmen performed a series of experiments with the electric machine. Every one was delighted with the novel apparatus, except one renowned doctor and lecturer of the college, who, envious of the popularity gained by this display of superior science, contended publicly, that the effects produced were moral, not physical—that it was the mummerly practised by the strangers, and the state of nervous agitation they excited, which produced an ideal shock. He went so far as to express his conviction, that a man of true firmness of mind would stand unmoved by all the electricians could produce out of their glass bottle, as he scoffingly termed the machine. He was invited to the experiment, and declared his readiness to attend the next exhibition. The day soon arrived. “Red Stockings”—as the Persian philosopher was called, from his usually wearing scarlet hose—went boldly up to the electric machine, took hold of the chain with both hands, planted his feet firmly,

shut his teeth, and called forth all his resolution to resist the shock. It was given, and the unbeliever dropped on the floor as if he had been shot. There was a momentary alarm among the bystanders; but on poor “Red Stocking’s” almost instant recovery, and the experimenter explaining that the effect had been increased by the determination to resist it, all gave way to one hearty burst of laughter. The good-natured philosopher took no offence; but he muttered something about the reaction of the feelings after being overstrained. He, however, admitted that there *was* more in the glass bottle than he had anticipated.

THE FARMER AND THE POOR OWL.

A young farmer had a number of very fine pigeons which he highly prized.

He was surprised to find, day after day, that by some means or other, their number diminished; and determined to find out the cause.

One night, accordingly, the farmer, armed with a gun, placed himself in a watching position, near the pigeon-house.

He had not been there long when he heard a fluttering amongst the pigeons, and presently afterwards, a large owl flew from the pigeon-house with something in its talons, which the farmer concluded was one of his favorite pigeons.

“Ah!” thought he, “I have now caught the offender, and he shall suffer for it!” The farmer fired his gun, and the owl lay bleeding at his feet.

What was his grief, when he beheld in the claws of the owl, (not as he had supposed, one of his pigeons) but the real thief!—*a very large rat*, which the poor bird had just destroyed.

THE PILLOW OF A LITTLE GIRL.



Dear little Pillow! Thou art warm and
sweet,
Of choicest down, most white, was't made
for me ;
And while on many a head the tempests
beat,
Dear little Pillow, safe I rest on thee !

Full many children, motherless and poor,
Houseless and naked, have not where to
sleep,
Nor ever rest, but beg from door to door ;
Mother, dear mother, but it makes me
weep !

When for these little ones to God I pray,
Who have no Pillow, safe mine own I
press ;
Alone, in my sweet nest, thou dost me lay,
Sweet mother, near thee, and with prayers
dost bless.

I shall not wake till the first dawn of day
Strikes on my curtains blue, with golden
light,

Now whispering low, my tenderest prayer
I'll say,
One kiss, sweet mother, give, and now,
Good Night !

THE PRAYER.

Oh, God of little children, hear the prayer
Which, from my heart, is whispered soft
to thee.
Thou God of orphans! take them in thy
care,
And grant, henceforth, there may no or-
phans be !

And down from Heaven some pitying Angel
send,
To answer to the voice of those who
weep ;
The children motherless do Thou defend,
And gently fold them on Thy breast to
sleep !

Christian Register.

GRANDFATHER WHITEHEAD'S LESSONS ABOUT PHILOSOPHY.

T. From what you have shown respecting the manner in which some bodies act upon each other, it would appear that the phenomena we have witnessed *always* happen under similar circumstances, and therefore, that there must be a natural law to govern the action of bodies. Do you think that this is the case?

P. Yes, undoubtedly. It is a natural law that bodies always act in the same manner under the same circumstances, and each body has its own law. Pure water will always dissolve sugar, but does not affect gold in the same manner, because it is not its nature to do so.

T. Do you understand what is meant by a natural law?

P. It is the external connexion of the phenomena of nature. If we apply heat to water it converts the water into steam; cold will not; therefore we say it is a natural law that governs its action. It is a natural law that all bodies at the earth's surface, if left to themselves, descend in straight lines towards the surface.

T. Do you think that I can dissolve sand in water?

P. No; I know you cannot, because it is contrary to its natural law.

T. How have these laws been discovered?

P. By experiments and observations.

T. What is the use of experiments?

P. Experiments verify observations and truths, elicit facts, establish theories, impress the principles more strongly upon our minds, and exemplify the ap-

plication of general principles to the demonstration of individual facts.

T. Having observed that sand, gold, and other bodies are insoluble, or oil incapable of mixing with water, you say that it is a natural law that governs this; but as it would be impossible for one person to observe and experiment upon all the bodies by which he is surrounded, how can we obtain the knowledge we require?

P. From the experience of philosophers, who have observed and experimented upon the many and various bodies around them, and left their knowledge to us. Galileo was the first to test theories by practical experiments, and Lord Bacon showed that this was the only method of acquiring a knowledge of the laws of nature.

T. Where can the recorded experience of philosophers be found?

P. In works upon Natural Philosophy, in which the nature and properties of bodies, the laws which govern them, and the phenomena of nature are explained.

T. As bodies differ materially one from another, the comprehension of the nature of their individual properties appears to be almost impossible.

P. So it would be, if there were not general properties which we observe to exist in all bodies, whatever other differences they exhibit. Thus, it is essential to the existence of a body that it possess the power of extension, occupy a limited space, and be impenetrable; but in addition to these properties, without which we cannot form any idea of matter, there are other properties which

we observe, as divisibility, extensibility, compressibility, porosity, inertia, and gravity.

T. Can you always recognise these properties in bodies?

P. Yes; some are essential to the existence of a body, others are not, as I stated before.

T. How do you expect to understand all the phenomena that occur when experimenting upon bodies?

P. By studying Natural Philosophy.

GENERAL QUESTIONS ON THIS LESSON.

1. What is the object of Natural Philosophy, and to what purposes is it applied?

2. What is meant by a natural law?

3. What is the use of experiments?

4. What is essential to the existence of a body?

5. Do all bodies possess peculiar characteristic properties?

[The pupil should be required to state the properties of various bodies in a concise manner.—Example: *Lead* is solid, heavy, soft, malleable, deficient in tenacity, and readily fusible. *Water* is fluid, inodorous, clear, and tasteless. *Carbonic acid* is gaseous, colorless, pungent, insoluble in water, and acidulous, &c.]

PINS AND NEEDLES.

It is said in the old chronicles, that previous to the arrival of Anne of Bohemia, Queen of Richard II., the English ladies fastened their robes with skewers; but as it is known that pins were in use among the early British, since in the "barrows" that have been opened numbers of "neat and efficient" ivory pins were found to have been used in arranging the grave-clothes, it is probable that this remark is unfounded.

The pins of a later date than the above were made of box-wood, bone, ivory, and some few of silver. They were larger than those of the present day, which seem to have been unknown in England till about the middle of the fifteenth century. In 1543, however, the manufacture of brass pins had become sufficiently important to claim the attention of the legislature, an act having been passed that year by which it was enacted, "that no person should put to sale any pins, but only such as shall be double-headed and have the head soldered fast to the shank, the pins well smoothed, and the shank well sharpened."

Until far on in the sixteenth century, there was not a *needle* to be had of foreign manufacture.

They were first made in England by a native of India in 1545, but the art was lost at his death: it was, however, recovered by Christopher Greening, in 1560, who was settled at Long Crendon in Bucks, where the manufactory has been carried on from that time to the present moment.

PIETY.—The word piety occurs but once in the Bible; although the thing is enjoined or understood on almost every page, the name is not mentioned. Inversely with us, the name is much more frequent than the thing.

CORINTH'S PEDAGOGUES.—Dionysius the younger, who was a greater tyrant than his father, on being for the second time banished from Syracuse, retired to Corinth, where he was obliged to turn schoolmaster for a subsistence.

PENCIL DRAWING—SIMPLE LESSONS FOR PRACTICE.

It is said of an old philosopher, who prided himself on the oddity of his manners and the rudeness of his sayings, that he was once seen with a lighted candle and a lantern, in open day, busily searching, as he said, for the wits of some judges who had given utterance to certain opinions which did not please him. His name was *DIOGENES*, the *CYNIC*. Now I cannot say whether he found the wits of the judges or not. Most likely he did not. But I do know that if he had sought for a child who did not love a good, sweet, rich, juicy, mellow pear, he might have looked through all the ages in vain. "Ah! ah!" my reader exclaims, "I guess he would have had to look a long time indeed!" Most certainly he would.

But if he had sought for a child who could not draw a pear, the case would have been very different. He might have found plenty of such boys and girls, without a lantern to help him. If,

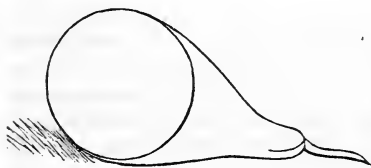


Fig. 20.

however, the reader will practice this lesson I am about to give him, he will learn how to draw a pear as easily as he can now eat one.

To draw a pear, you may first make a circle as in figure 20. Add the end

and the stem. This being done, rub out a part of the circle, put in the shading, and you will have the figure of a pear, as in figure 21.

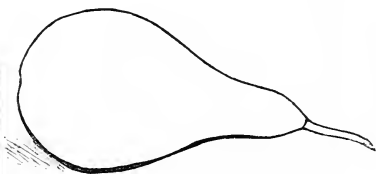


Fig. 21.

And here is a barrel for you to draw. Not a rum barrel, nor a beer barrel, no, nor even a cider barrel. You are all too faithful soldiers in the Cold Water Army to have any thing to do with such barrels, even on paper. But this is a veritable oil barrel, such as the hardy sons of Nantucket and New Bedford carry out to the Pacific Ocean, to hold the oil they take from the monsters of the deep. Here it is.

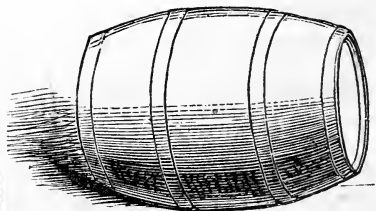


Fig. 22.

You will find but little difficulty in copying it, after the instructions I have given you in previous lessons.

Practice these lessons well, and you will soon be prepared to attempt more difficult subjects.

LUCY AND ELLEN; OR, BE PROMPT

BY AUNT MARY.

PERHAPS there is no habit which ought to be more strictly cultivated in youth, than that of being prompt. It is much easier to do a thing at the precise time in which it ought to be done, than to perform the same thing when we know it is too late. And the child who begins life learning to acquire a fixed habit of promptness, will ever find it easy, and, indeed, almost necessary, to carry it out in all he does. Not only will he be much more respected by others, but he will prosper better in whatever he undertakes, than one who is dilatory.

Years ago, when I was young, I knew two little girls named Lucy and Ellen. They were sisters, differing but three years in age, though in character there was a wide and marked contrast. Lucy, the eldest, was ready to perform any task or obey any command the moment she was spoken to. And whatever she *knew* was required of her, whether reminded of it or not, she was prompt to do. She always found time both for duties and amusements, and her cheerful song and merry laugh showed how much she enjoyed both.

But Ellen — poor Ellen! The fatal habit of delaying and waiting a little while, spoiled her own happiness and usefulness, besides often subjecting others to much inconvenience and pain. She would never rise in the morning till Lucy was quite dressed; and then often only by the most urgent requests of her sister, could she be prevailed upon to do so. Then, loitering at her half-made toilet, gazing out of the win-

dow, stopping to look first for this and then for that thing, she seldom made her appearance at the breakfast table till all had left.

The school hour always found Lucy in readiness, and Ellen looking for some article that she had carelessly thrown down where she had last used it, thinking she would take care of it bye and bye: or else she would be so much engaged in some amusement that she would not start till she ought to have been in her place at school. There she was always behind other girls of her own age, for her motto was, "There's time enough yet."

She lost many enjoyments by this habit of being behind-hand. One day their father told his daughters that he would take them out to ride at four o'clock, if they would be ready precisely at the time. When the carriage arrived, Lucy was dressed and waiting, while Ellen had but just begun to dress; and her father, wishing to teach her a lesson, drove away with Lucy, leaving her weeping at home.

Thus she went on procrastinating everything, and unless she has very much changed, I suppose she is going on in the same way now. But I know she can be of but little use in the world with such habits; neither can she have many friends; for who would know when to depend upon her? and who would be willing to always have to wait for a favor so long that it really seemed no favor at all?

Lucy is now settled in life, and everything about her pleasant, quiet home

goes on with perfect system. In all her acts, she remembers that the present is all that she has to do with, and she never waits for a more convenient season for doing what ought to be done *at once*. Respected and loved by all, she passes her days in happiness, free from those stings of regret which would torment her if she did not promptly do her duty at the proper time.

Promptitude helps children along in the world, while a dilatory habit keeps them back. Many a boy and girl have been helped to good situations in life, where they have become wealthy, respected, and useful, through being *prompt*. Have this for your rule of action then, my dear reader. Never put off till another time what should be done now. Be prompt in meeting all your engagements, and you can hardly fail to be somebody.

A POPULAR PREACHER.—On the 12th of April, 1429, there arrived at Paris a cordelier, by name Brother Richart, a famous preacher. He began his sermon at five o'clock in the morning, and continued preaching till ten or eleven o'clock; and there were always 5000 or 6000 persons to hear him. Richart "held forth" on St. Mark's Day; and the people on their return from church, were so moved to devotion, that in three or four hours there were more than a hundred fires lighted, in which they burnt their chess-boards, backgammon-tables, and packs of cards.

Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

SHARP ANSWER.—Cosmo de Medicis having one day presented his son Lorenzo, when he was quite a child, to an ambassador, to whom he was talking of him with the foolish fondness of a parent, desired the ambassador to put some questions to the boy, and to see by his answers if he did not possess extraordinary ability. The ambassador did as he was requested, and was soon convinced that the father's encomiums were scarcely exaggerated; but added, "This child, as he grows up, will most probably become stupid; for it has in general been observed, that those who, when young, are very sprightly and clever, hardly ever increase in talents as they grow older." Lorenzo hearing this, crept gently to the ambassador, and looking archly in his face, said to him, "I am certain, then, that when you were young, you were a boy of very great genius."

SPILLED MILK.—A boy was going along the street carrying a pitcher of milk, when presently he stumbled, and smash went the pitcher, and away ran the milk. Another boy, across the way, saw the accident and shouted:

"Oh! wont you catch it when you go home!—your mother 'll give it to you."

"No she wont neither!" screamed the other; "my mother always says, 'Never cry for spilled milk!'"

THE following emphatic declaration of the celebrated Irish orator, Boyle Roche, has a true national flavor:—"If the question is put to me, Mr. Speaker, I'll answer boldly in the affirmative—no."

THE CIRCUS — A DIALOGUE.



Harry. What have you there, Alfred, that pleases you so much?

Alfred. This is a circus bill, Harry. It says that Mr. CHEATEM'S Grand Circus is coming here next week, to display its wonderful feats of horsemanship, vaulting, tumbling, leaping, and flying.

H. Is that all, Alfred? I should think a boy of such sense as I have always taken you to be, would not feel much interested in such stuff.

A. Stuff! Harry; what do you mean?

H. I mean that these circus people are nothing more than diverting vagabonds, whose presence in a village is a serious curse to the place, and ought not to be allowed.

A. Why, Harry, how strangely you talk! I think a circus is a very grand affair. It has a splendid band, noble horses, beautiful ladies, and finely dress-

ed gentlemen, who perform the most wonderful things imaginable.

H. You are a little fanciful, Alfred, or you would not be quite so warm in your admiration of those wretched creatures who travel about to amuse the public, and fill their own pockets. As to their music, it is no better than that of our village band; their horses are not a whit nobler than many in our own town; their ladies are very much indebted to paint for their beauty; their finely dressed gentlemen generally have more impudence than gentility, and are very little burdened with the weight of their virtues.

A. You are very severe in your judgment, Harry. But don't you think their performances are worth seeing? See here! This bill says the celebrated Mr. FLYAWAY is to ride three horses at once. Isn't that wonderful?

H. It may be wonderful, but it is

also extravagant, dangerous, and foolish : and I think Mr. Flyaway would be in better business if he were to spend his time in some useful employment. Tell me what is gained, Alfred, by his wonderful feat ?

A. It—it—it shows—well really, I hardly know what it does show.

H. Well said, Alfred. It certainly shows nothing which can be of the least benefit. It serves to make an audience gape and stare, and cry "How wonderful !"

A. But here, Harry, is something that is really worth seeing. MR. THIN-LEGS is to leap over the backs of seven horses, and to dance on the tight-rope.

H. Yes, and risk his life in doing it ; for the slightest mischance would cause him to break his neck, and I do not see what right you or I have to see a man put his life in risk for our amusement. Would'nt you feel bad if he should get killed, as many circus performers have been, while you are there ?

A. Yes, I s'pose I should. But he has done it so often I think he won't get killed. But you know all the shows are not so dangerous. The bills say that the celebrated horse Wisdom is to take a tea-kettle from a fire, to dance a hornpipe, and to do many other wonderful tricks.

H. Very likely ; and I think all these tricks are wrong, too. God did not make horses for such uses, and the poor creatures have been cruelly abused in being trained to perform them. I tell you, Alfred it's all wrong, from first to last.

A. Well, Harry, if the circus is a wicked place, why does Deacon Worldly go to it ? And why does Parson Easy let his boys go ? Tell me that, Harry !

H. If the Deacon and Parson Easy do wrong, we must not. Indeed, neither of the gentlemen you name stand very high as Christian men. All our ministers, except Parson Easy, and every deacon in town, but Mr. Worldly, are known to be opposed to the circus : and so are all the best Christians in the place.

A. May be so, Harry : still, I think I shall go.

H. No, Alfred, don't go. Do you remember what a gang of idlers crowded the circus last year ? You know that every low and vulgar child, every loungee around the rum shops, and all the wicked in the place were gathered in or about its canvass walls. Now a place which is so pleasing to the very worst sort of people cannot be a good place. If bad people love it, it must be bad ; and I hope you won't go near it.

A. You are right about the kind of company that goes there, Harry, I know. That argument is a poser, and I don't know after all, but you are right.

H. I know I am right, Alfred. I want you to be right, too. Come, promise me that you won't go.

A. I think I will take your advice, Harry. But I'm in a hurry now. We will talk this subject over again. Good bye !

H. Good bye.

THE great Samuel Clarke was fond of robust exercise ; and this profound logician was often found by his intimate friends leaping over tables and chairs. Once, perceiving a pedantic fellow, he said,

"Now we must desist, for a fool is coming in."

NEDDIE NAYLOR'S INQUIRIES.



NEDDIE NAYLOR, having ended his visit at his uncle Oliver's cottage, returned home in his uncle's wagon, with the hired man for a driver, in high spirits. He felt some regret at leaving the snug little homestead of his uncle, but he also felt much pleasure, on entering his own house, to greet his father, mother, and grandmother. His mother met him at the door, and gave him such a glad welcome as made his heart swell with joy. Then, bounding into the back parlor, where his aged grandmother sat, knitting, he exclaimed in a loud voice, for his grandmother was growing deaf.

"How are you, grandmother?"

The old lady started at this salutation. Lifting up one hand, while the other still grasped her knitting work, she looked up, and peering through her thick-rimmed spectacles, said, as a tear gathered in her eye,

"What, Neddie! is that you? How glad I am to see you! Come here, my boy, and let me kiss you."

Neddie did as his grandmother wished him to do. The good old lady kissed him fondly, and then, stroking his head gently the while, proceeded to ask him many questions about his visit.

At noon his father gave him another welcome; and I doubt if there was a happier boy in America that day, than Neddie Naylor.

Dinner being over, Neddie began to gather up his school books and to put them into his satchel. Seeing him so engaged, his mother asked,

"What are you doing, Neddie?"

"Getting ready for school, mother," replied he.

"What! so soon, Neddie? Had you not better wait until to-morrow morning?"

"I will wait, if you desire it, mother."

But if I go this afternoon, I shall find out where my class is reciting, and can go on with it to-morrow morning."

"You are right, Neddie. I am pleased to know that you are so thoughtful; and I hope you will not be very far behind your class."

"I'm not afraid of that, mother. I was a week ahead of them when I went to my uncle's."

Mr. Naylor now called his son to his side, and said,

"Neddie, I am going a short journey next month, and I have made up my mind to take you with me. How do you like that?"

"Thank you, father, I shall enjoy it very much, I know; besides getting some new ideas of men and things."

"How fond that boy is of new *ideas*!" observed Neddie's grandmother, dropping her knitting work, and gazing upon Neddie with all the fondness of an old woman's admiration for a darling boy.

Neddie smiled at his grandmother's remark. And as the school bell rung just at that moment, he seized his book, ran off, and in a few minutes was seen hurrying along, with his dog at his heels, toward his beloved school house, where for the present we will leave him to con over the books he loved so well.

THE SABBATH BREAKER SILENCED.

— A poor, but pious old man, was once reasoning with a sabbath-breaker, to show him the evil nature of his conduct.

"Suppose now," said he, "I had seven shillings, and suppose I met a man, and gave him six shillings freely out of seven; what would you say to that?"

"Why, I should say you were very kind, and that the man ought to be thankful."

"Well, but suppose he was to knock me down, and rob me of the other shilling; what then?"

"Why, then he'd deserve hanging."

"Well now, this is your case: '*Thou art the man*.' God has freely given you six days to work, and earn your bread, and the seventh he has kept for himself, and commands us to keep it holy; but you, not satisfied with the six days God has given, rob him of the seventh; what then do you deserve?"

The man was silenced.

THE DEAF AND DUMB BOY.— In the beautiful village of B——, in the Isle of Wight, there is a little boy who is both deaf and dumb. Although he can neither hear nor speak, yet he has been taught to read and write. What is better still he has been led by a pious mother to know that he has a "Father in Heaven," who will hear even the "praying *thoughts*" of a speechless child.

Some time ago, during an awful thunder storm, one of the sisters of this little boy who was in the room with him was very much frightened by the loud noise of the thunder and the flashing of the lightning—observing her terror, the calm and happy-looking little deaf and dumb boy ran for his slate, and with evident design to quiet her fears, wrote upon it, "GOD IS EVERYWHERE."

He is a dangerous character, who has malace, wit, and leisure.

FRIENDLY CHIT-CHAT WITH MY READERS.



MAY the blessings of an aged man rest upon your heads, children! May your hearts always be as bright as a June sun, and your way as green as the emerald carpet which this delightful month spreads over our fields. O, how I do love nature in the season of early summer! The leaves of the trees are so bright, the flowers so gay, the breezes so balmy, the songs of the birds sound so sweetly, that my heart catches inspiration, and leaps and bounds within me as joyfully as in the days when I was young. I forget that I am growing old, and can almost fancy that I shall live forever. And so I shall: but not here — no, not in this world, beautiful and lovely though it be. But in another and still more beautiful land, where shapes of beauty and scenes of loveliness will always meet my gaze; where it is always summer; where I shall never know sickness, or pain, or grief; and where, O, blessed thought! I shall be forever pure, and forever young. O, my children, that “far off land” is very beautiful. I hope we shall all dwell in it, when we have “shuffled off this mortal coil.”

I cannot tell you how much I love you, my children, nor how anxious I am for your happiness and improvement. I know you may all be happy if you are willing to pay the price of becoming so. I do not mean that happiness can be bought with money; because I know if you owned all the gold in California you could not purchase one hour's true happiness with it. Still, there is a price to be paid for happiness, or you cannot call it yours. You must give up what is wrong: you must resist your evil tempers and your ugly passions; you must love and trust him who said, “Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.” Do these things, and happiness, like blessed beams of summer sunshine, will come dancing into your heart, and peace, with music softer and sweeter than the song of the dying swan, will take up her abode within you.

I think the riddle in the April number is a puzzler which none of you can get over. It is a genuine Brobdignag among riddles. Is it possible that all of the twenty or thirty thousand children

who read my Magazine give it up? I hope not. However, I shall leave it for you to try your skill upon a little longer.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE IN MAY NUMBER.

A PUZZLING BILL OF FARE.

1st course — 1. Had-dock. 2. Turkey. 3. Spare-rib. 4. Tongue. 5. Ham. 6. Cuit-let. 7. Pot-a-toe. 8. Spin-age. 9. Car-rot. 10. Sea-kale. 11. P-ease. 12. Scar-let Runners.
2d course. — 1. Wood-cock. 2. Crab. 3. Trifle. 4. Sweet-bread. 5. Apple-puff. 6. Rhubarb Tart. 7. Part-ridge. 8. Hare. 9. Asp-a-rag us. 10. Mushrooms.
Dessert. — 1. Pine-apple. 2. P-ears. 3. Plum. 4. Fig. 5. Dates. 6. Apri-cot. 7. P-each. 8. Straw-berry. 9. Currants. 10. Rasp-berry.

Here are some new puzzles from my portfolio :

CHARADES.

1.

My first is French, my second English, and my whole is the name of a language.

2.

My first is everything, so is my second, and my whole is an addition.

3.

My first if you do, you'll increase,

My second will keep you from Heaven,

My whole — such is human caprice —
Is not so oft taken as given.

'RIDDLES.

1. How many insects make a landlord?
2. Why is the letter T like an island?
3. If a pair of spectacles could speak, what father of the church would they name?
4. Why is a horse like a lump of ice?
5. When was England to be bought cheapest?
6. Why is Professor Faraday such a favorite with the young ladies?

ANAGRAMS.

1. Violence run forth.
2. Tame.
3. Rich as tin.
4. Reap sad toils.
5. A rash.

I am obliged to omit the greater part of my correspondence this month. Here

is a cute little note from a cute little girl:

DEAR MR. FORRESTER: — I am a little girl only eight years old, and this is my first attempt to write to you. I think that the answer to the first riddle in the April number is A Girl; and the second is A Glove.

I will now tell you a riddle:

I have a little sister, and her name is Bo-peep, She will cross the seas, if ever so deep.

Good bye, Mr. Forrester.

EMMA GREEN.

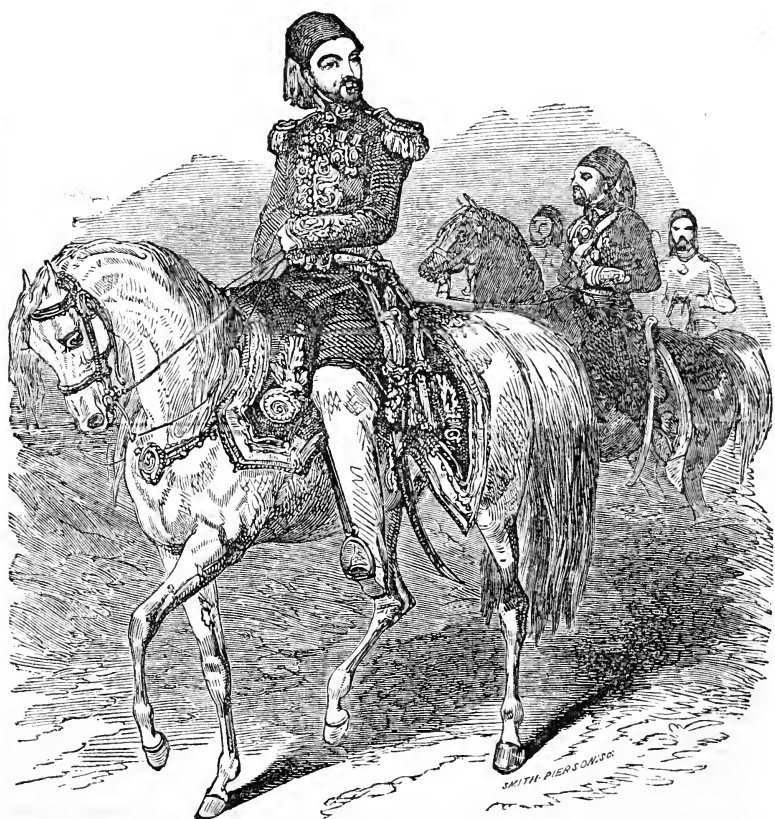
MELVILLE B. COOK says he is trying to draw. Well done, Melville. Keep trying, and you will be sure to succeed at last. — My correspondent from the Key Stone State did not send an answer with his enigma. I am glad he likes my Magazine. — LOWELL TALBOT says he likes my Magazine; but I have not room for his enigma, though it is a very good one. — Nor can I print those of my Kirkland friend, HOWARD, for the same reason. — M. L. COBURN: all right, Lucilla. — VINCAL says he prizes all parts of my Magazine so much he does not know what part he loves best. Thank you, Vincal: you are a sensible boy.

A part of my Chit-Chat for last month was lost. Whether the mouse without a tail stole it, or whether it blew out at the printer's window, I cannot say. All I know is, that it is lost, and my correspondents will miss a part of my talk.

Now, children, good bye. Only look out for some beautiful engravings in my next number.

And here — one word more — As a new volume begins in July, I shall expect you all to send me some new subscribers. Who will try? F. F.

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.



IN this beautiful picture, boys and girls, you have a real likeness of the Father of the Faithful, as the Turks call their Sultan. Yes, a *real* likeness of the Sultan of Turkey, — of the man for whom the English and French are now at war with Russia. As he looks in this picture, so he appears to his long bearded subjects in Constantinople, when he rides upon the back of his noble Arabian steed, from his palace to the mosque. The Sultan's *name* is not as pretty as it might be. It is ABDUL MEDJID. He was born on the sixth of May, 1822, so that he is still quite a young man, being only 32 years old.

Perhaps you would like to know how the Sultan looks, I will tell you. In person, he is tall and somewhat slender. His face is long, pale, and thin. His lips are rather thick. His face is a little marked with the small pox. He has large and very beautiful eyes, with black eye-brows. He appears sad, and looks like a man who has a heavy load of care and sorrow resting upon his heart. I think it more than probable, that very many of my young readers are far happier than the Sultan of Turkey.

I am glad to be able to tell you that Sultan Abdul Medjid is not a cruel man, like most of the princes who have filled his throne. He is not one of those Turks, of whom you have read in your histories, who were wont to have men's heads cut off with a scimitar, or who strangled them with a bow-string, when they were offended. Neither does he have his wives tied up in sacks and drowned in the waters of the Bosphorus, when they happen to displease him. No. Sultan Abdul Medjid is a very kind prince. He would rather make his subjects happy than to cut off their heads. I like him for this, and I am sure the boys and girls will like him too.

Abdul's father was called MAHMOUD. He was a great prince, a bold and resolute man, who tried to reform his lazy subjects and make them better and richer. Some of his people hated him for this, and talked of killing him. But when Mahmoud found he must either kill his enemies, or be killed by them, he chose to do the killing himself. His worst foes were the Janizaries, a powerful body of soldiers who did not like Mahmoud's reforms. They became

rebels against him and sought his destruction. But he was too much of a lion to be easily overcome. Before they knew what he would do, Mahmoud sent a body of men to the barracks of these revolted soldiers, who surrounded them, fired upon them, and cut them to pieces. It was a very terrible act; but by it Mahmoud saved his life, his throne, and his country's welfare.

But this stern old Sultan was taken sick, when his son and heir Abdul Medjid was only a little more than sixteen years old. With a pride peculiar to his race, he shut himself up in his chamber, that no one might witness his dying agonies. But his faithful vizier KHOSREU violated his orders and entered his room to receive the dying commands of his beloved master. As soon as Mahmoud died, Khosreu hastened to prince Abdul and greeted him as Sultan.

But young Abdul did not appear glad; on the contrary, he wore a look of coldness, he was silent, and even seemed frightened at the idea of becoming Sultan. But the heralds were sent out through all the streets of Constantinople, crying "His highness, our most magnificent lord, Abdul Medjid has risen to the throne. God will that his reign make the happiness of his people!" And thus Abdul became Sultan of Turkey.

He began his reign very wisely. He trod in his father's footsteps as a reformer. He was firm, yet mild; gentle but resolute; and his people soon learned to love and respect him.

Abdul's education had been neglected in his youth, but when he became his own master, he wisely began to cultivate his mind in good earnest. He is

now an excellent scholar, and perhaps he may be safely called a learned man.

You will be pleased to know that the Sultan takes great pains to establish free schools in Turkey. He wishes every boy and girl in Turkey to be educated. He even visits these schools in person, questions the pupils, smiles upon them very sweetly when they answer correctly; and when they blunder, corrects them in the pleasantest manner possible.

The Czar of Russia is trying to drive the Sultan from his throne in the beautiful city of Constantinople. I hope he won't succeed, because I believe the Czar would only make the Turks miserable, if he conquered them. If he does not, I think, by and by, the Christian religion will be embraced by the Turks and then they will become a great and good people. Could they be made Christians, they would become one of the greatest nations on the globe. I think that, aided by France and England, the Sultan will conquer his great adversary, the Czar, and save his people. Long life and victory, to "His highness and most magnificent lord Abdul Medjid!"

THE TRACT IN THE SOLE OF A SHOE.—A shoemaker having received a tract, instead of reading it, used it in filling up the space between the inner and the outer sole of a shoe. The labor of the tract distributor was apparently lost. Not so! Sometime afterwards another man, of the same business, sat down on a Sabbath morning to put a new sole to that shoe. When he had cut away the old leather, he saw the tract,

and his attention was instantly arrested by its title, "*Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy.*"

It was an arrow from the quiver of the Almighty. The work was immediately laid aside, and the man hastened to the house of God: his soul was troubled, nor could he find rest, until he found it at the cross of Christ.

AN APPLE TREE IN THE MOUTH.

—About eighteen months ago, a young man in eating an apple got one of the "pips" fixed in a decayed tooth, which occasioned him great pain, but was totally unable to be extracted. At length the "pip," by dint of pushing, was driven down below the tooth into the gum, and no more pain was felt. Six weeks ago, however, a swelling was perceived in the gum, and ultimately an abscess was formed; medical men examined it, and found that the pippen had begun to germinate! The young man was in the habit of keeping cotton wool in his tooth, and this is supposed to have hastened the vegetation.

A MISERLY old fellow, down east, has hit upon an experiment to save candles. He uses the "light of other days."

FLUTE.—This name is derived from the word *fluta*, the Latin name of the lamprey, or small eel, taken in the Sicilian seas; because, like that fish, it is long and perforated at the side. The flute was in great esteem with the ancient Greeks and Romans.—*Dr. Busby's Musical Dictionary*, 1800.

MARY DOW.



As she said, "I have matches
to sell,
And hope you are willing
to buy.

"A penny a bunch, is the
price;
I think you'll not find it
too much;
They're tied up so even and
nice,
And ready to light with a
touch."

I asked, "What's your name,
little girl?"
"'Tis Mary," said she;
Mary Dow."
And carelessly tossed off a
curl
That played o'er her deli-
cate brow.

"My father was lost in the
deep;
The ship never got to the
shore;
And mother is sad, and will
weep
When she hears the wind
blow and sea roar.

"She sits there, at home,
without food,
Beside our poor sick Wil-
lie's bed;
She paid all her money for
wood,
And so I sell matches for
bread.

"Come in, little stranger," I said,
As she tapped at my half-open door,
While the blanket pinned over her head
Just reached to the basket she bore.

A look full of innocence fell
From her modest and pretty blue eye,

"For every time that she tries
Some things she'd be paid for to make,
And lays down the baby, it cries,
And that makes my sick brother wake.

"I'd go to the yard and get chips;
But then it would make me so sad,

To see men there, building the ships,
And think they had made one so bad.

"I've one other gown, and, with care,
We think it may decently pass,
With my bonnet, that's put by, to wear
To meeting and Sunday school class.

"I love to go there, where I'm taught
Of one who's so wise and so good,
He knows every action and thought,
And gives e'en the raven its food.

"For He, I am sure, who can take
Such fatherly care of a bird,
Will never forget or forsake
The children who trust to his word.

"And now, if I only can sell
The matches I brought out to-day,
I think I shall do very well;
And mother 'll rejoice at the pay."

"Fly home, little bird," then I thought;
"Fly home full of joy to your nest!"
For I took all the matches she brought,
And Mary may tell you the rest.

THE DYING BOY'S WISH GRATIFIED.

A LITTLE boy belonging to the Sabbath school in Poughkeepsie, we believe, was sick unto death. He was about eight or ten years of age, a most amiable and lovely boy, and one whose purity of character and amiability had won the hearts of all who knew him. Upon his dying bed he became sorely distressed about his soul. His parents and friends told him he had no reason to fear, but that he must trust in the Saviour, who would take him to his arms. His pastor was called in, and also bade him be of good heart, for the Saviour would receive him. The next day he was still greatly troubled, and

his pastor spent much time with him and used many words of encouragement. He said to him:

"You have been a good boy; you have tried to do right; you have loved the Saviour, and prayed to him. You have no reason to fear."

"But," said the lad, "do you think the Saviour will receive me?"

"I have no doubt of it," replied the minister.

"O, if *Jesus* would tell me so," said the dying boy.

Prayer was proposed. Those present kneeled down, and the minister, with all the fervency of a sympathizing heart and the power of a living faith, addressed the throne of grace. Just then light dawned upon the soul of the little boy. He clapped his hands in ecstasy, and cried out:

"*Jesus has told me he will receive me. I am ready now.*"

He survived a few hours, but he feared death no longer. I hope every child will refuse to be satisfied until Jesus himself tells him he will receive him.

A COUNTRY schoolmaster, happening to be reading of the curious skin of an elephant. "Did you ever see an elephant's skin?" he asked.

"I have!" shouted a little six year old at the foot of the class.

"Where?" he asked, quite amused at the boy's earnestness.

"On the elephant," said he with a most provoking grin.

'Tis only noble to do good. — *Tennyson*.

MY PET HECTOR, THE GREYHOUND.

HECTOR was the favorite hound of my brother Rufus, who was extremely fond of him, for he was one of the most beautiful creatures ever seen, had an amiable disposition, and was very intelligent. You would scarcely believe me, should I tell you all his accomplishments and cunning tricks. If one gave him a piece of money, he would take it in his mouth and run at once to the baker or butcher for his dinner. He was evidently fond of music, and seemed to have an ear for it; and he would dance away merrily whenever he saw dancing. He was large and strong, and in the winter, I remember, we used to harness him to a little sleigh, on which he drew my youngest brother to school. As Hector was as fleet as the wind, this sort of riding was rare sport. At night we had but to start him off, and he would go directly to the school-house for his little master. Ah, Hector was a wonderful dog!

A few miles from our house, there was a pond or small lake, very deep and dark, and surrounded by a swampy wood. Here my brothers used to go duck-shooting; though it was rather dangerous sport, as most of the shore of the pond was a soft bog, but thinly grown over with grass and weeds. It was said that cattle had been known to sink in it, and disappear in a short time.

One night during the hunting season, one of my elder brothers brought a friend home with him,—a fine handsome young fellow, named Charles Ashley. It was arranged that they should shoot ducks about the pond the next day. So in the morning they all set out in high spirits.

In the forenoon they had not much luck, as they kept too much together; but in the afternoon they separated, my brothers giving their friend warning to beware of getting into the bogs. But Ashley was a wild, imprudent young man, and once, having shot a fine large duck, which fell into the pond near the shore, and Hector, who was with him, refusing to go into the water for it, he ran down himself. Before he reached the edge of the water, he was over his ankles in mire; then, turning to go back, he sank to his knees, and in another moment he was waist-high in the bog, and unable to help himself. He laid his gun down, and fortunately could rest one end of it on a little knoll of firmer earth; but he still sunk slowly, till he was in up to his arm-pits. Of course, he called and shouted for help as loud as possible, but my brothers were at such a distance that they did not hear him so as to know his voice. But Hector, after looking at him in his sad fix a moment, started off on a swift run, which soon brought him to his master. My brother said that the dog then began to whine, and run back and forth in a most extraordinary manner, until he set out to follow him to the scene of the accident. Hector dashed on through the bushes, as though he were half distracted, every few moments turning back with wild cries to hurry on his master. When my brother came up to where his friend was fixed in the mire, he could see nothing of him at first. Then he heard a faint voice calling him, and, looking down near the water, he saw a pale face looking up at him from the black bog. He has often

said that it was the strangest sight that he ever saw. Poor Ashley's arms, and the fowling-piece he held, were now beginning to disappear, and in a very short time he would have sunk out of sight for ever. Only to think of such an awful death! My brother, who had always a great presence of mind, lost no time in bending down a young tree from the bank where he stood, so that Ashley could grasp it, and in that way be drawn up; for, as you see, it would not have been safe for him to go down to where his friend sunk. When Ashley had taken a firm hold of the sapling, my brother let go of it, and it sprung back, pulling up the young man without much exertion on his part. Ashley was, however, greatly exhausted with fright and struggling, and lay for some moments on the bank, feeling quite unable to walk. As soon as he was strong enough, he set out for home with my brother, stopping very often to rest and shake off the thick mud, which actually weighed heavily upon him. I never shall forget how he looked when he came into the yard about sunset. O, what a rueful and ridiculous figure he cut! We could none of us keep from laughing, though we were frightened at first, and sorry for our guest's misfortune. But after he was dressed in a dry suit of my brother's, he looked funnier than ever, for he was a tall, rather large person, and the dress was too small every way. Yet he laughed as heartily as any of us, for he was very good natured and merry. It seems to me I can see him now, as he walked about with pantaloons half-way up to his knees, coat-sleeves coming a little below the elbows, and vest that wouldn't meet at all, and told us queer, entertaining stories, and sung songs, and

jested and laughed all the evening. But once, I remember, I saw him go out on the door-step, where Hector was lying, kneel down beside the faithful dog, and actually hug him to his breast.

When not hunting with his master, Hector went with Albert and me in all our rambles, berrying and nutting. We could hardly be seen without him, and we loved him almost as we loved one another.

One afternoon in early spring, we had been into the woods for wild-flowers. I remember that I had my apron filled with the sweet claytonias, and the gay trilliums and the pretty white flowers of the sanguinaria, or "blood-root," and hosts and handfuls of the wild violets, yellow and blue. My brother had taken off his cap and filled it with beautiful green mosses, and lit up with the bright red squawberry. We had just entered the long, shady lane which ran down to the house, and were talking and laughing very merrily, when we saw a crowd of men and boys running toward us and shouting as they ran. Before them was a large, brown bull-dog, that as he came near, we saw was foaming at the mouth. Then we heard what the men were crying. It was, "*Mad dog!*"

My brother and I stopped and clung to each other in great trouble. Hector stood before us and growled. The dog was already so near that we saw we could not escape; he came right at us, with his dreadful frothy mouth wide open. He was just upon us, when Hector caught him by the throat, and the two rolled on the ground, biting and struggling. But presently one of the men came up and struck the mad dog on the head with a large club; so stunned him, and finally killed him. But Hector, poor Hector,

was badly bitten in the neck and breast, and all the men said that he must die too, or he would go mad. One of the neighbors went home with us, and told my father and brothers all about it. They were greatly troubled, but promised that, for the safety of the neighborhood, Hector should be shot in the morning. I remember how while they were talking, Hector lay on the doorstep licking his wounds, every now and then looking round, as if he thought that there was some trouble which he ought to understand.

I shall never forget how I grieved that night! I heard the clock strike ten, eleven, and twelve, as I lay awake weeping for my dear playfellow and noble preserver, who was to die in the morning. Hector was sleeping in the next room, and once I got up and stole out to see him, as he lay on the hearth-rug in the clear moonlight, resting unquietly, for his wounds pained him. I went and stood so near that my tears fell on his beautiful head; but I was careful not to wake him, for I somehow felt guilty toward him.

That night the weather changed, and the next morning came up chilly and windy, with no sunshine at all, as though it would not have been a gloomy day enough anyhow. After breakfast—ah! I remember well how little breakfast was eaten by any of us that morning—Hector was led into the yard, and fastened to a stake. He had never before, in all his life, been tied, and he now looked troubled and ashamed. But my mother spoke pleasantly to him, and patted him, and he held up his head and looked proud again. My mother was greatly grieved that the poor fellow should have to die for defending her

children, and when she turned from him and went into the house, I saw she was in tears; so I cried louder than ever. One after another, we all went up and took leave of our dear and faithful friend. My youngest brother clung about him longest, crying and sobbing as though his heart would break. It seemed that we should never get the child away. My brother Rufus said that no one should shoot his dog but himself, and while we children were bidding farewell, he stood at a little distance loading his rifle. But finally he also came up to take leave. He laid his hand tenderly on Hector's head, but did not speak to him or look into his eyes,—those sad eyes, which seemed to be asking what all this crying meant. He then stepped quickly back to his place and raised the rifle to his shoulder. Then poor Hector appeared to understand it all, and to know that he must die, for he gave a loud, mournful cry, trembled all over, and crouched toward the ground. My brother dropped the gun, and leaned upon it, pale and distressed. Then came the strangest thing of all. Hector seemed to have strength given him to submit to his hard fate; he stood up bravely again, but turned away his head and closed his eyes. My brother raised the rifle. I covered my face with my hands. Then came a loud, sharp report. I looked round and saw Hector stretched at full-length, with a great stream of blood spouting from his white breast, and reddening all the grass about him. He was not quite dead, and as we gathered around him, he looked up into our faces and moaned. The ball which pierced him had cut the cord in two that bound him to the stake, and he was free at the last. My brother,

who had thrown down his rifle, drew near 'also, but dared not come close, because, he said, he feared the poor dog would look reproachfully at him. But Hector caught sight of his beloved master, and, rousing all his strength, dragged himself to his feet. Rufus bent over him, and called him by name. Hector looked up lovingly and forgivingly into his face, licked his hand and died! Then my brother, who had kept a firm, manly face all the while, burst into tears.

My brother William, who was always master of ceremonies on such occasions, made a neat coffin for Hector, and laid him in it very gently and solemnly. I flung in all the wild-flowers which Albert and I had gathered on the afternoon of our last walk with our noble friend, and so we buried him. His grave was very near the spot where he had so bravely defended us from the mad dog, by the side of the way, in the long, pleasant lane, where the elm-trees grew.

LOVE FOR PARENTS.—Many years ago, there was a dreadful eruption of Mount Etna, which obliged the inhabitants of the surrounding country to run in every direction for safety.

Amidst the hurry and confusion of this scene, every one carrying away what he thought most precious, two sons in the midst of their anxiety for the preservation of their money and goods, recollected their father and mother, who, being both very old, were not able to save themselves by flight. "Where," exclaimed the generous youths, "shall we find a more precious treasure than our parents?" This said, the one took his father on his shoulder, the other his

mother, and so made their way through surrounding smoke and flames.

They were rewarded by the respect and affection of their neighbors; by the thankfulness and the tears of their parents, and by their own subsequent prosperity and happiness.

CHILDREN CAN DO SOMETHING.—

A little boy, a true tetotalter, was very anxious to persuade others to adopt total abstinence principles.

He met with some bricklayers, who were working at the next door to his father's house, and seeing them drinking beer, went up to them, and began to speak to them in his simple manner, about temperance.

The men laughed at him, but nothing daunted, the little fellow continued his visits day after day, always endeavoring to persuade them that "Water is best," and begging them to try the plan for themselves. The result was, that at the end of the week the child triumphantly brought two of the men to his father's house, before seven o'clock in the morning, when they added their names to the temperance pledge.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.—Take a common three-pronged fork and fix it on the wall. On its handle place a cork. Walk up to it with one eye shut, and as the cork will appear in a different place, if you try to knock it off, you will miss it. This is a simple, but very amusing optical experiment.

"EVERY word of God is pure; he is a shield unto them that put their trust in him."

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE; A FABLE FOR LITTLE FOLKS.



It was a great trial to the poor mouse to hear Mr. Dough reply : " I will give you some bread, my dear little mouse, if you will get me some meat for my breakfast ! "

On hearing this answer, Mr. Mouse

felt his heart knock against his breast again. It seemed to cloud his last hope ; and, for a moment, he thought he must give up the pursuit of his tail. Every one he had seen was like the cat, and would do him no favor without

pay. Hence, there was little room to hope that any one else would use him any better. Still, it came into his mind to keep on trying, because it was yet possible for him to find a friend, who would assist him. "How do I know," he thought, "but Mr. KILLEM, the butcher, may have a kinder soul than Mr. Dough, or Mr. Clodpole?"

At any rate he made up his mind to try. So, peeping up into Mr. Dough's face, he squeaked, and said:

"Mr. Dough, I think I can get you some meat, if you will wait while I go to Mr. Killem's, the butcher, across the way."

Then off he went, through a hole in the wall. After looking up and down the street, to see if it was clear of dogs and cats, he galloped over the road, and slipping into Jack Killem's shop, he run up the leg of the great meat block, and seating himself upon its top, he lifted up his front paws, and said, in a very pitiful tone:

"Please, Mr. Killem, give me a little meat that I may get back my lost tail. Do pity a poor little mouse and help him,—good, dear Mr. Killem."

The butcher, who was a very good natured fellow, was mightily pleased to hear a mouse talk. He was also much moved by the very pitiful tone of voice in which the mouse spoke. So he replied:

"That I will, you sweet little mouse; but you must first do a little favor for me."

"Oh dear!" thought the mouse, "I shall never get my tail!" But he didn't think loud. He thought to himself only; but said to the butcher:

"What shall I do for you, sir?"

"Why just step into my parlor and

eat up the crumbs I made at breakfast. When you come back, I'll give you some meat."

This made the mouse laugh with joy. It showed him that there was a chance now to recover his tail. Eating crumbs was an easy matter for a mouse. So he jumped off the block, dashed into the parlor, and, in a few minutes, ate up every crumb the good butcher had left on the floor.

What happened to him after this, I will tell you in my next number, in which I shall bring this long story to a close.

LITTLE BOY WHO LOVED WATER.
—Children are generally fond of water. A little boy, living near a fine stream and mill-pond, was accustomed to steal away to enjoy aquatic diversions not altogether safe for a child of his years. His father came upon him suddenly while on one of them, and, to cure him of his dangerous propensity, seized hold of him, and threw him into the middle of the stream; and no sooner had he reached the shore than he threw him back again. After repeated immersions, he held up the little fellow, dripping with water and panting to recover his breath, supposing him to be thoroughly cured of his aquatic tendencies. Imagine the father's surprise, when he cried out, "Good! do it again papa."

HAST thou a child! Give not time to vice to gain upon him; let him be sanctified from a child, and consecrated to the Spirit from his tender years.

GRANDFATHER WHITEHEAD'S LESSONS ABOUT PHILOSOPHY.

Teacher. You have said that one of the properties of matter was divisibility. Now, do you think that there is any limit to this; that is to say, can it be infinitely divided?

Pupil. As far as we know, all bodies are divisible, being capable of division into smaller and still smaller portions; and, provided the instruments of division are fine enough, there is no limit as far as our senses are concerned. Yet, as all particles of matter must be possessed of a finite magnitude, we should rather say that it is limited, though too small to be seen even when magnified by the most powerful microscope.

T. Give me some examples of the DIVISIBILITY of matter?

P. One of the best examples of extreme divisibility of matter is musk, which will continue to diffuse its odor year after year without any perceptible loss of weight. It is stated* that "a clean cork, which stopped a phial in which there was musk, which it seemed never to have touched, in 1712, smelled of musk more than twenty years after;" and Fée says that one part of musk will communicate its odor to 3,000 parts of inodorous powder. It is very evident that some particles of the musk must have been diffused, otherwise the odor would not have been discovered by the sense of smelling; touch and vision could not assist in the perception of its existence. Again: the silk, spun by the

silk-worm, is about the 500th part of an inch thick; but a spider's line is, perhaps, six times finer, or only the 3000th part of an inch in diameter; insomuch that a single pound of this attenuated substance might be sufficient to encompass our globe. Another remarkable instance of the divisibility of matter is seen in the dyeing of silk with cochineal, where a pound of silk, containing eight score threads to the ounce, each thread seventy-two yards long, and the whole reaching about 104 miles, when dyed with scarlet does not receive above a drachm additional weight; so that a drachm of the coloring matter of the cochineal is actually extended through more than 100 miles in length, and yet this minute quantity is sufficient to give an intense color to the silk with which it is combined. The animal kingdom also affords us an excellent example of the divisibility of matter in the animalcules of the iron-ochre, which are found in certain marshes. Each animalcule is only about one twelve-thousandth of an inch in diameter; and therefore a cubic line would contain 1000 millions of them, or nearly *two million millions* in a cubic inch!

[The pupil should be required to give other illustrations of the divisibility of matter, such as *gold* in gilding, or when beaten out; *platinum*, when formed into wire; *soap bubbles*, *wings of insects*, *puff-ball fungus*, &c.]

T. What you have stated seems almost incredible without some further explanation; will you therefore demonstrate to me how matter is capable of division?

* Alston's *Letters on Materia Medica*, vol. ii. p. 542.

P. Yes; when large rocks are divided from the mass, for the purposes of building, the smaller portions are again divided to mend the roads, and then subdivided by the wheels of wagons, &c., till they form dust, the particles of which are frequently so exceedingly fine, that we cannot readily distinguish them without the aid of a magnifying glass.

T. Give me an example to prove that the divisibility of matter passes the limits of perception by the senses.

P. Cinnabar, which is composed of sulphur and mercury, may be separated into these constituents; but we cannot distinguish the particles of sulphur from those of mercury, even under the microscope.

T. Do you consider that the divisibility of matter is wholly unlimited?

P. No; to adopt such an assumption would be to admit that the size of the ultimate undivisible particle is null; while it is evident, that if the ultimate particle have *no* extension, it cannot enter into the composition of a body occupying space.

T. What do you gather from all the facts and observations you have stated?

P. That all bodies are composed of minute particles, which cannot be further disintegrated, but are undivisible.

T. What name have these particles received from natural philosophers?

P. Atoms. If, however, we speak of the particles of a mass, without wishing actually to describe them as the ultimate portions, we employ the term molecules.

T. Then it appears that a molecule is not the same as an atom; will you explain the difference?

P. A molecule is supposed to be formed of several atoms, arranged according to some determinate figure, and generally signifies the component parts of a body too small for sensual perception.

T. Has the knowledge of the constitution of bodies thus formed been applied?

P. Yes. Natural philosophers and chemists have universally embraced the view, which has received the name of the atomic theory, or theory of atoms.

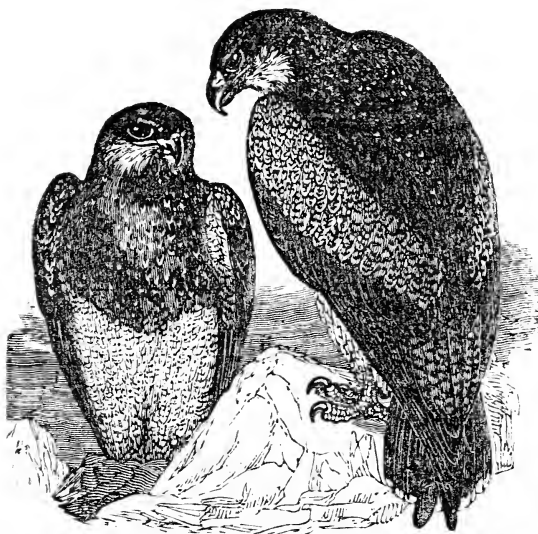
GENERAL QUESTIONS ON THIS LESSON.

1. Are all bodies divisible?
2. Give some examples of the divisibility of matter from the organized world.
3. Can you give a familiar example of the divisibility of matter?
4. Can we always prove the divisibility of matter by our senses?
5. Is there any limit to the divisibility of matter?
6. What is the difference between an atom, a molecule, and a particle?
7. What name has the fundamental view of the constitution of bodies received?

AN Irishman lost his hat in a well, and was let down in a bucket to recover it; the well being deep, his courage failed him before he reached the water. In vain did he call to those above him — they lent a deaf ear to all he said, till at last, quite in despair, he bellowed out, "Be Saint Patrick, if you don't be after drawing me up, sure I'll cut the rope!"

"A FRIEND loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity."

ANECDOTES OF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.



in his face with so much violence, that he was terribly wounded, but was fortunately driven so far back by the blow as to be out of all further danger. The screams of the eagle alarmed the family, who found the poor man lying at some distance, equally stunned with the fright and the fall. The animal was still pacing and screaming in the most terrible rage; and just as the party withdrew, he broke his chain, by the violence of his exer-

**EAGLES — EAGLES' NESTS — LIVING
ON EAGLES' EGGS — CHILD STEAL-
ING BY EAGLES.**

Eagles are solitary and unsociable. They are also fierce, but not implacable; and though not easily tamed, are certainly capable of great docility, and in some cases, evince an attachment to those by whom they are kindly treated. This, however, happens but rarely; as the keeper is too often savage and unrelenting; and sometimes brings on himself a severe revenge. A gentleman who resided in the south of Scotland had some years ago a tame eagle, which the keeper one day injudiciously lashed with a horsewhip. About a week afterwards, the man chanced to stoop within reach of its chain, when the enraged animal, recollecting the late insult, flew

tions, and escaped forever.

An eagle's nest found in the Peak of Derbyshire, has been thus described: "It was made of great sticks, resting one end on the edge of a rock, the other on a birch tree. Upon these was a layer of heath, and on the heath rushes again; upon which lay one young one, and an addle egg; and by them a lamb, a hare, and three heath poults. The nest was about two yards square, and had no hollow in it."

The females generally lay two or three eggs, which are hatched in thirty days. They feed their young with the slain carcasses of such small animals as come in their way; and, though they are at all times formidable and ferocious, they are particularly so while nurturing their progeny.

It is said that an Irish peasant in the county of Kerry once got a comfortable subsistence for his family, during a summer of great scarcity, out of an eagle's nest, by robbing the eaglets of their food, which was plentifully furnished by the parents. He stopped their progress beyond the usual time, by clipping the wings, and thus retarding the flight of the young; and tying them so as to increase their cries, which is always found to increase the dispatch of the parents in supplying their wants. It was a fortunate circumstance, however, that the old ones did not detect their plunderer, as their resentment might, in all probability, have proved fatal; for a countryman, not many years ago, resolved to rob an eagle's nest, which he knew to be built in a small island in the beautiful lake of Killarney, and accordingly stripped himself for this purpose, and swam over when the old birds were gone; but, in his return, while yet up to the chin in water, the parents coming home, and missing their offspring, quickly fell on the plunderer, and in spite of all his resistance, dispatched him with their formidable beaks and talons.

Several instances have been recorded, of children being seized and carried off by these rapacious animals. Pontoppidan relates, that in the year 1737, in the parish of Norderhougs, in Norway, a boy somewhat more than two years old was running from the house to his parents, who were at work in the fields at no great distance, when an eagle pounced upon, and flew off with him in their sight. It was with grief and anguish that they beheld their child dragged away, but all their screams and efforts to prevent it were in vain. Anderson also asserts that, in Iceland,

children of four or five years of age have been sometimes taken away by eagles; and Ray relates, that, in one of the Orkneys, a child of twelve months old was seized in the talons of an eagle, and carried above four miles to its nest. The mother, however, knowing the place, pursued the bird, found her child in the nest, and took it away unhurt. Perhaps it was some daring adventure of this kind that gave rise to the fable of Ganymede's being snatched up to heaven by an eagle.

THE RACCOON.

This animal is peculiar to America. He resembles the bear, but is much smaller and more elegantly formed. He is an active and lively animal; an excellent climber of trees, in which the sharpness of his claws greatly aids him; and he will even venture to the extremity of slender branches. He is a good-tempered animal, and consequently, easily tamed; but his habit of prying into everything renders him rather troublesome, for he is in constant motion, and examining every object within his reach. He generally sits on his hinder parts when feeding, conveying all his food to his mouth with his fore paws. He will eat almost every kind of food, but is particularly fond of sweetmeats, and will indulge in spirituous liquors even to drunkenness. He feeds chiefly at night, in a wild state, and sleeps during the day.

Brickell gives an interesting account, in his "History of North Carolina," of the cunning manifested by the raccoon in pursuit of its prey. "It is fond of crabs, and, when in quest of them, will take its station by a swamp, and hang its tail over into the water, which the



crabs mistake for food, and lay hold of it; as soon as the raccoon feels them pinch, it pulls up its tail with a sudden jerk, and they generally quit their hold upon being removed from the water. The raccoon instantly seizes the crabs in its mouth, removes them to a distance from the water, and greedily devours its prey. It is very careful how it takes them up, which it always does from behind, holding them transversely, in order to prevent their catching its mouth with their nippers."

When enraged, or desirous of attacking a person, the raccoon advances with arched back and bristling hair, and with its chin or under jaw close to the ground, uttering gruff sounds of displeasure. If once injured, it seldom forgives its enemy. On one occasion, a servant struck a tame raccoon with a whip; in vain did he afterwards attempt a reconciliation; neither eggs, nor food most coveted by the animal, availed in pacifying it. At his approach, it flew into a sort of fury; it darted at him with sparkling eyes,

uttering loud cries. Its accents of anger were very singular; sometimes one might fancy them the whistling of the curlew, at others, the hoarse bark of an old dog. If any one beat it, it opposed no resistance; it concealed its head and its paws, like the hedgehog, by rolling itself into a ball. In this position it would suffer death. When its chain broke, it would allow

no one to approach it, and it was with great difficulty refettered.

HOW TO SWIM. — Men and boys are drowned by raising their arms above the water, the unbuoyed weight of which depresses the head. Other animals have neither motion nor ability to act in a similar manner, therefore swim naturally. When a man or boy falls into deep water he will rise to the surface, and will continue there, if he does not elevate his hands. If he moves his hands under water, in any way he chooses, his head will rise so high as to allow him free liberty to breathe; if he will use his legs as in the manner of walking — or rather walking up stairs, — his shoulders will rise above the water so that he may use less exertion with his hands, or apply them to some other purpose. These plain directions are recommended to those who have not learned to swim, as they may be found highly advantageous in preserving life.

LITTLE PETER, THE ORPHAN BOY.

THERE was once in France a boy, who was called "Little Peter." He was an orphan, and begged his bread from door to door.—He sang very prettily, and people seldom sent him away empty-handed. It was an idle and uncomfortable life which he led; but Peter had no one to care for him, and he did not know what else to do. He had the singular custom of saying on every occasion, "It comes from above." I will tell you why. When his father was on his death-bed—if, indeed, he had a bed, for he was very poor—he said to his son, "My dear Peter, you will now be left alone, and many troubles you will have in the world. But always remember, that all comes from above; then you will find it easy to bear everything with patience."

Little Peter understood him, and in order not to forget the words, he often thought them aloud. He acknowledged every gift with the words, "It comes from above." As he grew up, he used to consider what the expression meant. He was intelligent enough to see, that as God rules the world, we may well believe of everything that happens in the way of his providence, "It comes from above."

This faith of Little Peter frequently turned out for his benefit. Once as he was passing through the town, a sudden wind blew off a roof-tile, which fell upon his shoulder, and struck him to the ground. His first words were, "It comes from above." The by-standers laughed, and thought he must be out of his senses, for of course it could not fall from below; but they did not under-

stand him. A minute after, the wind tore off an entire roof in the same street, which crushed three men to death. Had Little Peter gone on, he would probably have been at that moment just where the roof fell.

Another time, a distinguished gentleman employed him to carry a letter to a neighboring town, bidding him to make all haste. On his way he tried to spring over a ditch, but it was so wide he fell in, and was nearly drowned. The letter was lost in the mud, and could not be recovered. The gentleman was angry when little Peter told him of his misfortune, and drove him out of doors with his whip. "It comes from above," said Peter, as he stood on the steps. The next day the gentleman sent for him. "See here," said he, "there are two half-crowns for you for tumbling into the ditch. Circumstances have so changed on a sudden, that it would have been a misfortune to me had that letter gone safely."

I can tell you much more about Peter. When he had become a great boy, he was still called, "Little Peter." A rich gentleman who came into the town having heard his story, sent for him in order to give him something. When Little Peter entered the room, the Englishman said, "What think you, Peter; why have I sent for you?" "It comes from above," replied Peter. This answer greatly pleased the gentleman. After thinking awhile, he said, "You are right; I will take you into my service, and provide well for you. Will you agree to that?" "It comes from above," answered Peter; "God is very

good to me; I will gladly go with you." So the rich Englishman took him away. It was a good thing for the poor boy, who had been taught no trade. Long afterwards, we learned that when his master died, he left him a large sum of money to carry on his business; and that "Little Peter" was then a wealthy man in Birmingham. — But he still said of every occurrence, "It comes from above." — *Dr. Barth.*

THE THREE HALF-DOLLARS;

OR, WHICH DID MOST GOOD.

CHARLES, Edward, and Henry, were three cousins of about the same age, and residing in the same village. They were about ten years of age, when a rich old uncle who had returned from India, a few weeks before, came to reside in the same place with them, declaring his intention of making one of his three nephews his heir. One day he invited the boys to tea with him. On going home he gave them a half-dollar each to spend, and as it may be supposed, the cousins were much delighted. Each laid it by with care till the next holiday, which was very near.

The holiday came, and the three cousins went out together to a muster on the green. About half way there they were accosted by a pale-looking boy, about their own age, who begged of them. "I can't afford anything," said Charles.

"Nor can I," said Edward.

Henry did not speak, and they went on together. Once on the green, the boys were soon separated from each other. We will follow Charles first.

His half-dollar was soon gone in nuts, oranges, gingerbread, tarts, etc.; besides that, he went into most of the shows, and bought a great many marbles. The next day he rose with a sick headache, and was obliged to take some very nasty medicine. Such was the end of Charles's half-dollar.

On separating from his companions, Edward fell into the company of some of his schoolfellows; presently another boy came running to tell them there was a balloon to be seen at one end of the green, so away they all ran to see it. Edward declared it was going to descend. One of the boys, named Peter, said he was sure it was not.

"I'll bet you anything it will drop in Gray's field," said Edward, confidently.

"What have you got to bet," inquired Peter.

"I have a half-dollar," replied Edward.

"Well, I will bet you that half-dollar, that it will not fall in Gray's field."

"Agreed," said Edward, and they eagerly followed the balloon's flight; it did not drop, but passed over the field, and Edward lost his half-dollar.

We must now see what became of the third half-dollar. On leaving his cousins, Henry hastened back to hunt for the little beggar boy; he found him sitting on the bank, and crying bitterly. Henry inquired what was the matter.

"I am very hungry," replied the boy, "but I would not care so much for that, if my poor mother was not ill, and my little sisters crying for bread."

The tears came into Henry's eyes. "And what would you do if you had some money; he inquired. The boy paused a moment, and then replied, "I would trade, and try to make more of it."

Henry started, he did not expect such an answer: he put his hand into his pocket, and taking out the half-dollar, gave it to the poor boy, saying, "Go, persevere."

He then turned, and ran off to the fair, leaving him lost in astonishment. An hour afterwards, Henry saw him on the green with a basket, containing oranges, pears, apples, nuts, etc. Henry wished to avoid the boy's thanks, and so he kept out of his way, though he saw him very often selling his things. Henry never said a word about it at home, but he felt quite as happy as if he had spent his half-dollar on himself.

A month afterwards, Uncle William invited the three boys to tea again. Henry was running towards his uncle's house, when, on turning a corner, he came up against the little boy to whom he had given his half-dollar. He nodded to him, and was running on, when the boy exclaimed:

"Please sir, wait."

Henry stopped. The boy took a half-dollar from his pocket, and put it into Henry's hand, saying, "I have been very lucky, sir, and mother and I both sell now, so we saved up the half-dollar to pay you back again, and we pray to God every night to bless and reward you, sir, for saving us from starvation."

"But," said Henry, "I gave you the half-dollar to keep."

"Yes, sir; but mother said, now we could manage to get an honest living, we would pay it you back again."

"Well, if you can afford it," said Henry. "Good bye, I can't stop," and Henry ran away to avoid his thanks, inwardly resolving to buy the little orange boy a pair of thick shoes with the half-dollar, and give him. He soon

reached his uncle's, where Charles and Edward had arrived before him. They had a delightful evening; and were having some fruit before going home, when Uncle William said:

"My boys, I want to ask you each a question, What became of those half-dollars I gave you a month ago?"

Edward colored, and said, "I lost mine," and then related how.

Charles declared he had such delicious things for his, that he only wished he had another.

Henry was silent, but he was astonished when his uncle told his cousins all about the little orange boy, and finished by saying, "Now, my boys, I am going to give you a little advice. Edward, avoid gambling as you would a viper — the one may destroy your body, but the other will most certainly destroy every moral principle. Charles, leave off your greedy selfish habits, it will corrupt your character completely, and prove your ruin. Henry, my boy, to you I would say, continue in the path you have begun to pursue; always have your eyes, your ears, your heart, hands, and your pockets open to the wants of your fellow creatures, and remember, 'God loves a cheerful giver.' Give to the poor; you lend it to the Lord, and he will repay it. To you all, boys, I would say one thing, never forget which did the most good of the three half-dollars. Now, good night; go home, and tell your parents that uncle William has chosen his nephew Henry to be his heir. Good bye, and never forget about the three half-dollars."

FIDELITY. — Never forsake a friend.

THE GRAMPIAN SHEPHERD'S LOST CHILD.—A TRUE STORY.

'Twas in the flowery month of June,
 When hill and valley glows
 With purple heath and golden whin,
 White thorn and crimson rose;

When balmy dews fall soft and sweet,
 And linger half the day,
 Until the sun, with all his heat,
 Can scarce clear them away;

Amid the Grampian mountains dun,
 A shepherd tended sheep,
 And took with him his infant son,
 Up to a scraggy steep.

The sheep lay scattered far and wide;
 The sky was high and clear;
 The shepherd's dog pressed close beside
 The child so fair and dear.

The father and his darling boy
 Lay dreaming on the hill,
 Above them, all was light and joy;
 Around them, all was still.

When, hark! a low and distant bleat
 Broke on the shepherd's ear:
 He quickly started to his feet—
 Dark mists were gathering near.

The shepherd knew the storm might last
 Through all the day and night,
 And feared his sheep, amid the blast,
 Might stray far in their fright.

He kissed, and charged his boy to stay
 Behind the craggy steep;
 And with his dog he went away
 To gather in his sheep.

An hour had scarcely passed, when back
 To the same spot he came,
 Called on his boy; while rock to rock
 But echoed back his name.

No trace, no track, no sound was there!
 He searched, he called in vain;
 Then home he rushed in wild despair,
 Immediate help to gain.

He gathered friends and neighbors round—
 They scaled the craggy height;
 But he they sought could not be found,
 Although they searched all night.

Three days and nights they still sought on;
 Their efforts all were vain:
 The shepherd's son was surely gone,
 Never to come again.

Meantime, the shepherd's dog was seen,
 When given his morning cake,
 With the whole cake his teeth between,
 The hillside road to take.

The shepherd, wondering what this meant,
 His son still in his mind—
 After the dog one morning went,
 Which flew as fleet as wind.

Up, up, a high o'erhanging crag,
 The dog in haste hath gone,
 Then gave his tale a joyous wag;
 The shepherd followed on.

A rocky ledge at length he gained,
 His heart beat thick with joy,
 For lo! the cave above contained,
 All safe, his darling boy!

The bread the hungry infant took,
 The dog lay at his feet;
 The cake in two the child then broke,
 And then they both did eat.

Such feasts of love are seldom seen
 In gay and festal halls,
 As this poor shepherd saw within
 That cavern's rocky walls.

PENCIL DRAWING—SIMPLE LESSONS FOR PRACTICE.

I ONCE read of a little girl who did not always tell the truth. I am sorry it was so, because lying is a very great source of misery to all who are guilty of it. One day her mother sent her after some milk. As she went to the store, by not heeding whither she went, she ran against a post, fell down, and knocked a hole through the milk pitcher. Had she been a truth telling child, she would have confessed the manner of the accident to her mother. But she was not,



Fig. 23.

and so she went home with a lie upon her lips, and said *the wind blew a stone through the pitcher!* I shouldn't wonder if she got two whippings, one for breaking the pitcher, and one for telling such a wicked fib. Whether it was so or not, I cannot say; but here is a picture of a milk pitcher, which I want you to draw in your very best style, (Fig. 23.)

And here is a vase or jar, (Fig. 24.) Possibly it may be like one of the jars in which Morgiana found the forty thieves hid away; and into which she poured the boiling oil, which put an end to their lives and crimes at once. I doubt this, however, because it has too narrow a neck to allow a man to get into it, unless he was as little as Tom Thumb. Be this as it may, I am quite sure you

can draw it if you *try*; because both the vase and pitcher are only applications of the *ellipse* which I taught you how to make in a previous lesson.

But here is the ellipse applied to the construction of a huge wagon wheel, (Fig. 25.) Draw the outline of the wheel first; then put in the hub and the spokes. Next build your wall, and finally put in your shading. When these things are done, you will have at least one part of a wagon to call your own. Practice these figures well and you will have done enough for one lesson.

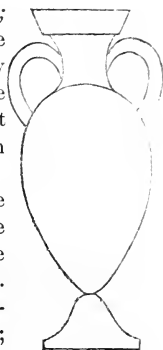


Fig. 24.

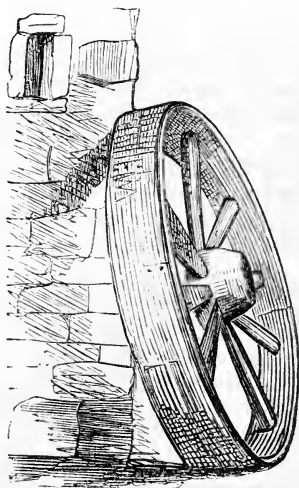


Fig. 25.

THE PYGMIES AND THE GIANT.

From Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales*.

A GREAT while ago, when the world was full of wonders, there lived an earth-born Giant, named Antæus, and a million or more of curious little earth-born people, who were called Pygmies. This Giant and these Pygmies being children of the same mother, (that is to say, our good old Grandmother Earth,) were all brethren, and dwelt together in a very friendly and affectionate manner, far, far off, in the middle of hot Africa. The Pygmies were so small, and there were so many sandy deserts and such high mountains between them and the rest of mankind, that nobody could get a peep at them oftener than once in a hundred years. As for the Giant, being of a very lofty stature, it was easy enough to see him, but safest to keep out of his sight.

Among the Pygmies, I suppose, if one of them grew to the height of six or eight inches, he was reckoned a prodigiously tall man. It must have been very pretty to behold their little cities, with streets two or three feet wide, paved with the smallest pebbles, and bordered by habitations about as big as a squirrel's cage. The king's palace attained to the stupendous magnitude of Periwinkle's baby house, and stood in the centre of a spacious square, which could hardly have been covered by our hearth rug. Their principal temple, or cathedral, was as lofty as yonder bureau, and was looked upon as a wonderfully sublime and magnificent edifice. All these structures were built neither of stone nor wood. They were neatly

plastered together by the Pygmy workmen, pretty much like birds' nests, out of straw, feathers, egg shells, and other small bits of stuff, with stiff clay instead of mortar; and when the hot sun had dried them, they were just as snug and comfortable as a Pygmy could desire.

The country round about was conveniently laid out in fields, the largest of which was nearly of the same extent as one of Sweet Fern's flower beds. Here the Pygmies used to plant wheat and other kinds of grain, which, when it grew up and ripened, overshadowed these tiny people, as the pines, and the oaks, and the walnut and chestnut trees overshadow you and me, when we walk in our own tracts of woodland. At harvest time, they were forced to go with little axes and cut down the grain, exactly as a woodcutter makes a clearing in the forest; and when a stalk of wheat, with its overburdened top, chanced to come crashing down upon an unfortunate Pygmy, it was apt to be a very sad affair. If it did not smash him all to pieces, at least, I am sure, it must have made the poor little fellow's head ache. And, O, my stars! if the fathers and mothers were so small, what must the children and babies have been? A whole family of them might have been put to bed in a shoe, or have crept into an old glove, and played at hide and seek in its thumb and fingers. You might have hidden a year old baby under a thimble.

Now these funny Pygmies, as I told you before, had a Giant for their neigh-

bor and brother, who was bigger, if possible, than they were little. He was so very tall that he carried a pine tree, which was eight feet through the but, for a walking stick. It took a far-sighted Pigmy, I can assure you, to discern his summit without the help of a telescope ; and sometimes, in misty weather, they could not see his upper half, but only his long legs, which seemed to be striding about by themselves. But at noon-day, in clear atmosphere, when the sun shone brightly over him, the Giant Antæus presented a grand spectacle. There he used to stand, a perfect mountain of a man, with his great countenance smiling down upon his little brothers, and his one vast eye (which was as big as a cart wheel, and placed right in the centre of his forehead) giving a friendly wink to the whole nation at once.

The Pygmies loved to talk with Antæus ; and fifty times a day, one or another of them would turn up his head, and shout through the hollow of his fists, "Hollo, brother Antæus ! How are you, my good fellow ?" And when the small, distant squeak of their voices reached his ear, the Giant would make answer, "Pretty well, brother Pigmy, I thank you," in a thunderous roar that would have shaken down the walls of their strongest temple, only that it came from so far aloft.

It was a happy circumstance that Antæus was the Pigmy people's friend ; for there was more strength in his little finger than in ten million of such bodies as this. If he had been as ill natured to them as he was to every body else, he might have beaten down their biggest city at one kick, and hardly have known that he did it. With the tornado of his

breath, he could have stripped the roofs from a hundred dwellings, and sent thousands of the inhabitants whirling through the air. He might have set his immense foot upon a multitude ; and when he took it up again, there would have been a pitiful sight to be sure. But, being the son of Mother Earth, as they likewise were, the Giant gave them his brotherly kindness, and loved them with as big a love as it was possible to feel for creatures so very small. And, on their parts, the Pygmies loved Antæus with as much affection as their tiny hearts could hold. He was always ready to do them any good offices that lay in his power ; as for example, when they wanted a breeze to turn their wind-mills, the giant would set all their sails a-going with the mere natural respiration of his lungs. When the sun was too hot, he often sat himself down, and let his shadow fall over the kingdom, from one frontier to the other ; and as for matters in general, he was wise enough to let them alone, and leave the Pygmies to manage their own affairs — which, after all, is about the best thing that great people can do for little ones.

In short, as I said before, Antæus loved the Pygmies, and the Pygmies loved Antæus. The Giant's life being as long as his body was large, while the lifetime of a Pigmy was but a span, this friendly intercourse had been going on for innumerable generations and ages. It was written about in the Pigmy histories, and talked about in their ancient traditions. The most venerable and white-bearded Pigmy had never heard of a time, even in his greatest of grandfather's days, when the Giant was not their enormous friend. Once, to be sure, (as was recorded on an obelisk,

three feet high, erected on the place of the catastrophe,) Antæus sat down upon about five thousand Pygmies, who were assembled at a military review. But this was one of those unlucky accidents for which nobody is to blame; so that the small folks never took it to heart, and only requested the Giant to be careful forever afterwards to examine the acre of ground where he intended to squat himself.

It is a very pleasant picture to imagine Antæus standing among the Pygmies, like the spire of the tallest cathedral ever built, while they ran about like pismires at his feet; and to think that, in spite of their difference in size, there were affection and sympathy between them and him! Indeed, it has always seemed to me that the Giant needed the little people more than the Pygmies needed the Giant. For, unless they had been his neighbors and well wishers, and, as we may say, his playfellows, Antæus would not have had a single friend in the world. No other being like himself had ever been created. No creature of his own size had ever talked with him, in thunder-like accents, face to face. When he stood with his head among the clouds, he was quite alone, and had been so for hundreds of years, and would be so forever. Even if he had met another Giant, Antæus would have fancied the world not big enough for two such vast personages, and instead of being friends with him, would have fought him till one of the two was killed. But with the Pygmies he was the most sportive, and humorous, and merry-hearted, and sweet-tempered old Giant that ever washed his face in a wet cloud.

His little friends, like all other small

people, had a great opinion of their own importance, and used to assume quite a patronising air towards the Giant.

"Poor creature!" they said one to another. "He has a very dull time of it, all by himself, and we ought not to grudge wasting a little of our precious time to amuse him. He is not half so bright as we are, to be sure; and for that reason, he needs us to look after his comfort and happiness. Let us be kind to the old fellow. Why, if Mother Earth had not been very kind to ourselves, we might all have been Giants too."

"WHY did you not pocket some of those papers?" said one boy to another; "nobody was there to see."

"Yes there was; I *was there to see myself*, and I don't ever mean to see myself do such things."

I looked at the boy who made this noble answer; he was poorly clad, but he had a noble face, and I thought how there were always two to see your sins, *yourself* and *your God*; one accuses and the other judges. How then can we ever escape from the consequences of our sins? We have a friend in Jesus Christ. He says, "Come to me; cast your sins at my feet; I have died to save you. — Trust in me, and I will plead for you, and befriend you." Will you not prize such a friend, and feel that he is indeed "One above all others?" — *Child's Paper*.

WHEN Erasmus visited England, in the 16th century, the houses were built of mud and wood, were thatched with straw, and instead of floors the bare earth was covered with rushes and straw.

NEDDIE NAYLOR'S JOURNEY.

NEDDIE NAYLOR was very much delighted with the idea of a journey in his father's company. He did not however keep thinking about it, as I have known some boys to do, so as to be unfitted for his studies. He was not like young TIM TOOTS. If that young gentleman was going any where, the thought so filled up his mind as to exclude everything else; even a school lesson could not find room to get into his brain, but he would dream about his excursion, talk about it, and scheme about it, until it made him absent minded. While in this state, he was sent, one day, to the watchmaker's with his father's watch; which he actually threw into a pond, without knowing what he was about. My friend Neddie had too much common sense to act like like Tim Toots. He knew that his wisest and happiest course was to give his mind to present studies and duties. In this way, the month flew swiftly past, and the day arrived on which he was to start.

Early in the morning, his father's hired man ALEC, as they called him — his name was Alexander — drove the good old mare Polly with the carryall up to the door. Neddie and his father were all ready for a start. Neddie's mother gave him a kiss, his grandmother stroked his head softly and kissed him too, saying:

"Good bye, my Neddie. And may God grant thee a safe journey!"

"Good bye, grandmother! Good bye, mother! Good bye, all!" replied Neddie, and out he marched, happy as a good conscience and kind friends could

make him, into the street. The next moment he was in the carriage beside his father. Alec cracked his whip and cried, "Go along Polly," and away the old mare jogged at a smart pace down the village street.

It was Mr. Naylor's purpose to ride in his private carriage to the nearest railroad station, where Alec was to leave them and return with the carryall and old Polly, while they pursued their journey. It was about fifteen miles to the station; and the road led through a very pleasant country, in which Neddie saw many objects to engage his attention and call forth numerous inquiries. But they met with no event worth noting down, except a little accident which might have proved serious, but for the good qualities of old Polly. I will tell you what it was.

The carriage was descending a steep hill, and the old mare was dashing along as though she loved the fun of going down hill. Neddie's voice of cheer to Polly pealed out louder than the noise and rattle of the wheels, when suddenly, a part of the harness broke, and the carryall ran with a tremendous bump against the old mare's hind legs. Not liking such a mode of being pushed along, Polly quickened her pace, and tried to escape the unwelcome thumping. Fortunately, the hill was short, and when the gentle creature reached the level road below, guided by the soothing voice of Alec, she gradually slackened her pace, and finally stood still, until the party got out and repaired the break in the harness. Had the old mare allowed herself to be frightened,

it is likely that some, if not all, of the party would have been very much hurt.

When the carriage first struck old Polly, Neddie turned pale and started to leap out of the carriage. His father, however, laid his hand upon his arm, and said in a very calm but authoritative voice:

"Neddie, keep perfectly still."

Neddie who was accustomed to obey his father in all things, yielded without hesitation to this order; and although he was not a little alarmed, he sat perfectly still.

When they resumed their ride, Neddie said to his father:

"Pa! why did you tell me to sit still just now?"

"Because, my son, it was best, as it almost always is, when you meet with a similar accident, to remain as quiet as possible. You are almost sure to be hurt if you leap from a carriage when the horse is running; while, by sitting still and keeping calm, you will most likely escape the danger wholly or in part."

Neddie was about to ask another question on the subject; but, just then, they crossed a railroad track, and close beside it, between two trees, there appeared a kind of hut.



"Pa!" cried Neddie, pointing towards the hut, "do look there,—what sort of a house do you call that?"

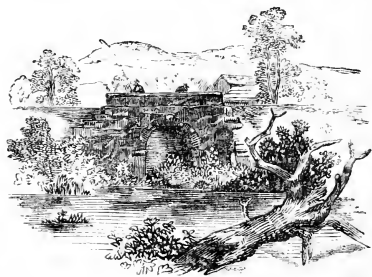
"That is an Irish shanty," replied his father.

"An Irish shanty! Why it looks hardly fit for a cow house. What

makes the Irish live in such huts, father?"

"Partly, because they were used to it in their own country; and partly because many of them don't seem to care for anything better; but along the line of a railroad the laborers on the road live in them, because they can build them cheaply and set them on the Company's land, near where their work lies. But time and intercourse with the American people, will teach them better habits."

Their route now lay along the banks of a very picturesque brook, called Moose Meadow brook. Neddie admired it much, and when they rode in sight of a stone railroad bridge, which



crossed it, Neddie, observing two men fishing from the bridge, said:

"O, Pa, what a fine place that is to fish from! I wish we could stop long enough to catch a little lot to send home to mother by Alec."

"What would you do for rod, line, and bait, Neddie?"

"Perhaps we could hire one for a little while of those men, Pa!"

"You are good at inventing ways and means, I see, Neddie. I like your thoughtfulness about your mother too. But, fishing is not our business just now; and you know what I have often told

you about doing the work of the moment at the proper time."

"Yes, father, I remember the saying, 'There is a time for all things; and every thing should be done in its own time.' I forgot it though, just now; and so I proposed what I now see was a foolish thing."

"What's the matter, Polly?" exclaimed Alec, at this moment, addressing the old mare as she stuck her nose into the air and pushed forward her ears, as if something very alarming was at hand.

"It's a train of cars running along the road, that troubles old Polly," remarked Mr. Naylor. "She never saw a steam engine nor heard the woo-woo-woeing of a railroad train before."

But Polly, as I have said before, was a very sensible old creature; and finding that her driver spoke calmly to her, she made no fuss when the train went whizzing and buzzing along some rods distant. A few minutes after the train had passed, one of the party descried a neat gothic-looking structure. "There," said Mr. Naylor, pointing towards the building, "is our stopping place. That is the Westfield Station at which Neddie and I are to take the cars."

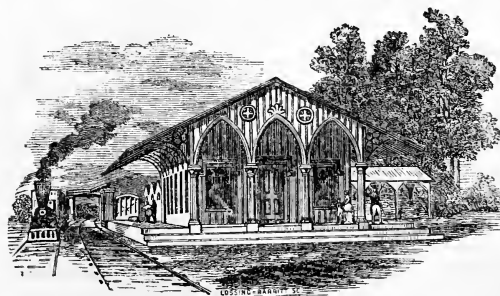
Neddie and his father took seats in the next train for Springfield. What they saw, and what they did there, shall be told you in a future number.

INVENTION OF LETTERS. — Letters are supposed to have been invented by the Phenicians, a race of people who resided in the country bordering on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean Sea. Cadmus, the leader of a colony from this country, founded Thebes, in Greece, and introduced letters there, about the year 1519, before Christ.

TAKE CARE OF TRIFLES. — One of the earlier founders of the cotton trade in England purchased an estate in a neighboring county, from a peer, for several hundred thousand pounds. The house with its furniture was to remain precisely as it stood. When the purchaser took possession, he missed a small cabinet from the hall, worth some three or four pounds. He applied to the late owner about it.

"Well," said the noble lord, "I certainly did order it removed. It is an old family cabinet, worth more from its associations than anything else; I hardly thought that you would have cared about so trifling a matter in so large a purchase."

"My lord," was the characteristic answer, "if I had not all my life attended to trifles, I should not have been able to purchase this estate; and, excuse me for saying so, perhaps if your



The baggage being placed in the station house, Alec returned home. lordship had cared more about trifles, you might not have had to sell it."

SUMMER IN THE WOODS.

BY HARMONY FORRESTER.

I'LL hie to the forest,
 Away down the glen,
 To see if the posies,
 The blushing June roses,
 Have come back again.

Ah me! what a clatter
 Of sounds do I hear!
 There's nothing the matter,
 The little birds chatter
 Unconscious of fear.

The bright glancing robin
 Has found his old nest;
 Out and in he is bobbing,
 His mansion re-jobbing
 For Mrs. Redbreast.

The blue bird and martin,
 The swallow and wren,
 Are up and down darting,
 Now meeting, now parting,
 Then meeting again.

The fair gentle pigeons
 Are crowding the grove;
 Pretty doves, softly cooing,
 Amid the shades wooing
 The mates whom they love.

The squirrel is bringing
 Fresh grass for his bed;
 Hark! is he not singing?
 No, 't is the thrush swinging
 Just over his head.

There's life in the woods,
 In its tiniest spray,
 In the fresh breeze that cometh,
 In the insect that hummeth
 Its prelude to day.

Oh, good is our Father
 Who made the earth fair;
 He fills the green bowers
 With music and flowers,
 And His presence is there.

Warehouse Point, Conn.

THE KID AND GOAT.

THE following brief dialogue, which the Picayune folks have chronicled, is not very slow. We trust the moral will not be lost to our young exquisites.

"How'd ye do, Mr. Jones; how'd d'oe?" said a young swell, recently, in front of the Picayune office, with more head than brains, to a glossy-faced gentleman, who stood behind a pair of gold-mounted specs, and whose locomotion was assisted by a gold-headed bamboo cane.

"Excuse me, my good sir—excuse me," said the old gentleman, in a falsetto voice, "but you have the advantage of me."

"My name is Kid, sir, Kid," said whiskerando. "You remember Tommy, as you used to call him, don't you?"

"Bless my soul, yes, and so I do," said the old man—"I remember little Tommy Kid, sure enough; and how do you do now, Mr. Goat?"

"Kid, sir, Kid, not Goat," said Thomas, peevishly.

"Ah, true, you were a Kid then, Tommy," said the old gentleman, "but I perceive by the quantity of hair on your chin, that you have since become a Goat."

WASPS.—It is a singular fact that the nests of these insects are made of a material which we are apt to regard as a modern invention—paper. With their strong mandibles they cut or tear off portions of woody fibre, reduce it to a pulp, and, of the *papier mache* thus fabricated, cells, and often the covering of their habitations, are formed.

FRIENDLY CHIT-CHAT WITH MY READERS.



Boys and girls, how are you, this hot, melting weather? I am not a nervous old fellow, and yet I always feel troubled with anxiety for my great Magazine family when the season for gooseberries, cherries, apples, plums and peaches arrives. Not that I think good fruit, eaten at proper times and in suitable quantities, will hurt any of you. But I know how it is with some of you. You will eat unripe and sometimes over-ripe or almost rotten fruit. Or, if you do not do this, you eat too much, especially between meals. And then, you know, you get sick. Dr. Bolus comes to you with his long face and bitter powders, and then, with headaches, and cholics, and powders, and I don't know what besides, you have a hard time, if indeed you don't get into your graves about forty years before your time. Now I don't like to hear of these things. I don't like to have my Magazine ordered "stopped," because the beautiful blue-eyed girl, or the noble, gay-hearted boy, who read it with so much delight, is dead. It makes me feel sad to think of it, and so I caution you all not to eat any but wholesome fruit, and just

enough of it. If you get under that green apple tree to shake down unripe apples, fancy you see my bright eyes peering out through my biggest rimmed spectacles, from among the branches. With the image of my good-natured face before you, I think you will stop shaking the tree and be careful not to eat unwholesome fruit.

A funny friend of mine asks me to solve this problem—viz: "Whether, when a mad dog bites a rumseller, it is worse for the health of the man or the morals of the dog?" This is a poser; a regular white oak knot. It certainly might be a bad business for the dog if he was not past being hurt in his morals; but such being the case, it don't matter to him what he bites. Then, it is a bad business for a rumseller to be bitten by a mad dog; the bite is sure to kill him, sooner or later, and there are few men less prepared to die than a regular built rumseller. Rumselling is a great sin in these days of light, and the doors of the kingdom of heaven will certainly be shut against all who will be guilty of it. Therefore I should be sorry to see a rumseller bitten by a

mad dog. I would rather that he should be spared to see his sinfulness and to become a good man.

No one answers the puzzle in the April number yet. What are the boys and girls about? They must put on their wisdom caps, and try again. Here it is once more. Who will answer it?

You eat me, you drink me, deny it who can; I am sometimes a woman, and sometimes a man.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JUNE NUMBER.

Emma Green's Riddle — A star.

PORTFOLIO PUZZLES.

CHARADES.—1. La-tin. 2. Al-so. 3. Advice.

RIDDLES.—1. Ten-ants. 2. Because it is in the middle of water. 3. Eu-se-by-us. 4. Because the more he is licked, the faster he goes. 5. When King Richard offered his kingdom for a horse. 6. Because he can always supply them with a spark (of electricity.)

ANAGRAMS.—1. French Revolution. 2. Mate. 3. Christina. 4. Paradise Lost. 5. Sarah.

Here is a fresh supply of brain work for you, from my portfolio :

ENIGMAS.

1.

Two beaux are Harriet's constant pride,
For ever dangling at her side;
An inch their due, they take an ell —
The name of Harriet's beaux pray tell.

2.

Who am I that so tumble among the rude
stones,
And break all in pieces without hurting
bones:
Nay, mark me, 'tis strange, yet most true
what I say,
I am next beheld playfully running away ?

ANAGRAMS.

1. A boat wins.
2. O! liar, net.
3. Dead respire again.
4. Time, gon' ten.
5. Stemal.
6. Chew in rest.
7. Call him yet released.

Now for my correspondence.

Here is a letter from a Long Island girl, who gives good evidence that my Magazine, is not only an agreeable but a valuable companion. I hope her brother will sharpen himself up a little so as to find out the puzzles and write to me.

MR. FORRESTER. Dear Sir:—My brother takes your valuable and instructive Magazine, and we like it very much; I think it is the best one I ever saw. I have several times tried to persuade my brother Gideon to write to you; but as he cannot find out the answers to the enigmas, he does not write; so I thought I would. I intend to try and learn to draw, as you give the instruction; I think I have practised thoroughly all the lessons you have given. The following is an enigma, the first I ever composed:

I am composed of 16 letters. My 1, 9, 12, 13, are what almost everybody has; my 2, 3, 15, is a mischievous little animal; my 6, 7, is a verb; my 8, 10, 3, 4, 5, 15, 13, is a girl's name; my 16, 9, 3, 11, is what children often do when they are angry; my whole is the name of a distinguished man.

Yours respectfully,

SARAH E. SMITH.

Here is letter from a down east boy. I know he is a smart boy, because he answers several enigmas, and because he likes my Magazine. I should n't wonder if he goes to Washington one of these days. I should like to accept his invitation to visit him; and if ever he sees a big wiggled old gentleman hobbling on a cane towards his house, I hope he will put out the bobbin, that Francis Forrester, Esq., may lift the latch and find a welcome.

MR. FORRESTER, ESQ. Dear Sir:—I take this opportunity to write to you about your Magazine. I have taken your Magazine two years, and I never have taken a paper or a magazine I liked half so well as yours. I have been trying to learn to draw; here is

one of my drawings. I cannot think of any thing to write. If you should come to Maine, you must come and make us a visit.

Yours, truly,

MELVILLE COOK.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 10 letters. My 1, 2, 9, 4, 5, 6, is very useful; my 8, 3, 10, is part of the leg; my 7, 9, 5, is what we all do; my 5, 4, 6, is a nickname; my 1, 9, 5, is what fish have. My whole is a town in Maine.

Why is a boot like a store? Because it has a counter. M. C.

And here is a note from another boy who has a good opinion of my Magazine. Really my Magazine grows more and more popular every day; but I don't mean to be proud of it, nevertheless,—only I shall try to make it better and better, that the boys and girls may love it more and more:

DEAR MR. FORRESTER:—I have been taking your Magazine ever since its commencement, and think it is very interesting. I have written a letter to you once before, and sent an enigma with it, but suppose you was not able to publish it. I have just been composing another enigma, which, if you think worthy, I should like to have you publish. Yours, respectfully,

I am composed of 22 letters. My 12, 17, 19, 13, 10, is what most of us enjoy; my 15, 21, is a refusal; my 6, 5, 4, 3, 17, 22, 19, is an accomplishment; my 7, 1, 6, 6, 17, 8, is a boy's nickname; my 9, 1, 11, 5, 19, 17, 4, is one of the States; my 2, 8, 4, 5, is a title of endearment; my 9, 13, 1, 18, is an adverb; my 20, 19, 22, is a synonym of pull; my 16, 21, 3, 22, is the work of a man. My whole is the name of the writer.

And here is a letter from a Boston Miss, who is sure to acquire scholarship and accomplishments, if she adheres to the motto of her letter. Besides answering several enigmas, she writes thus:

MR. FORRESTER. Dear Sir:—I think this last number of your Magazine very in-

teresting, especially the chit-chat with your young friends. The more riddles and enigmas there are, the better I like it. And if I do not solve them all, there is some comfort in knowing that I have tried. I find the only way to get along, is to try, try again.

Here is an enigma of my own composing, which, if you think worthy, please insert.

I am composed of 19 letters. My 1, 6, 8, 16, 19, is a necessary of life. My 13, 6, 7, 16, you may find out. My 11, 12, 6, 11, 9, is a carriage. My 7, 12, 13, 8, 9, is a period of time. My 7, 5, 11, 16, are a nuisance. My 11, 12, 15, 13, 11, 2, 4, is held by the people. My 8, 6, 3, 16, is a story. My 11, 9, 2, 13, is a part of the face. My 4, 2, 16, we should all despise. My 4, 10, 13, 8, is kept sacred by a religious denomination. My whole was one of the kings of England.

Yours, respectfully,

ALVINA.

A *down east* Miss writes me the following letter. I am obliged to her for her good opinion. Here is her letter:

N. Fayette, Me. April 7, 1854.

DEAR FRIEND:—I commenced taking your Magazine this year, and am very much pleased with it. I find it very interesting. I hope you will always have a plenty of subscribers. I think there is no doubt but what you will. I also send you one of my enigmas. I say, as others of your writers have said, if the readers wish to know my name, they must try to find it out.

I am composed of 19 letters. My 1, 7, 16, is used in almost every family. My 5, 4, 17, is a girl's name. My 10, 8, 7, 4, 15, is the name of a tree. My 9, 11, 13, 6, is what little boys have fine sport with. My 6, 3, 18, 19, is to me a dismal companion. My 12, 17, 2, 16, is a vocal address. My 17, 14, 15, is the name of an animal. My 5, 2, 8, 15, 18, is a girl's name. My whole is the name of the writer.

A Western New York Miss writes thus:

FRANCIS FORRESTER, Esq. Dear Sir:—I take your Magazine, and think a great deal of it. I send you a puzzle that I hope is worth putting in your Magazine. It is not in rhyme.

My first is a projection of the foot. My

'second is a month. My third is a projection of the foot also. My whole is a fruit most people love.

Yours, respectfully,

JULIA ELIZABETH W. TRUE.

A Massachusetts boy sends me the following:

MR. FORRESTER. Dear Sir:—I send you a conundrum, which, if you think proper, you will insert in your Magazine:

In times of old the Scriptures do record
Of one who never did offend the Lord;
He spake the truth,
And ne'er did sin commit;
Yet in Christ's kingdom
He can never sit.

Your Magazine is very interesting.

Yours, truly,

A MASSACHUSETTS BOY.

Here is an enigma from a Virginia girl. I shall always be pleased to hear from you, my pretty little Rosa:

I am composed of 8 letters. My 5, 4, 1, is a familiar name; my 3, 4, 5, 6, is a mischievous insect; my 5, 6, 7, 4, 8, 2, is that for which bigots fight, learned fools wrangle, and wise men laugh; my 3, 4, 8, 7, is that for which the miser toils and is never satisfied or satiated. My whole is the fondest, dearest sound that ever passed the human lips.

Yours, respectfully,

ROSA C. CHAMBERS.

NELLIE, of Gloucester, must be mistaken about my friend Mark Forrester, whose true name is the Rev. Dexter S. King. He is not editing any magazine now. The man who now calls himself Mark Forrester, hired Mr. King to edit the Magazine before it was sold. If Nellie would like proof of this, she can be shown Mr. Guild's account books, which he swore to as being correct before the Commissioner of Bankruptcy, and in which the amount paid to Mr. King each year for editing the Magazine is set down. Surely those accounts cannot be false; neither could

Mr. King have received pay for doing nothing. Hence Mr. King's claim to the name of Mark Forrester is proved by the sworn accounts of the man who now uses the name. What does Nellie think of these facts?

Henry A. Eldridge; B. W. Tomlinson; Lilly; Fannie; Susan L. Balch; F. J. Wood; a Middlebury boy; Wm. H. Morse, (I am afraid your story would be too long for my Magazine;) Frank Frantry, (you must be as patient as the mouse was;) a New Hampshire boy, (you are right; the mail will bring the names of all the boys in New Hampshire right to my office;) J. T. Gibson; Ann C. Stewart; Georgiana A. Washburne, (thank you, Georgiana, for your good opinion;) Nathan Webb; A. Olney; Mary, (you did well with the bill of fare;) C. E. Baily, (thank you, Clarence; I hope we shall be companions a good while, I wish you would send your coal along this way. It's a dear article here; and if the coal don't come to us soon we shall have to go to the coal to keep warm, when winter comes;) A. Bigelow; S. E. Turner, (thank you Silas. Perhaps you may see me one of these days, and perhaps not, for I am a very mysterious personage;) C. A. Spofford, (thank you Cyrena. I hope you will get me lots of subscribers;) Abby E. Beale.

From all these I have received letters. Many of them send me answers to puzzles and new enigmas. I wish I could print them all; but I can't, and so it's no use to fret about it. Yet, boys and girls, you must all write to me. I always read your letters, and they help to make my Magazine. So write away, my children, and I will kiss you all in my heart. Good bye. F. F.

THE CZAR NICHOLAS.



THE splendid figure, seated on the prancing horse in this picture, is the powerful Czar of Russia. His name is as barbarous as most of the provinces of his great empire. It is NICHOLAS PAULOVITCH. He is the third son of the Emperor Paul, and was born on the sixth of July, 1796, so that he is now

getting to be quite an elderly man. When Nicholas was a boy, he bore the title of *Grand Duke*, which is the title given to all the sons of a Russian Emperor, just as in England the sons of Queen Victoria are styled Princes and Dukes.

Nicholas was carefully educated by

several learned men, under the direction of his mother. He is said to have been a very good student and an apt scholar. The studies he loved best were those which belong to the arts of war; though he loved music very well, and even composed some pretty fair military marches.

When Nicholas was a boy, he did not expect to be Emperor, because, according to the law of the Empire, his brother *Constantine*, being older than himself, was heir to the crown. But *Constantine*, having married a pretty Polish lady of the Catholic religion, and choosing to live in retirement rather than to bear the burdens of a kingly life, gave up his right in favor of Nicholas. Perhaps it was well for the Russians that he did; for he is said to have been more cruel and severe than his brother, while he was a far less able man.

But although the crown was thus given him by his brother, Nicholas had to wade through a sea of blood before he was able to set it upon his head. When the Emperor Alexander died, in December, 1825, a fierce conspiracy broke out among the nobles and military officers of the country. They wanted to force the new Czar to make many changes in the manner of governing the country. Some of them would even have been glad to make Russia a republic, like America. So they flew to arms, and pretending that they were in favor of *Constantine* for Czar, they called on the soldiers to join them and to attack the Emperor in his palace, at St. Petersburg. Some of them joined their standards. The people also arose in their favor, and the new Emperor looked pale and sad. It was doubtful

at first whether he could put down the rebels.

But some of the leaders among the rebels were frightened, and hid themselves. This discouraged many of the rest. Then, the young Czar led the troops which remained faithful to him against them. He fired grape shot among them and they fell by hundreds and fled. As Nicholas passed from the Senate House to his palace, he met a body of the rebel soldiers. They might easily have killed him. But as they advanced toward him, he stood still and calm in their presence. Fixing his stern eyes upon them, he said:

"Good day, my children."

"*Hurrah for Constantine*," shouted they in reply.

"You have mistaken your road," said the Emperor, nothing daunted by this bravado. And then pointing toward the spot which the rebel troops occupied, he added, "that is the way to join the traitors!"

The soldiers passed on, and did him no harm! Another body followed them. He spoke to them in the same way. They were dumb with surprise. Seeing this, he spoke with imperial authority, in a loud and sonorous voice shouting:

"Right shoulders forward — march!"

The soldiers obeyed, and marched to join his forces and help to quell the rebellion which they had at first favored.

Thus the rebels were crushed. Next came the punishment, which was terrible. The common soldiers he forgave; but *eighty-four* gentlemen of note were sent to Siberia as exiles, or forced to serve in the ranks as common soldiers; *thirty-one* were first sentenced to be

beheaded, but was subsequently exiled for life; and *five* were hung.

It took several months to bring this conspiracy to its conclusion. When the last victim had ceased to be visible in St. Petersburg, the Czar celebrated the affair by a religious ceremony. He caused an altar to be erected on the spot where the struggle had taken place, and mass was celebrated upon it with imperial pomp. The pontiff of the Greek Church sprinkled holy water on the earth, which had been so deeply stained with Russian blood; all which, of course, was little else than hypocrisy. Shortly afterwards, he had himself crowned with great show in the cathedral of Moscow.

Since that moment, the Czar has given all his attention to the government of his vast empire. He has not, however, favored the real happiness and promoted the liberty of his subjects. His great object is to make everybody submit to his will. He cannot endure to see any one exercise his will independently of himself; but wishes to reign like a kind of human demi-god. He has also tried, in every way to enlarge his dominions. He is now fighting with the Turks, because he wishes to plant his throne in Constantinople, and to govern all the fine countries along the banks of the Danube, the shores of the Black Sea, and of the Golden Horn. It is not likely, however, that he will be able to fulfil this wicked wish. At least I hope not.

Perhaps you would like to know how the Czar appears. I will tell you. He is a very tall man, with a finely formed body. His face is said to be noble looking; though some say that his looks

are stern and wild. His movements are very abrupt, and he always appears in military costume. He is very proud of his height and figure. Every new recruit for his guard, who has a superior form, is called into his presence to measure heights with him; and he sometimes struts about with a manner akin to that of a peacock. He is very fond of his army, and loves to review vast bodies of troops. He is very severe towards such as displease him; and viewed in his whole character and conduct, he cannot be considered in any other light, than that of a great, powerful, wicked man. Let us be glad we were born under a free government, and not under the iron rule of the despotic NICHOLAS PAULOVITCH, CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.

A BRAVE LITTLE BOY.

I LOVE a brave boy. I don't mean a rash boy, who rushes into danger without thinking. Nor do I mean a blustering boy, whose words are larger than his deeds. But I do mean, a boy who never shrinks from dangers which he must meet, who keeps cool when most boys would get excited, and who fixes his mind more on the best means of getting out of a bad fix than on the trouble itself. I have read of such a boy lately, and will tell you what he did

This boy's name is GEISE. He lives at Grosse Isle, near Detroit, and is about seven years old. A few weeks since he was on the dock, when seeing a storm coming up, he took refuge under the deck of sail boat belonging to Mr. F. W. Backus, lying at the dock, with the

sail hoisted. In a moment after, the squall struck her, when she broke from her moorings, and started towards the open lake

When first seen, she was nearly half way across the river, and the little fellow had crawled from his place of shelter, and taken his place at the helm, endeavoring to direct his course towards the shore. Soon the rain came down in torrents; the wind had increased to a perfect hurricane, and the banks of the river were lined with wailing women and children, and strong men, who were powerless lookers on. Not a boat was immediately within reach. The sail boat had almost reached Stoney Island, and the hearts of all the lookers on were for a moment relieved, expecting to see her go ashore, when all at once she broached to, and came abruptly round again, heading for Grosse Isle.

As the boom settled round, the anxious spectators held their breath; for a moment the head of the little pilot disappeared, only again to re-appear, holding manfully to the helm. Directly another and fiercer squall struck the sail; the boat was thrown upon her beam ends, and the sail and boom in the water, and cries of "he is lost," "he is gone," were heard on all sides.

Still the gallant bark held her way; again she went about, and took her course towards Malden, and again her brave young pilot was plainly seen standing at her helm. By this time a boat had been manned and put off to the rescue; but before getting any distance into the river, the sail boat took another turn, heading again towards home; she ran straight to the middle of the river, when Mr. F. W. Backus and

H. Gray, Esq., ran down the bank, and made signs to the boy to keep the helm up or down, as the meandering of the boat required.

He obeyed the signs, like an old salt, and in a few minutes the boat was run into shallow water, when the gentlemen named above were enabled to wade on board, and in a little time the boy was in the arms of his mother, who had been an almost distracted spectator of the whole scene. In answer to a question of how he was getting along when the gentlemen boarded the boat, he answered, that he was pretty wet; but added, "Wasn't it lucky, Mr. Backus, that I was aboard of your boat when she went off?"

THE DAUGHTER'S PORTION. — A gentleman who was collecting money to spread the knowledge of God, called at the house of a poor widow who had lost her only child, a beloved daughter. She received him gladly, and when his errand was made known, handed him a sum of money so large that it greatly surprised him, and he could not help hesitating to take it. "Indeed, you must take it all," was her reply; "I laid it up as a portion for my little daughter, and I am determined that He who has my daughter shall have her portion also."

PRIDE. — Pride often miscalculates, and more often misconceives. The proud man places himself at a distance from other men; seen through that distance, others perhaps appear little to him; but he forgets that this very distance causes him also to appear equally little to others.

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE; A FABLE FOR LITTLE FOLKS.



THE mouse, having eaten up the last crumb from Mr. Killem's carpet, trotted back into his shop, and, with glee in his twinkling eyes, and a roguish smirk on his lips, said :

"I have eaten up all the crumbs, Mr.

Killem; will you please now to give me a bit of meat?"

"That I will, you pretty little creature," replied the butcher. Then, taking up his big knife, he cut off a slice of beef and gave it to the mouse.

"Thank you! thank you, Mr. Kilem," said the mouse, as he took the beef in his mouth and hurried away to Mr. Dough's. It was not a very genteel way to carry beef to a gentleman; but it was the best the poor mouse could do, so you must not find fault with him. Mr. Dough took the meat and gave the mouse a lump of bread, which he carried to Mr. Clodpole, who gave him some hay for it, which he carried to Mrs. Brindle, the cow. She gave him some milk, which he carried to the old cat; and she had honor enough to restore the poor, patient, persevering mouse his lost tail.

Now, you know that this story is all fable. There never was just such a cat and mouse; nor were such things ever really done as have been told you in this funny story. But fable though it is, it has a *moral*. The conduct of the mouse is meant to teach you to be patient when you are ill used, as he was by the cat; to be good natured when you fall in with *selfish* people, like Messrs. Clodpole and Dough; and to persevere like the mouse when you have a hard task to perform. The poor mouse would not be discouraged. He kept on seeking to recover his tail until he gained his point. You must do the same. However hard your lot may be, or difficult your task, you must not sit down and cry, but be up and try to conquer your difficulties, and rise above your troubles. And you must keep trying, too, until you succeed. This is the moral of my fable; and if, the next time you are puzzled and vexed, or have a tight knot to untie, you think how the mouse got back his tail, and are thereby helped to persevere, you will not have read my fable in vain.

LESSON FOR DRUNKARDS.

Not long ago some laborers were at work in England reaping a bright field of golden colored wheat; along with them was a little spaniel which sat upon their coats and blouses under the hedge, guarding them from rogues. Well, after they had been working a little time they all sat down to drink cider, (for in Devonshire, cider is drank instead of beer) and after they had finished drinking themselves they gave the little spaniel some, pouring it down his throat; in a short time the poor little fellow was quite drunk; sometimes he would spring up all of a sudden, and then, instead of taking a leap, he came down upon his head, and tumbled about for a long while before he could get up on his legs again. This amused the men a good deal, and they thought it capital fun, but after a time the dog got sober and ceased to act like a drunkard; so they tried to make him tipsy again, but they could not succeed, for although he had no objection to watch their clothes as he used to do before, yet they could never get him to open his mouth, or to come near them when they left their work to drink cider.

What a lesson this little dog's conduct is for poor drunkards, and what a pity it is they do not act as he did! Dear children, if any of you should be treated like the little spaniel, I hope you will do as he did, *shut your mouths quite close, and keep out of the way of the bottle.*

A LADY of Malvern, after three months' absence, found in her piano a rat's nest, made of the coverings of the hammers, silk, &c.!

CHARLES ROUSSEL—THE HISTORY OF AN INDUSTRIOUS BOY.

I HAVE lately read a book, written by an amiable French gentleman, which pleased me very much. Thinking it would both please and profit my young readers, I have determined to abridge it, and publish the substance of it in my Magazine.

It is about Charles Roussel, a Swiss boy who lived near the shores of a lovely Alpine lake. His father died a poor drunkard, when Charles was seventeen years old. His mother, whose name was Susanne, was therefore very poor, and was troubled to know how to support Charles and his sister Isabelle, who was thirteen years old, and Andre and Juliette, who were twins, in their eleventh year.

But master Charles said he would help his mother by building a little hut on the shore of the lake, so that they might have a home of their own. Having obtained consent of Mr. Montjoie, the owner of the land, and the approval of the good pastor of the place, Charles hastened to begin his task.

Full of youthful ardor and sanguine hope, Charles now set to work to collect the materials which he thought he should require. These were but few, as he expected that nature would supply him with the greater part upon the spot; but whatever was absolutely necessary, together with a few tools which belonged to his father, and which had escaped the general wreck occasioned by his dissipated life, he placed in a sort of barrow, or handcart, to transport to his new domain, which was nearly three miles from their present dwelling. He determined upon taking

no one with him except his brother, who, although so young, was a strong, active, and handy boy, and though somewhat volatile, yet of a very tractable and obedient disposition; he cautioned him that they must start before daybreak, and warned his mother that they should not return at night, in order that no valuable time should be lost. Andre, who was not a little proud at being permitted to share his brother's first labors, was up long before the lark, and the two brothers set out; Charles drawing the barrow by the pole, and Andre assisting him by pushing it behind.

Arrived at the spot, the young colonist set to work to collect as many reeds as he could gather. This would have been a task of no small difficulty, on account of the nearest of them being several yards distant from the shore, had he not fortunately discovered an old boat, small indeed, but sufficient for his purpose, which had been left there as useless. Charles managed to repair it with a few nails, so as to make it sufficiently water-tight to bear so light a burden as the reeds, and launched it again. He had no occasion to venture with it far from the shore, and, being an excellent swimmer, he had no fear. He constructed a rude sort of oar with a branch of willow, and being provided with a reaping hook, he set vigorously to work.

Andre was obliged to remain, though very reluctantly, on shore, as even his weight would have been too much for the rickety craft. He had soon, however, sufficient employment in convey-

ing the reeds which his brother brought on shore, to the spot which they had fixed upon for the hut.

The night closed in before the harvest was completed, and the brothers retired to rest under a sort of shed which Charles constructed of the reeds and two or three poles, after having supped cheerfully on some brown bread, and commended themselves to the Divine protection. Daybreak, the next morning, found them at work again. Sufficient materials being at length collected, Charles began in earnest a labor very similar to many which he had performed in sport during his childhood; and quite unconscious that his singular benefactor was from time to time watching his progress, from a spot where he could do it unseen. Even when the day had closed, he once came down to observe the shelter that Charles had provided for the night; and, perceiving the glimmering of a small lamp, he drew near, and heard the elder brother reading a portion of the Psalms, and afterwards explaining to the younger the manner in which the following passage applied itself to their present situation: "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thy heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass."—Ps. xxxvii. 3, 4, 5. Cheered by these words, their young voices now raised in a hymn of praise, the clear treble of Andre blending harmoniously with the deeper tones of his brother, who then offered up their evening prayer, after which the lamp was extinguished. M. de Montjoie walked thoughtfully away,

saying to himself, "he will succeed, he will certainly succeed; but he shall do it all himself; it would be almost a sin to help him."

We shall not trouble our readers with a full detail of the manner in which Charles constructed his hut; it will be sufficient to say, that with some poles and laths which he was able to procure, with the reeds, and with wild osiers, rushes, hedge-creepers, and various means of binding together the different parts of his building, he managed to construct a hut of two apartments, the whole being about twenty-four feet long, by about twenty broad.

Young as he was, Andre was a most useful assistant; and from time to time was sent home to report progress to his mother, and to bring back a supply of provisions. In ten days, Charles had completed so much of his work as to make it, in his opinion, fit for a summer habitation; but he considered that an additional outer covering would be required before the winter. However, the desire of receiving his mother and sisters as soon as possible in his new dwelling, added to the fear of leaving his fragile building without protection, determined him to send his young messenger without further delay for his family; directing him to explain, as well as he could, the state of things, and the reasons which rendered a speedy removal desirable.

It happened that the lease of the house in which the father had died was about to expire within a day or two; and even if Susanne had not felt desirous of leaving a place where she had endured so much grief, she would have been compelled to do so. The poor hut, therefore, which her son had built,

was a welcome refuge, and she lost no time in obeying his summons. The little baggage they needed at first was easily conveyed by Andre in his barrow, and each of the females carried a basket with provisions. When the poor woman caught the first distant view of her son's fabric, her heart overflowed with a mingled tide of compassion and tenderness. Charles, who went to meet her, said cheerfully, "There is our chateau. It is as yet rather transparent; but the nights are no longer cold; and before winter, dear mother, you shall have, with God's blessing, a better lodging."

One or two more journeys with the barrow completed the removal of their humble and scanty furniture. Small as their poor dwelling was, the whole property of the family was easily deposited within it. In the evening, during the first frugal supper which they made there, Isabelle, in the height of her joy, exclaimed, "Here we are; like Robinson Crusoe in his Island."

"Not so," said Andre; "Robinson Crusoe was alone; we are much better off than he was."

"And besides," said Juliette, "we are not in a desert island, but in our own country, with neighbors not very far off, and by the side of our own lake."

"Where nothing is our own," said her mother, gravely; "not even the sandy shore on which we have been permitted to build this hut."

"Why, mother," said Andre, "has not M. de Montjoie given it all to Charles, and did he not promise that no one should disturb him in the possession of it?"

"Life is always uncertain, my dear

boy; as long as M. de Montjoie lives, I trust in God that we are safe. But he is old; and should he die, his mere promise would not be binding upon his heirs. I do not wish to discourage you, my children; I only wish to impress upon you that all earthly things are uncertain; there is but one thing sure, which is the promise of God made through Jesus Christ, that his faithful servants shall inherit eternal glory hereafter: strive, then, to obtain the blessing of that promise by true faith and obedience. However, let us be thankful that we have even this humble abode for the present; my spinning wheel will turn as merrily under a covering of reeds as under a tiled roof; and, by God's blessing, I shall not want work. Isabelle, who is growing a great girl, will manage our household, and we will endeavor to make some use of Andre and Juliette; but our chief dependence must be upon Charles, who is our right hand."

"You must not speak so slightly of Andre, my dear mother," said Charles; "he has been of the greatest assistance to me; and I can assure you that, but for his help, you would not have been here this week to come. We must now, however, consider what we are to do for the future."

Charles then related to them all the plans he had formed while he was at work upon the hut, which our readers will become acquainted with from the following recital.

Susanne, notwithstanding her piety and resignation, could not help sometimes giving way to apprehensions for the future. "Alas!" she would say to herself with a sigh, "we are not indeed like Robinson Crusoe in his island, but

rather like the sparrows under the roof of man; when man is no longer willing to give us shelter, he can drive us away whenever he pleases."

Charles, however, was too sanguine and too much occupied with improving his new acquisition to entertain any fears of the future. "It is God that giveth the increase," he thought; "but we must plant and water, and do so at the proper season which he has appointed, otherwise there will be no blessing upon us. Corn will not grow in an uncultivated field, nor will it ripen and flourish unless sown and reaped at the proper time."

With such lessons impressed upon his mind, Charles first laid his plans, and arranged them in proper order, and then set to work, resolved that nothing should divert him from the course which he had proposed to himself. His first plan being to enlarge his territory as much as possible, by recovering from the lake and the river what they had carried away, he began by planting, with the leave of the proprietor, and before the season was too far advanced, slips of willow taken from the trees on the bank. This plantation, favored by the moisture of the soil, soon began to flourish; though the water for some time threatened to destroy his work by occasionally washing away the slips which he planted, which, however, were always carefully replaced, till they gained strength enough to contend with the waters, and had struck their roots deep into the soil.

He next busied himself with his hut, which could not long have been safe with the thin wall he had at first erected. If the wind and rain had not continued moderate, as it were out of kind-

ness to the widow and her children, they would have suffered severely under their roof of reeds. The season, however, was favorable to a first establishment. The mother slept with her daughters in the inner chamber, in the only bed which the family possessed. Charles and his younger brother, who wished to harden themselves, lay on a heap of dry leaves in a corner of the other apartment, which were kept together by means of a small hurdle. There they slept as soundly under a single blanket as upon a bed of down. However, weather is always uncertain, and our friends could not be without anxiety while they had so poor a shelter. Charles, then, set about this important business, by raising, as he had designed, a second wall all around the original building, a few inches from the former, and filling the space between the two with clay, moss and reeds.

It was, on the whole, still but a miserable hut; yet the good Susanne and her children were cheerful and contented with it; they even laughed at their own poverty, and piously thanked God night and morning, that they were far better off than many who had no shelter at all. "If we are to be pitied," said the mother, "thousands are in a worse condition; for there are whole nations where no one is better housed than we are. We have the advantage of inhabiting one of the finest countries and of the mildest climates in the world. We have, moreover, thanks be to God, by his grace, the happiness of knowing the Lord Jesus, and of praying to the Father and thanking him, in his Son's name, for the blessings we enjoy, which many who inhabit splendid and comfortable mansions altogether neglect,

holding no intercourse or communion with the Father of spirits. Instead of being pitied, therefore, we are rather to be envied by the negroes of Africa, and the Laplanders of Sweden, as well as by thousands of the rich and great of this world, who forget God, and suffer their luxury and wealth to lead them into sins which can only end in everlasting misery and despair; while we are humbly hoping that the Redeemer will one day afford us a brighter abode in heaven."

WORSHIP OF JAGANNATH.

MR. COLEMAN, in his "Mythology of the Hindus," gives the following account of the origin of the Worship of Jagannath.

"Since gods, as well as men, must, it would appear, die some time or other, the love-inspiring Krishna was one day shot with an arrow from the bow of a hunter, who, most unceremoniously, left the lovely form of the deity to rot under the tree where it fell. After some time, his bones were collected by some pious persons, and made the pious means of enriching the priests of the Hindus. Having been collected they were placed in a box, where they remained till Vishnu, on being applied to by a religious monarch, Indra Dhooma, commanded him to make an image of Jagannath, and place the bones in it. The king would willingly have done as he was desired, but, unfortunately, possessed not the skill for such an undertaking; so he made bold to ask Vishnu who *should* make it? Vishnu told him to apply to Viswakarma, the architect of the gods. He did so, and promptly

Viswakarma set about forming the image of Jagannath; but declared, if any person disturbed him in his labors, he would leave his work unfinished. All would have gone on well, had not the king shown a reprehensible impatience to that injunction. After fifteen days he went to see what progress the holy architect had made, which so enraged him that he desisted from his labors, and left the intended god without either arms or legs. In spite, however, of this perplexing event, the work of Viswakarma has become celebrated throughout Hindustan; and pilgrims from the remotest corners of India flock, at the time of the festivals of Jagannath, to pay their adorations at his monstrous and unhallowed shrine."

GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF BABY.

"God will take care of baby." A beautiful infant had been taught to say it, and it could say little else. "God will take care of baby." It was seized with sickness, at a time when both parents were just recovering from a dangerous illness. Every day it grew worse, and at last was given up to die.

Almost agonized, the mother begged to be carried into the room of her darling, to give it one last embrace. Both parents succeeded in reaching the apartment, just as it was thought the baby had breathed its last. The mother wept aloud, when once more the little creature opened its eyes, looking lovingly up in her face, smiled, moved its lips, and in a faint voice said, "God will take care of baby." Sweet consoling words! they had hardly ceased when the infant spirit was in heaven.

ANECDOTES OF BIRDS AND ANIMALS



SQUIRRELS IN THE WOODS.

THERE are few things more pleasing than to lie upon the grass on a sunny day in summer, and watch the squirrels in the trees above you. Peering up you will espy, on one of the tree stems, a little brown monkeyfied-looking rat, with a sort of a rabbit's head, and a foxy tail as long as its body, and curling over it, and *ecce*, my lord squirrel! Down he comes, leaping from branch to branch, clawing, racing so fast, so fast, and now he reaches the turf, and sits up on his hind legs, and looks this way and that, and listens. Do not move, or he is off; do not wink so much as an eyelid. "All right?" his merry brown eyes seem to ask. Yes, all right, for a nut drops from between his teeth into his fore paws, and giving his mighty consequential tail an extra curl, he makes ready for breakfast. That is another sight—the way in which a squirrel

deals with a nut. First of all he shakes and rattles it, that he may be sure there is something inside; then he twists it round and round in his paws, till he gets the narrow end uppermost, for he knows that at the upper end the shell is the thinnest; then he begins to grate and file till he has wormed his way through, getting noisier and noisier as the hole gets bigger: and then come intervals of quiet, which mean that his teeth are in the kernel, and that he is eating all within reach, for a squirrel never has patience to wait till the kernel is clean out; he eats it by instalments in the shell, and trust him for getting the whole of it! Well, after the nut, he will perhaps pick the bones of an apple, if there be one within reach, and when he has had his fill he will wash his face with his paws, and his paws with his face, and, feeling quite clean, and spruce, and comfortable, he will

roll over on the turf, making funny little noises, and giving queer little jumps, and then away! up the next tree-stem, clawing, leaping, swinging, so fast, so fast — up and up, till your neck is out of joint with watching him, and he is lost among the leaves.

FORAY OF MONKEYS IN AFRICA.

AN English gentleman, named Parkyns, who has travelled in Africa, relates the following account of the manner in which the monkeys attack the corn-fields of the natives.

“The monkeys, especially the cynocephali, who are astonishingly clever fellows, have their chiefs, whom they obey implicitly, and a regular system of tactics in war, pillaging expeditions, robbing corn-fields, etc. These monkey-forays are managed with the utmost regularity and precaution. A tribe, coming down to feed from their village on the mountain (usually a cleft in the face of some cliff,) brings with it all its members, male and female, old and young. Some, the elders of the tribe, distinguishable by the quantity of mane which covers their shoulders, like a lion's, take the lead, peering cautiously over each precipice before they descend, and climbing to the top of every rock or stone which may afford them a better view of the road before them. Others have their posts as scouts on the flanks or rear; and all fulfil their duties with the utmost vigilance, calling out at times, apparently to keep order among the motley pack which forms the main body, or to give notice of the approach of any real or imagined danger. Their tones of voice on these occasions are so distinctly varied, that a person much accustomed to watch their movements

will at length fancy — and perhaps with some truth — that he can understand their signals.

“The main body is composed of females, inexperienced males, and young people of the tribe. Those of the females who have small children, carry them on their back. Unlike the dignified march of the leaders, the rabble go along in a most disorderly manner, trotting on and chattering, without taking the least heed of anything, apparently confiding in the vigilance of their scouts. Here a few of the youth linger behind to pick the berries off some tree, but not long, for the rear-guard coming up forces them to regain their places. There a matron pauses for a moment to suckle her offspring, and, not to lose time, dresses its hair while it is taking its meal. Another younger lady, probably excited by jealousy or by some sneering look or word, pulls an ugly mouth at her neighbor, and then uttering a shrill squeal, highly expressive of rage, vindictively snatches at her rival's leg or tail with her hand, and gives her perhaps a bite in the hind-quarters. This provokes a retort, and a most unladylike quarrel ensues, till a loud bark of command from one of the chiefs calls them to order. A single cry of alarm makes them all halt and remain on the *qui vive*, till another bark in a different tone reassures them, and they then proceed on their march.

“Arrived at the cornfields, the scouts take their position on the eminences all round, while the remainder of the tribe collect provision with the utmost expedition, filling their cheek-pouches as full as they can hold, and then tucking the heads of corn under their armpits. Now, unless there be a partition

of the collected spoil, how do the scouts feed? — for I have watched them several times, and never observed them to quit for a moment their post of duty till it was time for the tribe to return, or till some indication of danger induced them to take to flight. They show also the same sagacity in searching for water, discovering at once the places where it is most readily found in the sand, and then digging for it with their hands just as men would, relieving one another in the work if the quantity of sand to be removed be considerable.

“ Their dwellings are usually chosen in clefts of rocks, so as to protect them from the rain, and always placed so high that they are inaccessible to most other animals. The leopard is their worst enemy, for, being nearly as good a climber as they, he sometimes attacks them, and then there is a tremendous uproar. I remember one night, when outlying on the frontier, being disturbed in my sleep by the most awful noises I ever heard — at least they appeared as such, exaggerated by my dreams. I started up, thinking it was an attack of the negroes, but I soon recognised the voices of my baboon friends from the mountain above. On my return home, I related the fact to the natives, who told me that a leopard was probably the cause of all this panic. I am not aware how he succeeds among them. The people say that he sometimes manages to steal a young one, and make off, but that he seldom ventures to attack a full-grown ape. He would doubtless find such a one an awkward customer; for the ape's great strength and activity, and the powerful canine teeth with which he is furnished, would render him a formidable enemy, were he, from

desperation, forced to stand and defend his life. It is most fortunate that their courage is only sufficiently great to induce them to act on the defensive. This indeed they only do against a man when driven to it by fear: otherwise they generally prefer prudence to valor. Had their combativeness been proportioned to their physical powers, coming as they do in bodies of two or three hundred, it would have been impossible for the natives to go out of the village except in parties, and armed; and, instead of little boys, regiments of armed men would be required to guard the cornfields.”

MR. POLLARD'S MONKEY.

JACK, as the monkey was called, seeing his master and some companions drinking, with those imitative powers for which his species is remarkable, finding half a glass of whiskey left, took it up and drank it off. It flew of course to his head. Amid the roars of laughter he began to skip, hop, and dance. Jack was drunk. Next day, when they, with the intention of repeating the fun, went to take the poor monkey from his box, he was not to be seen. Looking inside, there he lay crouching in a corner. “ Come out ! ” said his master. Afraid to disobey, he came walking on three legs — the fore paw was laid on his forehead, saying, as plain as words could do, that he had a headache. Having left him some days to get well and resume his gayety, they carried him off to the old scene of revel. On entering, he eyed the glasses with manifest terror, skulking behind the chairs; and on his master ordering him to drink, he bolted, and was on the house-top in a twinkling. They called him down.

He would not come. His master shook a whip at him. Jack, astride the ridge-pole, grinned defiance. A gun, which he was always afraid of, was pointed at this disciple of temperance; he ducked his head and slipped over to the back of the house. Two guns were now levelled at him, one from each side of the house; upon which seeing his predicament, and less afraid apparently of the fire than the fire-water, the monkey leaps at one bound on the chimney-top, and getting down into the flue, held on with his fore-paws. He would rather be singed than drink. He triumphed, and although his master kept him twelve years after that, he could never persuade the monkey to taste another drop of whiskey.—*Dr. Guthrie's Old Year's Warning.*

NEVER GIVE A KICK FOR A HIT.—I learned a good lesson when I was a little girl, says a lady. One frosty morning, I was looking out of the window into my father's barn-yard, where stood many cows, oxen and horses, waiting to drink. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows, in attempting to turn round, happened to hit her neighbor; whereupon the neighbor kicked and hit another. In five minutes, the whole herd were kicking each other with fury. My mother laughed, and said, "See what comes of kicking when you are hit." Just so I have seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears some frosty morning. Afterward, if my brothers or myself were a little irritable, she would say—"Take care my children—remember how the fight in the barn-yard began. Never return a kick for a hit, and you

will save yourself and others a great deal of trouble."—*London Child's Companion.*

A LITTLE GIRL'S THOUGHT ABOUT LIGHTNING.—A little girl, the idol of a friend of ours, was sitting by the window, one evening, during a violent thunder-storm, apparently striving to grapple some proposition too strong for her childish mind. Presently, however, a smile of triumph lit up her features as she exclaimed:

"Oh, I know what makes the lightning; it's God *lighting his lamps and throwing the matches down here!*"

Lighting the lamps of heaven to "shine by night," and throwing the lightning "matches" down through the "awful void!"

SHERIDAN'S READINESS.—Sheridan (Charles) told me that his father, being a good deal plagued by an old maiden relation of his always going out to walk with him, said one day that the weather was bad and rainy; to which the old lady answered, that, on the contrary, it had cleared up.

"Yes, (says Sheridan,) it has cleared up enough for *one*, but not for *two*."

He mentioned, too, that Tom Stepney supposed algebra to be a learned language, and referred to his father to know whether it was not so, who said:

"Certainly, Latin, Greek, and Algebra!"

"By what people was it spoken?"

"By the Algebrians, to be sure," said Sheridan.—*Moore.*

THE tongue is the scholar of the heart, and speaks what that dictates.

WHY EVERYBODY LIKES JAMES CAREY.

"EVERYBODY likes James Carey better than they do me," said Charles Allen; "and why it is I cannot tell. He certainly does not get his lessons better than several of the other lads. But it is easy to see that our teacher esteems him highly, and most of the people in the village consider him an exceedingly promising boy."

Saying this, Charles leaned his head upon his hand and continued quietly musing.

Why was James Carey better liked than himself? Not on account of any superior advantages that he possessed, or even that his moral principles were more decidedly correct: but simply because he followed that precept of the Bible, which admonishes us to "be courteous."

Let us follow the two lads on their way to school only one morning, for an illustration of our subject. It was quite windy, but the boys, with their jackets tightly buttoned, and their caps drawn closely around their ears, did not fear the rude blasts. Sometimes they walked backward, just to gain breath, and partly perhaps for sport. As Charles was proceeding in this way, without noticing where he was directing his steps, he bruised his elbow against the fence. James did not laugh at his companion's misfortune, as perhaps some boys would have done, but kindly sympathised with him. Do you not all know how trying it is to be laughed at when you have met with an accident, and how hard to bear at such times are the tones of ridicule? James was too truly courteous to do such a thing as that.

"We will not walk backward any more," he said. "I am sorry I proposed it, and I am to blame for your being hurt."

Just then a man passed them who was driving a loaded wagon. He moved slowly along, for he was ascending a steep hill, and his horse was weary. When he reached the top, and his jaded steed began to press on with new life, an unruly gust of wind took his hat off his head. Down it went flying down the hill as if it had wings, sometimes stopping a moment, and then starting again with fresh speed. The man looked vexed, and began to draw away the buffalo-robe, which was wrapped around him, preparing to dismount.

"Please, sir," exclaimed James, "don't get out, I will bring you your hat in a moment."

With these words he quickly ran down the hill, and with a bow and a smile soon presented the runaway hat to its owner.

"I would not have run down the hill and faced the wind up again, for such a rough-looking man as that," said Charles, when his companion joined him. "And he did not even thank you, though he saw that you could scarcely breathe."

James would have been better satisfied if he had been thanked for his kindness. Yet the stranger felt his courtesy, though he did not show any return; and when he reached the village store, he related the circumstances, adding he did not mind losing his hat, if he could meet a lad who returned it to him.

As the boys walked along, they overtook old Mr. D., a resident of the village. He leaned heavily on his staff, and walked with the feeble step peculiar to the aged. Charles pressed hastily by the decrepit old man, almost knocking the cane from his hand, while James greeted him with a courteous "Good morning." That cheerful, yet respectful greeting came like a breath of spring to the time-worn pilgrim. Charles hastened on, eager to join a group of playmates, while James walked slowly by the old man's side. He listened attentively to the conversation of his aged companion, and bade him a courteous "good bye," at the school-house door.

This sketch will give the reader some idea of James's habitual courtesy. He was courteous to his playmates, never ridiculing them when they met with mistakes, or met with accidents. He was courteous to his parents and teachers, addressing them always with respect, and complying with their commands in a manner which betokened something more than mere passive obedience. Besides this, and would that it could be said of every lad of fourteen summers, he was courteous to the aged. The Bible enjoins special reverence for gray hairs, teaching us to rise up before the hoary head. Yet how many forget this, regarding the aged with scorn and ridicule.

He was a kind boy, delighting to confer favors, and his manner of doing so took away the humiliating sense of obligation, which is sometimes felt by the recipient. We can all perform acts of kindness; but are we always careful to be courteous, lest we wound the sensibilities of those we would benefit? He was also courteous in another way;

he always expressed his thanks for favors received.

Do you say *courtesy* is a little thing; and if you are kind and truthful, diligent and obedient, you need not practice what you may consider a lesser virtue? Not so, my young friends. — *Courtesy* is a duty enjoined by that sacred book which we should make our constant rule of action. An inspired apostle, when he bids us "love one another, be pitiful," also adds, "be courteous."

THE LITTLE LETTER CARRIER. —

The following "droll incident" is related in the Knickerbocker, as having occurred to a lady of respectability in Brooklyn:

The lady has a charming little boy, very observing, imitative, and active. The child had noticed the post-man constantly leaving letters, and moving off quickly, and he thought it would be a very fine thing to become a post-man. So he went one day to his mamma's escritoire, and took out some twenty-five or thirty letters, tied them up, and sallied forth, leaving one at every house, and moving off quickly. The lady was rather surprised when her next neighbor brought her an open letter, which she said somebody had left at her door; but what was her astonishment when visiting hour arrived, for another, and another, and another lady coming in, all bringing open letters, till her ample parlor was completely crammed! You need not doubt the mirth and fun grew fast and furious, as each lady entered with the same tale, and the little post-man was elated beyond measure to find what a capital post-man he was; but the best of the fun was, that every lady, one and all, asserted she had not unfolded or read a word of it.

GRANDFATHER WHITEHEAD'S LESSONS ABOUT PHILOSOPHY.

Teacher. I remember that you said one of the essential properties of a body was **EXTENSIBILITY**. Pray what do you mean by the term?

Pupil. Every body must occupy a certain amount of space, which space will, of course, be in proportion to its magnitude. Extensibility is the property observed in bodies to have their volume enlarged without increasing their mass.

T. What do you mean by the volume of a body?

P. It is the bulk or size of a body, being the quantity of space included within its external surfaces.

T. How do you estimate the bulk or volume of bodies?

P. By the quantity of their dimensions; or in other words, by their length, breadth, and depth.

T. You have just said that a body may have its volume enlarged without increasing its mass; how is this possible?

P. When the stopper of a decanter has become firmly fixed, so that it cannot easily be withdrawn without the probability of breaking the decanter, if a flannel is dipped into hot water, and applied to the neck of the bottle, it will cause the glass to expand, and when the neck is enlarged the stopper can be easily extracted.

T. Has the volume of a body any relation to its figure?

P. No. Bodies having very different *volumes* may have the same *figure*; and bodies with different *figures* may have the same *volume*. Thus, a box may be ten times as large as a die, or another box, but yet have the same

figure; and a square and a sphere may, though of different figures, yet have equal *volumes*.

T. Do you think that bodies can be diminished in bulk, without diminishing their mass?

P. Yes; all bodies possess the property of compressibility as well as extensibility.

T. What do you mean by **COMPRESSIBILITY**?

P. It is that quality which all bodies possess of having their volume diminished without decreasing their mass.

T. Can you furnish me with some familiar examples of the compressibility of bodies?

P. The most elastic, and therefore the most compressible bodies, are aeriform fluids, and the most familiar of these is the atmospheric air, which varies in bulk, according as it is near or remote from the earth's surface. It may appear very extraordinary that the bulk of the atmosphere should vary, but nevertheless it is the case, and I will explain this by a simple experiment. Take four bags of seed or flour, and place them one above the other, and you will easily understand how those at the bottom of the pile are not so thick as those at the top. The experiment is better illustrated by increasing the number of the bags, and employing horsehair. It is on account of the weight of the bags above pressing upon the lower ones. So it is with the particles of air at the surface of the earth: they are pressed upon by those above them, at a pressure of about 15 pounds to every square inch.

T. Are fluids or liquids compressible?

P. Yes; but in so slight a degree that in a hydrostatic sense, they are considered incompressible; yet they are not absolutely incompressible, but only yield slightly to very intense pressure.

T. Are you certain that liquids have been compressed?

P. Yes. Canton proved this by experiment in the year 1761. He placed a tube with a bulb in a condenser, and submitted the surface of the liquid to a very intense pressure of condensed air. The result was, that the level of the liquid fell perceptibly, and rose again to its original height upon removing the pressure.

T. Can solids be compressed?

P. Yes. You observe this piece of lead is round, in fact, it is what is called a bullet; now immediately it receives a stroke of this hammer it will be partially compressed. You see that it is somewhat flattened, and now that it has received six strokes, the size of it is diminished, but its weight is the same. In the same manner, iron, steel, gold, and other solids may be compressed.

T. How can you account for this?

P. All bodies have interstices between the different particles of matter, and it is therefore very evident that the atoms are not in immediate contiguity with each other. The spaces between the atoms are capable of being compressed or extended, and therefore the volume of the body may be diminished or increased.

T. What do you call the space between the particles of bodies?

P. They are called pores.

T. Have *all* bodies spaces or pores between their particles?

P. Yes; every body is porous.

T. Then the property of being porous is a general one?

P. It is; and the quality of being so is called **POROSITY**.

HACKNEY COACHES AND SEDAN CHAIRS, IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I.—

The use of hackney coaches was but very trifling in 1626, having their origin only in the first year of this reign. Captain Baily, an old sea-officer, started four hackney coaches with drivers in liveries, with directions to ply at the May pole, in the Strand, where now the new church is, and at what rate to carry passengers about the town. A successful rival, however, soon appeared to divide the popularity with the old tar, the king having given a grant to Sir Sanders Duncomb, expressed in the following terms:—"That whereas the streets of our cities of London and Westminster, and their suburbs, are of late so much encumbered with the unnecessary number of coaches, that many of our subjects are thereby exposed to great danger, and the necessary use of carts and carriages for provisions thereby much hindered; and Sir Sanders Duncomb's petition representing that in many parts beyond sea people are much carried in chairs that are covered, whereby few coaches are used among them: wherefore we grant to him the sole privilege to use, let, or hire a number of said covered chairs for fourteen years."

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.
Wordsworth.

PENCIL DRAWING—SIMPLE LESSONS FOR PRACTICE.

I MUST keep you a little longer to the practice of simple figures. In no study is the old axiom, "Practice makes perfect," more necessary to be acted on, than in the art of drawing. All the instruction needed for drawing simple figures has been given you in previous lessons. When, however, you have drawn a few more simple objects, I shall proceed to instruct you how to draw the human figure, and also try and

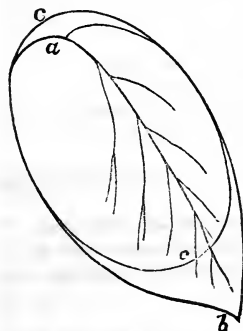


Fig. 26.

initiate you into the art and mystery of what is called *perspective*. But for this month, you must content yourselves with carefully imitating these simple objects.⁴ First, here is a leaf, (fig. 26.) Make the ellipse, *c c*, first; then the ends of the leaf, *a b*; next rub out that part of the ellipse, *c c*, which is not needed to form the leaf. Then put in the fibres, and you have a leaf all but the serrated edges which are put in last.

This also (fig. 27) is but a little more difficult. Make the outline first, and put in the shading afterwards.

The effect of the deep shading is to throw the curled edge of the leaf forward, as you will see by a little examination.

And here is a wheelbarrow (fig. 28.) It is easily done and is intended to teach you how to produce the effect of *light* and *shade*. You see that the shaded parts of the barrow have the effect of bringing the light parts forward—an effect which is known among artists under the name of *relief*. I hope you will practice it carefully. I shall be pleased to receive a "wheelbarrow" from any of you, as a specimen of your skill in this delightful art.



Fig. 27.

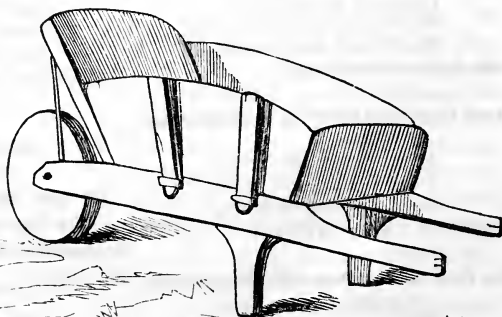


Fig. 28.

OLD ROVER.

I KNEW sweet Annie Taylor that lived above
the mill,
She had a widowed mother,
And a little younger brother,
And they all loved one another,
In their cottage on the hill.

She was a pattern daughter, this Annie, whom
I knew;
Industrious and clever,
Yet meek and modest ever,
And disobedient — never!
Kind, generous, and true.

One day as she and Charley were going down
to school,
They met another scholar,
Who had a silver dollar,
And a mastiff by the collar,
Near the margin of a pool.

"Come," said the idle truant, "let's have a
merry day!
We'll buy with all this money,
Nice candies, sweet as honey,
And playthings rare and funny;
Come, let us off to play."

"No, no," said Annie Taylor, "our mother's
just command
Permits of no delaying;
We wish no toys nor playing;"
Then on she went, so saying,
With Charley by the hand.

Away the wicked school-boy to the river hur-
ried down,
And as he sauntered over,
Toward the town of Dover,
He tried to fling old Rover,
Beyond the bridge — to drown!

But mark the woful hap that this truant came
to know;
While he the stone was tying,
And poor old Rover crying,
His foot slipped — he went flying
Down the gulph below:

Down went his money too, to the bottom,
like a stone,
A proof that sinful pleasure,
Indulged in any measure,
Endangers life and treasure,
And — should be let alone!

Ah, how he cried for mercy, as he was strug-
gling there,
His cruelty lamenting,
Of all his sins repenting,
Yet no kind hand preventing
His danger and despair.

His faithful dog, however, plunged quickly
in the wave,
Regardless of the wetting,
All injuries forgetting —
As life's last sun was setting,
He grasped him from the grave.

With bravery he bore him in safety to the
shore,
And there, with sense returning,
With shame and sorrow burning,
This humble boy was learning
To disobey no more.

At noon, as his young schoolmates there
homeward passed along,
Sweet Annie and her brother
Walked with him to his mother,
And now they love each other,
And old Rover — "lives in song."

Children's Magazine.

IF you have a friend who loves you
— who has studied your interest and
happiness — be sure to sustain him in
adversity.

VIRTUE is like a rich stone, best plain
set.

NEDDIE NAYLOR'S JOURNEY.

WE left my friend NEDDIE NAYLOR seated with his father in the cars at the Westfield station. As Neddie had never travelled in a railroad car before, every thing seemed strange to him ; and as he was fond of getting new ideas, he had many questions to ask his father.

He was scarcely seated, however, before a bell at the head of the train went ding, ding, ding, ding. Neddie, whose ears, as well as eyes, were always wide awake, heard it ; and he inquired :

"Father, what bell is that?"

"That's the engine bell. The engineer rings it to let us know he is about to start. It serves to warn all loungers off the track, while it bids the passengers get on board, if they don't wish to be left behind."

Just then, a man with a black band round his hat, who stood on the platform outside of the window, shouted, "All aboard!" And then, waving his hand in the direction of the engine, he sprang upon the steps of the car.

"Who is that man?" inquired Neddie.

"He is the conductor of the train," replied Mr. Naylor. "It is his business to collect our tickets, to direct the engineer when to start and where to stop, and to exercise a general oversight of the train he conducts."

Mr. Naylor had scarcely given this explanation before a violent jar, accompanied by the rattling of chains and a slight movement of the car, somewhat alarmed Neddie. He looked at his father, however, and seeing him quite calm, said nothing. But the next moment, when the engine began to puff

like a snorting steed, he rightly judged that the jar was caused by the strain which the first movement of the engine brought upon the fastenings of the cars. His attention was soon taken up by the scenery, which glided like a magical panorama before his eyes, as the train rushed swiftly along.

Not many minutes had passed, before Neddie, who sat next to a window, which he kept open that he might see better, started back quite suddenly, looking a little frightened. The cause of this movement was the entrance of the train into a deep cut in the rock, where the track ran quite close to the rough high wall of

a ledge, over fifty feet above the track. The clanging noise made by the train, and the

nearness of the wall in question, had startled Neddie's nerves, so that for a moment he hardly knew whether he had a head upon his shoulders or not.

"You must keep your head inside the cars," remarked his father. "It is always dangerous to put it outside."

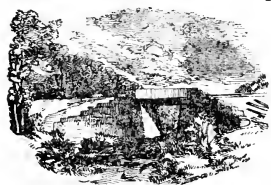
"Yes, father," he replied, "I will ; but what a noise the train made just now."

"That was caused by its passage over a part of the track cut through a solid rock."

"Cut through a solid rock! How



strange. It must have cost a good deal of hard work and not a little money, I'm sure, to do that. But look, pa! what a



pretty little brook that is! And we are going over it, I declare!"

"That is Block Brook. We shall soon arrive at West Springfield."

"Tickets, gentlemen!" gently exclaimed the man with a black band round his hat.

Neddie turned round to see who was calling for tickets; when he saw "CONDUCTOR" in brass letters in front of his hat. His father gave this man the tickets they had purchased at Westfield; and then he passed on to the other passengers, saying, "Tickets, gentlemen," as often as was necessary to arouse their attention.

The conductor had hardly passed out of the car, before a most unearthly sound echoed through the cars, piercing the ears of our travellers, and causing Neddie to jump from his seat. The sound was neither scream

nor whistle, but seemed to be made up of both; and it was kept up so long, that Neddie was half inclined to be frightened.

"It's the steam whistle," said his father, observing how bewildered he looked. "We are getting near West Springfield, and the engineer is whistling to give notice of our coming, and perhaps to scare some sleepy cow off the track."

This information calmed Neddie's rising fears; and very soon, as the cars drew up before the West Springfield station, he pointed to a very picturesque river, and said to his father,

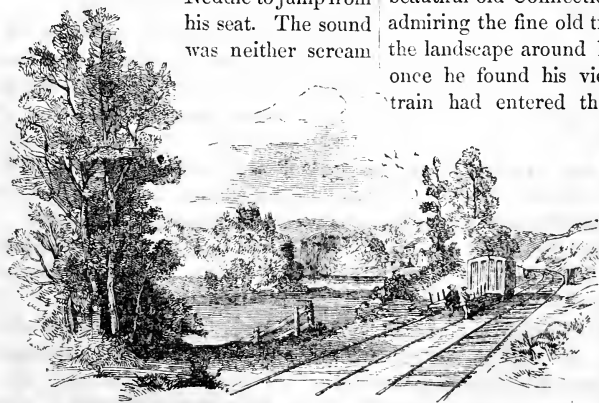
"How beautiful!"

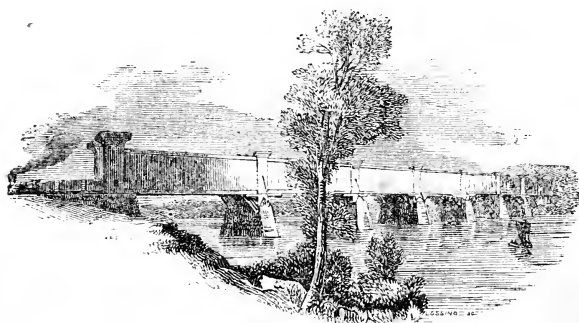
"It is very beautiful, Neddie. That bend in the stream, those tree crowned hills on the opposite bank, with the high land in the rear, make this a very pretty spot. It is a part of the Westfield river. Some of the finest farms in Massachusetts are found in this region, my son."

The cars stopped for a minute only at the West Springfield station, and then darted on towards the waters of beautiful old Connecticut. Neddie was admiring the fine old trees which dotted the landscape around him, when all at once he found his view cut off. The train had entered the famous bridge

which crosses the Connecticut at Springfield.

Like most persons who have not been used to railroad travel, Neddie felt a little timid at finding himself on so lengthy





a bridge, in the gloom inseparable from such a long covered structure. Looking half timidly into his father's face, he asked,

"Do you think it is safe to cross this bridge, pa?"

"O, yes," replied Mr. Naylor, smiling. "This bridge is very strongly built. It stands on six huge piers, made of granite, in the strongest possible manner; and the frame is considered a very strong one. I think there is no danger, Neddie."

"But are we not a great distance above the water, pa?"

"About *thirty* feet, or five times the height of a very tall man, my son."

"Well, I wish we were through it. How long is it, father?"

"I believe it is nearly *thirteen hundred feet* in length."

"Why!" said Neddie, who was what the boys call a "dabster" at figures, "that is nearly a quarter of a mile. It must have cost lots of money to build it."

"Yes, my son, it did. Its cost was, if I remember aright, \$131,612. But here we are at the end of it."

The train now glided from beneath the bridge, and the next minute it was standing beneath the spacious station

house at Springfield. Crowds of people were there, and to an inexperienced eye, it looked like a scene of confusion. But Neddie's father very quietly engaged one of a number of men who stood with long whips

in their hands, crying, "Want a hack, sir?" "Want a hack, sir?" The man went with him to the baggage car, and carried off his trunk; and it was not long before Neddie and his father were seen on board of his carriage, dashing along the streets of Springfield in fine style. Of Neddie's adventures in Springfield, I will tell you in my next number.

THE POOR SHEPHERD BOY.—The Rev. John Brown, when a poor shepherd boy conceived the idea of learning Latin and Greek, and having procured a few old books, actually accomplished the task while attending his cattle on the hills. On one occasion, he went to Edinburgh plaided and bare-foot, walked into a bookseller's store, and asked for a Greek Testament. "What are you going to do with a Greek Testament?" said the bookseller.

"Read it," said the boy.

"Read it!" exclaimed the skeptical bookseller with a smile; "ye may have it for nothing if ye'll read it."

Taking the book, he quietly read off several verses, and gave the translation, on which he was permitted to carry off the Greek Testament in triumph.

CAROLINE'S KITTEN.



"O, WHAT a beautiful little kitten you have got, aunt! It has such pretty eyes, and it looks so innocent and playful, I really love it!"

This was said by an interesting girl, named CAROLINE, to a staid matron, her aunt, at whose house she was making a brief call, one day. As she spoke she held the coveted kitten in her arms, and gently smoothed its fur with her delicate fingers. Kit seemed well pleased with her treatment, for she murmured purr, purr-r-r-r, with a right good will.

Caroline's aunt watched the little girl silently, for a while, who continued to caress Miss Kitty, and to talk to her so flatteringly that if she had known what the little girl said, it might have spoiled her. For instance, Caroline told her she was a "sweet kitty, a beautiful kitty, the sweetest kitty in the world," and I hardly know what besides.

"Caroline!" said her aunt, "do you think your mother would like you to have a cat of your own?"

"Have a cat of my own? Yes, aunt, I'm sure she would. She told me, the other day, I might keep one, if I could get one given me."

"Then I will give you the kitten. You seem so much pleased with it, I think you will take good care of it."

"That I will aunt; and I am so much obliged to you. May I take her home now?"

"Yes, Caroline, take her as soon as you please."

Caroline kissed her aunt, and said:

"You are very good, aunt, to give me the kitten, and I love you very much."

And then, without waiting for a reply, the happy child pressed the kitten gently to her bosom, and hurried home.

Caroline met her brother, Walter, at the door, and said,

"Look, Walter, what a beautiful kitten aunt Hannah has given me!"

Walter looked at Miss Kitty, and stroked her back, and said,

"You're right, Caroline, she is a beauty of a cat, and I'm glad you have got what you have been so long wishing for. We'll have fine times playing with her, wont we?"

"That we will, Walter; and you may play with her whenever you want to. We will call her *our* kitten."

"Thank you, Carry; but I shan't want her much, you know; and we can always play with her together."

Talking in this kind manner, Walter and his sister entered their home together. Their mother was willing the kitten should be kept; and, as Walter had said, they had many "fine times" together, sporting with their playful companion. It was a lovely sight to see them of an evening, with kitty on the carpet, while their parents sat in conversation, with little Tommy asleep, perhaps, on his father's lap. Not a hard, loud word would pass between them. They never quarrelled, but were always happy in each other; pleased with each other; and were so peaceful in their deportment as to be the angels of their parents' household.

The secret of all this happiness lay in the fact, that each sought the other's pleasure. Walter tried to please Caroline, and Caroline tried to please Walter. By this means both were made happy. Had they tried to please themselves, without caring for each other, both would have been unhappy. But they did otherwise, and were happy children.

Here, then, boys and girls, is a great secret for you to learn and practice. Seek each other's pleasure. Don't be selfish. Let each try to make all happy with whom he has to do, and happiness and peace will reign in the house, and you will all be angels of your households.

THE WHITE VAIL.—A beautiful but strange custom prevails among the Japanese, by which the bride receives a disguised sermon as a present from her friends. In our land the bride frequently receives presents of jewelry and dress, but in Japan her friends give her, on her wedding day, a long white veil. This veil is large enough to cover her from head to foot. After the ceremony is over, she carefully lays aside that veil among the things not to be disturbed. That wedding veil is at her death to be her *shroud*.

USE OF EYES.—An Italian bishop, who had endured much persecution, with a calm, unruffled temper, was asked by a friend how he attained to such a mastery over himself. "By making a right use of my eyes," said he; "I first look up to heaven, as the place whither I am going to live for ever. I next look down upon the earth, and consider how small a space of it will soon be all that I can occupy or want. I then look round me, and think how many are far more wretched than I am."

THE vapor of discontent is always most dangerous when it is confined.

PLAYTHINGS NOT TREASURES.

A young lady not long since called at the house of her pastor. When she entered the parlor, she found his two sons, Arthur and Willie, seated on the floor, surrounded by beautiful toys and pictures, which had been sent them as presents, and with which they seemed highly pleased. There was a dissected map, a magic lantern, a humming-top, and various beautiful and amusing things. The young lady expressed surprise, and said, "Why boys are all these *your* treasures?"

Arthur, who was about eight years of age, replied, "No ma'am these are not our treasures. These are our playthings, but our treasures are not here."

"Where are they?" said the lady.

"In heaven," he replied.

"What treasures have you in heaven?" she asked.

Arthur replied with a sweet smile, "A harp and a crown."

If Arthur's treasures were laid up in heaven, he still enjoyed the innocent amusements which were allowed him here; and instead of being made sad and gloomy by having his heart where his treasures were, it rendered him happy. True religion does not make people gloomy, but the want of it often does. Give your heart to the Saviour, and obey his commands, and *you* will have "a harp and a crown."

HOW THE SALAMANDER SAFE WAS DISCOVERED.—It is known that iron safes are now made with a chamber between the inside and outside filled with plaster of Paris. This is an effectual non-conductor of heat, and if the safe is made so strong as not to break

when falling in a burning building, there is little danger that its contents will be burnt. The discovery of the qualities of plaster was as follows. A man named Fitzgerald was making plaster images, and frequently washed his hands in a tin pan. The bottom of the pan soon became encrusted over with plaster, and one day when it was set on the fire to heat water, it was found that the water could not be heated in it. The discovery led to the knowledge that plaster of Paris was a suitable non-conductor for iron safes, thousands of which are now made every year.

THE TRY COMPANY.—A few days ago I was travelling on one of our public railroads, in company with a gentleman, his wife, and a little son of some five or six years of age. They were entire strangers to me, but as we sat on adjoining seats, and the little boy was good-tempered, open, and frank in his manners, and apparently ready to be pleased with anything which might occur, we soon entered into conversation. He was very busily engaged in untying the knot of a parcel, which I suggested that he could not do, and proposed to cut the knot for him; but his ready and well-pronounced reply was:

"My papa, sir, never allows me to say I can't; I belong to the Try Company."

I was delighted with this remark, and watched him at his task, which he soon exultingly accomplished.

THE evils of the world will continue until philosophers become kings, or kings become philosophers. — *Plato*.

TO MY CHILDREN FRIENDS.

Are you happy, sweet-browed children,
On this summer day ?
Would that I could kiss your faces,
With you cheerily play !
We would seek bird's nests together,
Twine the dainty flowers ;
Wander, till the dews fell on us,
In the twilight hours.

Will you love me, sweet-browed children ?
I am but a child ;
Though I've wept and sorrowed, often,
Still my heart is wild —
Still beneath my chin I gaily
Hold the buttercup —
Still out of wet hands I freely
Drink the water up !

Just now, on the happy river,
By the leafy shore,
Sailed I, listening to the music
Of the busy oar.

I was thinking, sweet-browed children,
Mid it all, of you ;
And I wanted your glad presence
On the waters, too !

Will you, every sunny morning,
As you wake to play
Mid the roses — every evening,
As you kneel to pray, —
Think of her, the lonely-hearted,
Who would gladly turn
From Earth's witchery and wisdom,
Of a child to learn ?

Will you let me be your sister ?
I will love you well —
And full many a pleasant story
I will strive to tell —
Kindly, meekly, will I lead you,
In the path I've trod,
Whispering of love and angels,
Whispering of God !

ETTIE JENNIE HURLBUTT.

Gales Ferry, July 1, 1854.

THAT is the best part of beauty
which a picture cannot express.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

GREAT Father ! make me good to-day —
Bless me and keep me good alway !
I am naughty now, I know —
Many wicked things I do —
But *my mother says* that Jesus
Can from all our sins release us !

Bless my father dear, and mother,
Bless my darling baby-brother ;
Keep them through the sunny day —
And, when evening shadows play,
May there come no gloomy sorrow
Ere we greet the rosy morrow !

Bless the poor man's toil and labor ! —
Bless our wealthy next-door neighbor !
Make us all as good and mild
As the sinless Saviour Child —
Thy beloved Redeeming Son —
Jesus Christ — the Holy One !

TO PARENTS.

He who checks a child with terror,
Stops its play and stills its song ;
Not alone commits an error,
But a great and moral wrong.

Give it play, and never fear it,
Active life is no defect ;
Never, never break its spirit ;
Curb it only to direct.

Would you stop the flowing river,
Thinking it would cease to flow ?
Onward it must flow forever ;
Better teach it where to go.

GOD IN THE FLOWER. — A gentleman being invited by an honorable personage to see a stately building, erected by Sir Christopher Hatton, he desired to be excused, and to sit still, looking on a flower, which he held in his hand. "For," said he, "I see more of God in this flower, than all the beautiful edifices in the world."

FRIENDLY CHIT-CHAT WITH MY READERS.



O THESE dog days ! How they do steal the strength from my weary old muscles. They wilt my poor frame as the sun wilts a parched flower, and leave me scarcely vigor enough to edit my Magazine. But I know you would all be disappointed if I should take a rest until after the hot weather, so I must keep at work for you, that you may have something to read.

By the way, I hope you had a good time on the *Fourth*. Wasn't it hot ? O how the sun did pour out his beams that day, and how weary all the pleasure hunters did look. For my part I wished myself at home, where I should have been but for the children of the Warren Street Sunday School. I had heard they were to have a floral procession, and I thought I would see it if possible, because it makes me feel happy when I look at happy children.

So off I trudged to the Common. But I soon found the Common to be no place for such an aged gentleman as Francis Forrester, Esq. It was so crowded with people I couldn't find a chance to see the procession pass the street outside. And the boys, oh, the

boys, those wicked fellows, they would set off their crackers close to my feet. When they saw me start, as their noisy double headers went *bang, BANG !* they would set up a laugh, and throw down a whole bunch of Chinese crackers with their *crack-crack-crack-ack-ack-ack-ack-crack*, until my poor nerves began to grow not a little disturbed. Well, I thought, I cannot stand this ; I'm hot, tired, dusty, distressed with the noise, and can't see anything either, so I will hobble off into the Public Garden.

I then hobbled away towards the garden thinking I would sit quietly, like Q in a corner, under the shade of a tree until the floral procession arrived. So paying my ninepence I went in ; but, oh dear ! it makes me puff even now to think of it ; it was almost as hot as Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. Call this a garden, do they ! said I to myself ; I think it must be a little piece of the African desert imported to Boston as a curiosity. A garden, eh ? Why the sun pours down on the sandy soil, and the sand reflects the sun, so that it is just the place to dry up what little of moisture is left in an old man's bones.

I then looked round for a tree, but, alas, except here and there a slender silver-leaf which wouldn't cast shadow enough to shelter a sweltered frog, I couldn't find a tree. But seeing a tent or two in the distance, I hobbled across the broiling Sahara, and plunged into one of them. But the tent was worse than the open air. It was stifling, and so I backed out of the tent. Looking round I espied a little pond with what seemed a little grove upon it. That looks cool, said I to myself, and I guess I'll go there. So off I trudged. Pity me, my children, when I tell you that the grove was on a little island in the middle of the pond, and I couldn't get to it. If I was Mayor of Boston, I'd have a little bridge thrown across to that island, said I; but as I am only Francis Forrester, Esq., I must be content to march back to the tents, and wait for the procession.

So I went back and stood as close to the trunk of a little silver-leaf tree as I could squeeze. Then a delicious little breeze came careering along and kissed my cheeks and fanned my brow as though it really loved me. This was delightful, and I felt much better. To help me still more, the band at the head of the floral procession appeared at the gate of the desert — no, I forget, I beg pardon of the city of Boston, — the Public Garden, I mean. Next came the procession of boys and girls, wreathed in flowers and looking so red with their march through the hot streets, I really pitied them. It was, however, a beautiful sight. The children looked well; their banners looked well; the various tableaux representing Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, looked well; in a word it all looked well. It pleased me

so much that my poor old heart fairly leaped for joy, and tears of gladness bedewed my venerable cheeks.

I was especially pleased with a little girl representing a shepherdess. She was borne on a litter by four boys. Another sweet little creature represented a lily, and as her cute face peeped up through the huge leaves which half concealed her, she made a very attractive appearance. Then there was a group of maidens, fresh as if just from the hay-fields, armed with rakes, and followed by a load of new-mown hay. But the most striking group of all was Winter, a boy dressed like an old man of the olden time, with knee-breeches and shoe-buckles, a long vest, a flat-brimmed hat, and hair and beard white as the driven snow, stood in the foreground. In the rear sat a girl with a red cloak and a bundle of sticks in her lap; while from a canopy above them large icicles hung drooping, as in January. Altogether it was the prettiest scene my eyes have looked upon this many a day, and I almost forgot my past fatigue in gazing upon it.

But very soon the procession broke up and the charm was dissolved. My weariness returned, the sun poured down hotter and hotter, and I set out for home. But the "busses" were all crowded, and I had to plod my way afoot; and never did I feel better pleased than when I, at last, found myself in the cool back parlor of my humble abode. I assure you I did not stir out of doors again that day, until the sun went down and the cool evening air tempted me to take a seat beneath the piazza outside of the house. As to the fire-works I could not have been hired to stand long enough on the

crowded Common to see them go off for a considerable sum of money. Thus, my children, did I pass my Fourth. I hope none of you fared any worse.

I will now give you the answers to last month's puzzles. Here they are:

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY NUMBER.

ENIGMAS.—1. Elbows. 2. Cascade.

ANAGRAMS.—1. A Boatswain. 2. Relation. 3. Paradise regained. 4. Mignonette. 4. Metals. 6. Winchester. 7. Hermetically sealed.

S. E. Smith's Enigma—Francis Forrester. M. Cooke's Enigma—Friendship. M. Cooke's Puzzle—Because it has a *counter*. Enigma of its writer's name—Edward N. Huntington. Alvina's Enigma—William the Conqueror. Down East Girl's Enigma—Olive Wilson Copeland. Julia E. W. True's—Tomato. Massachusetts Boy's Conundrum—Balaam's Ass. Rosa C. Chambers' Enigma—My Mother.

Here are some more nuts from my puzzle tree. I guess you will need some patent nut-crackers to open them:

ENIGMAS.

1.

The beginning of eternity,
The end of time and space,
The beginning of every end,
And the end of every place.

2.

There is a thing was three weeks old
When Adam was no more;
This thing it was but four weeks old
When Adam was fourscore.

3.

Ever eating, never cloying,
All devouring, all destroying,
Never finding full repast
Till I eat the world at last.

4.

I'm rough, I'm smooth, I'm wet, I'm dry.
My station low, my title high;
The king my lawful master is;
I'm used by all, though only his.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1.

If ta'en in one sense,
I'm employed as a fence;
Again ta'en in one,
I'm a token of fun;

Placed in another form you'll find
I prove the wonder of mankind.

2.

Range my letters aright
I'm a source of delight
In a game which fair gamester's approve;
Those letters then change,
You through England may range
With me, and yet never once move.

3.

Placed in one form, my letters tell
The affected look of many a belle;
Take but one from them, and you'll view
What gold connects, and iron too;
Another take, and then you'll find
What's daily used to tell the mind.

Now for my correspondence.

Here is a letter from a lad, who, having graduated from childhood into youth, no longer belongs to the ranks of boys and girls; so he bids adieu to my Magazine. All right. God bless you, Master David. May you never light upon a worse friend than F. Forrester, Esq., while on your journey to the grave.

MR. FORRESTER. Dear Sir:—I have now taken your most excellent Magazine about six years, and have found it a source of much amusement and instruction; but I now think I had better change for something which will be more useful to me at my age. I have spent many happy hours in reading it, and feel very loth to give it up, though it now seems best for me to do so.

A Mr. G. C. Burnap, of Pittsfield, formerly of Boston, in December last established a society called, "The Pittsfield Youth's Temperance Band," numbering now about two hundred and twenty members, and having as officers, a President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, and eight Directors, of which your humble servant is one.

At a late meeting of the directors, a committee was appointed to invite proper persons to make addresses at the next quarterly meeting, held on the first Saturday in July.

Thinking you might like to "rusticate" a while in a town where you have quite a number of subscribers, I was authorized to request your attendance as one such person, and also to make known to you that if you

could make it convenient to do so, your expenses would be defrayed by ourselves.

Pittsfield is a very pretty town, and I think we could contrive to make your visit to it a very pleasant one. I hope you will take into consideration the amount of good you may be the means of doing, as also the pleasure it would afford your many friends here to see you in our town.

While here, you would be very welcome to board with us as one of our own family, and that must be as long as your business in the city will allow of your absence.

Come if possible. We shall expect you, if nothing is heard to the contrary, to spend a long vacation with us.

Yours, very respectfully,

DAVID W. WELLS.

P. S. I will endeavor to get some one to fill my place in your list of subscribers.

D. W. W.

I am sorry I could not visit Pittsfield, as requested in this letter; but I did not get the letter in season even to answer it prior to the day of the meeting. But even if it had come earlier, I must have declined. Old men cannot make such long journeys often; and so my "Pittsfield Temperance Band" must excuse me. I hope they will all stick to their pledge like heroes to their standards.

By the way, friend David, don't forget those new subscribers.

Here is a letter which touched my heart. It is from a *deaf mute*! God bless him! He will, I know, for He "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and He will not forget the dear child who can neither hear the sweet sounds of nature, nor utter in words the emotions of his heart. I hope to hear again from this dear child:—

Natick, July 10th, '54.

DEAR SIR:—I now take your Magazine; I am very much pleased to read it, it is so

full of good stories; it makes me very interested. Perhaps I will take your Magazine next year.

I am a deaf mute. When I was nine years old, I was sent by my mother to the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, at Hartford, Connecticut, to get education, and staid there for six years. Last year I left there, and will never go back. I can write, talk with my friends by writing, or talk with the deaf mutes by signs. Natick has six deaf mutes, and they are all intelligent. I close this. Good bye. I send my respects to you.

To Francis Forrester, Esq.,

Boston, Mass.

I have a little secret to communicate to you, boys and girls, which I know will please you. My friends, F. & G. C. Rand, the publishers of your Magazine—and they are two of the finest Yankee gentlemen you ever saw—have large payments to make in August. They want your help. Many of you will find a bill—that is, those who have not paid up—in the Magazine. Take it to your parents, and tell them that the Messrs. Rand want the money; and, look here, tell them to send it to Messrs. F. & G. C. RAND, 7 CORNHILL; not to Mr. Guild, who has had nothing whatever to do with this Magazine for the last eighteen months. When Mr. Guild became bankrupt, more than a year since, the Messrs. Rand bought all his accounts, all his debts, his cuts, plates, &c., of his assignee, as you will see by referring to Mr. Hill's certificate upon the second page of the cover. So that everything due on the Magazine belongs to them. Please don't forget this; but see that your money is done up neatly and sent to Messrs. F. & G. C. Rand, 7 Cornhill, Boston—and then—look out for a treat in the September number. Until then, I wish you adieu. F. F.

HIEN-FOUNG, EMPEROR OF CHINA.



HERE is a picture of the Emperor of China. His name is HIEN-FOUNG. It sounds as queer to your ears, as most Chinese names do, I dare say. It has a meaning however, which you will more easily understand. It signifies "*Complete Abundance*." Before he was made Emperor, Hien-foung was called prince Se-go-ko. But it has always been the custom with Chinese princes to take a new name, when they have ascended the throne. Hence, this gentleman, when he took the crown, threw away his name of Se-go-ko, and called himself Hien-foung.

This Emperor "*Complete Abundance*" is a young man. He is only about twenty-three years old; yet he has been Emperor of China these four years. He was, therefore, but very little more than a full grown boy, when the crown of the Empire was placed upon his head.

I cannot call this young Emperor a very good looking man. True, he has a high forehead; but his eyes are not

pretty, for he almost squints. Then, he has a large flat space between his eyes, which makes his forehead look something like that of a buffalo. His cheek bones are very high and prominent. In short his face is not handsome, and it expresses very little besides a considerable degree of wilfulness. His person is slender and of medium height. His muscles are strong, and, if he were not given to luxurious habits of life, he might endure a large amount of fatigue.

As to his mind, I am led to think, from all that I have read of him, it is no more attractive than his face. He is said to be of a very stubborn disposition. He can be made to believe almost anything by those who can win his confidence. He does not possess either the knowledge or wisdom necessary in a prince, who has to govern an empire so vast as the one over which he presides. And, like most weak princes, he chooses for his counsellors such persons as are least fitted to govern for him. Indeed, it requires a wise prince to select just and prudent advisors.

The young Emperor Hien-foung has not found his throne to be a very easy seat. He has had much trouble already from an army of rebels, as he calls them. These rebels have already conquered a large portion of his empire, and are quite likely to conquer all the rest. In that case, poor Hien-foung, instead of enjoying "complete abundance," will suffer the evils of complete poverty, if indeed he does not lose his life.

I pity the poor Emperor in his troubles. I should pity him more, if he had not helped to bring evil upon his own

head by his own misconduct. When he first mounted his throne, instead of being guided by certain wise sages whose advice his father, the dead Emperor, had followed, he chose new and foolish advisers. They led him to resist the march of improvement among the people. They taught him to hate foreigners; to oppose everything new; and to favor everything that was old. The people, who were beginning to improve in wisdom, and to seek after a knowledge of the arts, habits, and ideas of Christian countries, did not like this. So, when the rebel TIEN-TE raised his standard of revolt, the people were disposed to show him favor and to go over on to his side. Had Hien-foung had a "complete abundance" of wisdom, although he might not have prevented the rising of the rebels, he might have united his people against them to prevent their success. Poor Hien-foung! I fear he will not be long numbered among the princes of the earth.

I will close this article with a little anecdote of one of Hien-foung's ancestors. It will amuse you, as well as show you that the Emperors of the Celestial Empire have not borne any better character than kings in general. — Indeed, there have never been many really good monarchs since men were governed by kings. — A throne almost always makes its occupant proud and selfish. But here is the story:

Many years ago, one of the Chinese Emperors sent his son and heir FOU-SOU to command three hundred thousand men who were building the great wall of China. During the absence of the Prince, the old Emperor started on a pilgrimage to the tombs of his ancestors. While on this journey, he was

taken sick. Feeling his end to be near, he sent a letter to his son, commanding him to hasten to the capital of the Empire, to celebrate his funeral and occupy his throne.

But there was a wicked old eunuch in attendance on the dying Emperor, named TCHA-KAO, whose office it was to affix the royal seal to the king's letters. This man, who wished to make Fou-sou's brother HOU-HAI Emperor, wickedly wrote a letter ordering Fou-sou and his generals to kill themselves, as an expiation for their manifold offences. This letter he wrote in the dying Emperor's name, and signed it with the royal seal, and sent it in place of the true dispatch.

"On the day after the perpetration of this fraud, the Emperor died. The infamous Tcha-kao then persuaded the second son to take possession of the throne; but to effect this usurpation, it was necessary to conceal the death of the Emperor for a certain time, in order that the high functionaries, and the young princess who had remained in the capital, might not of their own accord proclaim the heir, already appointed by the deceased monarch.

"The eunuch therefore contrived this stratagem. The body, wrapped in sumptuous raiment, and in the same attitude as during life, was placed in a litter surrounded by a light trellis-work, and concealed by silken curtains. A few initiated persons could alone approach it, and the eunuch proclaimed throughout the route that the Emperor, wishing to hasten his return, would travel day and night without alighting from his litter. At meal times the procession stopped for a moment to take in the food, which was consumed by a man

placed in a litter by the side of the corpse; but even the most curious eye could not detect anything behind the thick silken curtains.

"Unfortunately this took place during the most intense heat of summer, and the corpse soon began to send forth a most intolerable stench, which would have revealed the terrible truth, had not the eunuch contrived a new expedient. He sent in advance of the procession an antedated edict, professedly issued by the Emperor, which declared that the said Emperor, for the interest of commerce, allowed the carts of vendors of oysters to take the same route as his cortege. Formerly this had been severely prohibited on account of the offensive nature of the wares. The oysters, which in Chinese are called *pao-yu*, are the enormous shell-fish to which naturalists give the name of *spondyles*, and were then, as now, largely consumed by the people.

"The oyster-dealers took advantage of the permission which was granted them; and consequently cart-loads of *spondyles* preceded and followed the imperial procession, sending forth effluvia which defied the most sensitive nose to detect the putrid exhalations of the corpse among the alkaline exhalations which surrounded it. In this manner the imperial litter reached the capital amid the sound of gongs and the acclamations of the multitude.

"Prince Hou-hai and the eunuch took their measures at once. Having gained over the high functionaries and the soldiers, they announced the death of Tsin-che-houang, and proclaimed the new Emperor. While all this was going on at Ping-yuen, Fou-sou and Mong-tien received with astonishment

the imperial edict which commanded them to kill themselves. The old general observed to his pupil that it was contrary to the rules of sound policy to order generals who commanded 300,000 men to die by their own hands, without providing successors, and he was therefore of opinion that the imperial edict was a forgery. However Fou-sou made the heroic reply that filial piety required him to obey, without examination or discussion, an order bearing his father's seal, and stabbed himself without hesitation."

Prince Fou-sou's obedience to the supposed will of his father shows him to have been the possessor of a large measure of filial reverence; though had he been better instructed, I think he would have known, that even a father has no right to command his son to commit a crime. But the story shows you, as I have said before, that Chinese princes have not always ranked with the best of men. In my next, I will tell you something about the rebel chief Tien-te.

PLUCKING A RAT.

IRISH girls are always pretty smart, but once in a while they commit blunders. Their blunders are generally so ludicrous and funny that it is impossible to get angry at them. At one of the houses in this city, lives one who has "been over" but a few weeks. Lively as a cricket, industrious as a bee, and honest and willing to do. She of course is well liked by those with whom she has taken up her abode.

A few days ago, one of the men, who is something of a practical joker, hap-

pened to kill a large rat. He handed it to Nelly, and told her he wanted it cooked for his dinner. Nelly, with a modest courtesy, took the animal and proceeded to the kitchen. A short time after, the lady of the house had occasion to go to the kitchen, where she found Nelly trying to pull the fur off from the rat, which she was occasionally dipping into a kettle of scalding water!

"Why Nelly! what are you about?" asked the astonished lady.

"Sure, an' its thryin to pluck the feathers off this I am;" said she, "for Mr. ——— towld me to cook it for dinner."

The lady soon put a stop to the performance, and told Nelly with all the gravity she could command, that the men had been playing a joke upon her.

"Troth an' a joke it is, sure enough," said she, "for I niver seen sich feathers to stick in all me life!"

USE OF BLACK GLOVES IN THE SUN.—If you put a black glove on one hand, and a white glove on the other, and hold them in the sun, the hand with the black glove will feel the hotter, but will not be scorched, while the hand with the white one, although it will be the cooler, will be burned by the sun. This is because the black absorbs the heat; but as the white cannot absorb the heat, it necessarily must let the heat pass through on to the hand and thus scorch it.

A TEETOTALLER, on being told that temperance men were a band of robbers, said, "Yes they have robbed the Poor House and the State Prison of their victims."

ANECDOTES OF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.



THE AMERICAN BISON.

THIS wild looking creature is the Bison, or Buffalo as he is commonly called. He is a big fellow, as large as our largest oxen and often weighing over two thousand pounds. His color is dark brown, or nearly black. His back, neck and throat are covered with a long shaggy brownish mane which reaches down to the knees of the fore legs. He has short crooked horns; red, fiery eyes, and altogether he is a fierce fellow with looks that say, "You had better keep off," to all comers.

The bison is peculiar to America, and formerly inhabited the western prairies and forests in vast numbers; the accounts given by travellers of the thousands of these animals assembled in herds and marching across the plains, being among the most marvellous stories of the New World. They have,

however, diminished in numbers in proportion to the advance of population and the clearing of the western country, so that at the present day not one exists where thousands were to be seen only twenty or thirty years ago. The Indian tribes, to which this animal is of the greatest importance, affording them their meat and clothing, complain bitterly of their present scarcity, in consequence, as they say, of the invasion of the pale-faces on their grounds.

When the bison is still, his great size and unwieldy and heavy appearance would indicate an animal of small powers of locomotion; but when chased, he is found to run with unexpected speed, which he can maintain for many miles, so that it takes a good horse to match him in the race or tire him in the end. Attempts have often been made to tame the bison and reduce him

to the domestic state, but without success. Like the Indian, this animal seems destined to become extinct before the march of civilization, and the time is probably not very far distant when both will be known only in the records of history.

These animals march in herds from one place to another in search of food, and are particularly fond of the tender grass which springs up after a fire has passed over the prairie. In winter, they live by scraping the snow from the grass, but are often very lean in the spring from want of sustenance. Most of them, however, on the approach of winter wander to the south, where little or no snow falls, and again migrate to the north in the spring. When wounded, the bison becomes fierce and vindictive, and will pursue and trample upon the hunter when he can overtake him; and, unless wounded in the limbs, it is said that they sometimes pursue the fleetest Indian runner with success.

The favorite Indian method of killing the bison, is by riding up to the fattest of the herd on horseback, and shooting it with an arrow. When a large party of hunters are engaged in this way, the spectacle is imposing, and the young men have many opportunities of displaying their skill and agility. The horses appear to enjoy the sport as much as their riders, and are very active in eluding the shock of the animal, should it turn on its pursuer. The

most common method, however, of shooting the bison, is by crawling towards them from to leeward; and in favorable places, great numbers are taken in pounds. When the bison runs it leans very much first to one side, for a short space of time, and then to the other, and so on alternately.



When the Indians determine to destroy bisons, as they frequently do, by driving them over a precipice, one of their swiftest-footed and most active young men is selected, who is disguised in a bison skin, having the head, ears, and horns adjusted on his own head, so as to make the deception very complete; and, thus accoutred, he stations himself between the bison herd and some of the precipices that often extend for several miles along the rivers. The Indians surround the herd as nearly as possible, when, at a given signal, they show themselves, and rush forward with loud yells. The animals being alarmed, and seeing no way open but in the direction of the disguised Indian, run towards him, and he, taking to flight, dashes on to the precipice, where he suddenly secures himself in some previously ascertained crevice.

The foremost of the herd arrives at the brink—there is no possibility of retreat, no chance of escape; the foremost may for an instant shrink with terror, but the crowd behind, who are terrified by the approaching hunters, rush forward with increasing impetuosity, and the aggregated force hurls them successively into the gulf, where certain death awaits them.

The number of these animals which are every year destroyed, chiefly for their skins, which are sold under the title of *buffalo robes*, may, perhaps, be imagined by the general use and cheapness of this article. But the time is not distant when these robes will be a luxury, which only the rich can afford, their numbers every year diminishing as these animals grow more scarce; and we are told by western travellers, that their future diminution will be proportionally accelerated by the immense immigration toward the Pacific.

THE CROCODILE AND THE ZICZAC.

I HAD always a strong predilection for crocodile-shooting, and had destroyed several of these dragons of the waters. On one occasion, I saw, a long way off, a large one, twelve or fifteen feet in length, lying asleep under a perpendicular bank about ten feet high, on the margin of the river. I stopped the boat at some distance; and noting the place as well as I could, I took a circuit inland, and came cautiously down to the top of the bank, whence with a heavy rifle I made sure of my ugly game.

I had already cut off his head in imagination, and was considering whether it should be stuffed with its mouth open or shut. I peeped over the bank:

there he was, within ten feet of the sight of the rifle. I was on the point of firing at his eye, when I found he was attended by a bird, called a ziczac. It is of the plover species, and of a greyish color, and as large as a small pigeon. The bird was walking up and down, close to the crocodile's nose. I suppose I moved; for suddenly it saw me, and, instead of flying away, as any respectable bird would have done, he jumped up about a foot from the ground, screamed "Ziczac! ziczac!" with all the powers of his voice, and dashed himself against the crocodile's face two or three times. The great beast started up, and immediately spying his danger, made a jump up into the air, and dashed into the water with a splash which covered me with mud; he then dived into the river, and disappeared.

The ziczac, to my increased admiration, proud apparently of having saved his friend, remained walking up and down, uttering his cry (as I thought) with an exulting voice, and standing every now and then on the tips of his toes in a conceited manner, which made me justly angry at his impertinence. After having waited some time to see whether the crocodile would come out again, I got up from the bank where I was lying, and, throwing a clod of earth at the ziczac, came back into the boat, feeling some consolation for the loss of my game in having witnessed a circumstance, the truth of which has been doubted by several writers on natural history.—*Curzon's Monasteries of the Levant.*

MANY sink because of the number who strive to save them.

CHARLES ROUSSEL—HOW CHARLES ENLARGED HIS DOMAIN.*

The family could now pass their evenings without seeing their lamp flickering in the wind. When it rained, Charles looked anxiously at his roof, and applauded himself that he had been able to construct it so well as to prevent the wet from coming through. It was a pardonable vanity, but it met its reproof. One evening a single drop of rain fell directly upon the wick of the lamp, and left them in total darkness. Charles laughed at the lesson he had received, and the next day set to work to repair the damage, and secure the roof against future accidents; which he effected by laying a thatch of long dry grass over the reeds, an operation he had frequently seen performed with straw, and even sometimes assisted in.

Hitherto, they had cooked their provisions, as we have said, in the open air. One day, the weather was so bad, that they tried to light a fire in the middle of the hut; but they were nearly suffocated with the smoke, besides running some risk in lighting a fire in a hut of reeds.

Charles, however, had foreseen this inconvenience, and had gradually collected from the side of the lake a store of flat stones; and had fortunately discovered a stratum of potter's clay: here were the materials for a kitchen stove. But the chimney was the chief difficulty. An iron funnel was beyond their small resources to purchase, for the profits of their mother's spinning-wheel, even with some other means, which we shall speak of hereafter, furnished them with a very

slender maintenance. But God always helps those who are willing to help themselves.

Charles was constantly thinking how he should make this chimney; his mind knew no rest, for it was becoming indispensable as the season advanced. One day, however, he observed some workmen in the neighborhood, who were constructing a new channel for a fountain; the old one had been made of earthenware pipes, which were now being replaced by leaden ones. He saw, with regret, that several of the old pipes had been broken, by throwing them aside as useless. A workman had one in his hands which he was just about to treat in the same manner, when Charles stopped him and asked him for it. The workman told him he might take away as many as he pleased. Rejoiced with this discovery, he carried his treasure home with him and immediately set to work, and in a few days completed a useful, but not a very ornamental stove.

As soon as the work was finished and sufficiently dry, a trial of it was made; and the success exceeded the young mason's most sanguine expectations.

The family now considered themselves as quite settled, for they could enjoy the blessing of a fireside of their own. Charles had built the stove; the younger ones helped him to collect the wood. There was a forest in the neighborhood, where the poor had leave to gather up the dead wood. Andre and his sisters paid frequent visits to this forest. Besides, the lake and the river were continually bringing some floating

* Continued from page 43.

pieces of wreck, which belonged of right to the first person who found them; and our friends could not be in a better situation to avail themselves of this advantage. They had soon, by these means, a good store of wood, which they laid up under cover at the back of the hut; where, in order to keep it dry, the roof was extended so as to form a sort of a large pent-house, supported by props. This, then, became their woodshed; and, as we shall see, in time, their stable.

Charles now first turned his attention to the lake; for he thought that the water would more readily and rapidly furnish him with a supply of food than the land. As yet he was precluded from fishing with a net, as this was forbidden without paying for the privilege; and he would have required a better boat than the poor little crazy one he had found and patched up. One day, however, he found an old wicker fish-pot among the reeds, and he soon succeeded, with a little patience and application, in constructing five others on the same pattern. These pots became workmen which labored faithfully in the absence of their master. Every morning he went to inspect the work which they had done, and they generally produced him some fish. If the produce were of a fine sort, the mother went and sold it; a new resource, which rather improved the straitened circumstances of our settlers. The fish which were small and of less value, served to regale the family. A bit of bread and a few gudgeons furnished them, according to their ideas, with a delicious supper.

Andre, Isabelle, and Juliette, who were all of a naturally docile disposition, and already inclined to give every as-

sistance in their power to their mother and brother, acquired a still greater zeal for labor when they saw with their own eyes the progress the settlement was making, and reflected that it was all the effect of the persevering industry of their noble-minded brother. They soon began to find that they were able, even at their early age, to contribute something; which is not surprising when we consider the number of things which they were able to gather from among such as had no owners, or were abandoned by common consent to the use of the poor. They gathered pretty flowers and sold bouquets; they sought medical plants and sold them to a chemist. They gleaned in the wheat fields. They sought insects and sold them to a naturalist.

Their mother, indeed, never saw them depart from home without some uneasiness, especially when they were going to the woods or the mountains. Her imagination, rendered timid by her affection, represented to her the dangers which such young children incurred. She charged them always to remain together; to avoid the precipices and dangerous places, and not to provoke the anger of dogs, cattle, or other fierce animals. She warned them, moreover, to be careful to avoid doing any injury to the plantations, the fruits, or the enclosures. She said to them: "Every one naturally dislikes little marauders, who expose themselves, sometimes, to very rough treatment. If, on the contrary, you are known in the country as honest, harmless children, you will be beloved and protected; and if any evil-minded person should attempt to injure you, there will be always some one to defend you."

The poor woman had good reason to believe that her children were not wanting in docility. However, every time they went from home, she followed them sadly with her eyes, and recommended them to God. In time, however, as the children grew bigger, the fears of Susanne diminished; and she reaped the blessing of having recommended them to a good Providence, and instructed them to be honest, peaceable, and inoffensive in their conduct. They soon became known and beloved in the neighborhood, and every one was ready to assist rather than to obstruct them in their little useful labors.

Whenever any of the family returned home, they rejoiced at the sight of their little cot. It is true that the situation was delightful, and seemed to have been made on purpose for it. Everything doubles its value by being in its proper place: the cottage was an ornament to the shore of the lake, as much as the shore was to the cottage. The rushes, of which the outer wall was constructed, had assumed a brownish hue, by the effect of the sun and rain; and this sombre tint mingled agreeably with the verdure of the plants which sprang up all around, clung firmly to the sides, climbed over the roof, and hung round it in graceful festoons. There were wild convolvulus, hops, and clematis, to fill up the space till the cutting from a grape vine given to Charles, could take root and grow up; but which, though of slower growth, promised to become, in time, an equally elegant and more useful decoration. The store of wood, carefully piled up, flanked and sustained the cottage towards the north; under the projecting roof in front, some cross poles supported a few dried plants with

their seeds, as well as some tools and wood for carpenter's work, which were reserved for future occasions.

The very first year of their settlement gave the family an opportunity of receiving under their roof another wandering family which were without a home. A swarm of bees came and settled on a bush near the hut, and seemed to claim their hospitality. Charles, fearless of their stings, bravely shook off the bees, and received them in a box, which he made into a sort of hive by removing the lid; a notch made in the wood at the lower edge serving for an entrance. He thus saved a treasure which would otherwise have been lost; for he could not, though he made many inquiries, find an owner for the bees. Swarms fly sometimes to very great distances; or perhaps this might have been a detachment of wild bees, which often inhabit the woods. Charmed with this first success, they already saw, in their hopes, the whole front of the cottage ornamented with a row of thriving bee-hives.

"I shall soon be able to make some of straw," said Charles; "and I will provide them with cowl, which we can take off at the proper season, to repay us for our outlay and trouble; we shall then be able to take our share of the honey, without destroying the bees."

These hopes were gradually realized; the first swarm was the parent of several others; and the colony of bees prospered like that of the widow. This formed another valuable resource.

We have remarked that the place where the cottage was situated was in perfect harmony with that rustic building, possessing a combination of the same rural and graceful beauties. Some

rocks which rose in the upper part formed a boundary between the little settlement and the groves which belonged to M. de Montjoie. The soil was everywhere gravelly except by the river. The whole formed an irregular oblong; the margin of the lake extending further than the high ground on the opposite side; and the line marked out by the course of the river being also longer than the opposite boundary. The declivity, at first rather steep, became gradually less rapid, and at length scarcely perceptible, as it approached the lake. The beach was flat; and when the waters of the lake were agitated, the waves broke at some distance, and rolled their white foam with gentle murmurs to the shore. The moderate depth of the lake, at this part, occasioned a great difference between the boundaries in the winter, when the waters were low, and in summer when they were at their greatest height. Charles saw at once how much land might be gained by preventing the encroachments of the lake in summer, and confining it to its winter boundary throughout the year. But he saw at the same time, that the attempts of his predecessors to effect this had failed by endeavoring to effect too much at once. To make a sure progress, and permanent redemption of the land, he considered that he must proceed slowly, and gain the ground foot by foot.

In the space which he wished thus to appropriate, there grew four old willows, the last traces of former plantations, which had probably been made with the same view which Charles was bold enough to form. There had been a contest between the waters and the land, in which the former had been

victorious. These trees, twisted and torn, worn away and stripped of their bark, were covered over with numberless parasites, which nourished themselves upon the decaying substance of their supporters. However, the newly-planted slips were growing at their feet, drawn up as it were, in battle array, to wage new warfare against the invading element. Every stem had produced young shoots, which, waving with the slightest breeze, seemed to the young settler to smile upon him whenever he left his hut.

The land on the brink of the river gave signs of greater ravages made by the waters even than near the lake. A border of turf partly washed away, clumps of alders nearly drowned in pools of water, or separated from the edge by bogs, showed that the ground had been seriously invaded by the waters, the violence of which had caused all these ravages, which seemed likely to extend further, unless some measures were adopted for arresting them.

Upon examining carefully the condition of these places, Charles felt satisfied that he could, by means of labor and perseverance, both repair the damage and put a stop to it in future. The earth, which had been carried down by the river, and repelled by the lake, had formed, at a short distance from the mouth of the former, a bay, which, by confining the waters, kept them at a high level even in the winter, when those of the lake were low. If this bar could be removed forthwith, a large portion of the land would be left dry and become firm. It would then be easier to replace from the river the whole, or at least the greater part, of the ground which it had usurped.

Charles understood all these things, and speedily fixed upon the time, as well as the manner, in which he should act. As soon as the waters of the lake began to subside, he made a deep perforation in the middle of the bar. His old boat was yet strong enough to convey the rich and slimy soil, which he removed to the shore. What Charles had foreseen, took place; the waters of the river ran off, when those of the lake had sunk below the level of the former, thus bringing the river gradually within its proper bounds. He next planted along the border branches of willows, alders, poplars, all of which easily take root and flourish in moist soils. Charles also laid down on the insides a great number of boughs, in order to preserve the soil that he was about to deposit behind this rampart.

This was a somewhat tedious task, but it was completed before the end of the winter. The bar had by this time quite disappeared, for Charles had transported as much of it as he could save from the waters to his territory, and the rest had been completely washed away. Fortunately the spinning-wheel had never paused in its round during all that time; the children had pursued their little labors; the fish-pots yielded a daily produce, and Charles had been able to continue his work without interruption. This is the way in which all undertakings, both small and great, are crowned with success. If young persons would learn to understand the value of time, and the importance of not wasting a single moment in our short term of life, there would be much fewer failures than there are.

VELOCITY OF THE WIND.

Professor Stoddard, in a lecture recently delivered on the hurricane, in Knox county, Ohio, stated that in one town a grove of oak trees was almost entirely blown down. The trunk of one of these trees was about three feet in diameter. Assuming, however, its diameter to be but two and a half feet, a force of 147,000 pounds would be required to break it. The surface of the tree exposed to the action of the wind was about 1000 feet, which would give a pressure by the wind of 147 pounds per square foot, or a velocity of not less than 171 miles per hour, which is nearly one-fourth the initial velocity of a cannon ball. Allowing the height of the hurricane, or whirlwind, to have been sixty feet, the whole force exerted at one time along its track was five thousand million pounds, or a working power equal to more than half the steam power of the globe.

A BOY, who was sent to inquire how an old lady named Wilkins was in health, said to her servant, "Missus wants to know how old Missus Wilkins is to-day?" to which the latter replied, "She is just 74 to-day."

AN Irishman, comparing his watch with the town-clock, burst into a fit of laughter. Being asked what he laughed at, he replied:—"And how can I help it? Here is my little watch that was made by Paddy O'Flaherty on Orman Quay, and which only cost me five guineas, that beat that big clock there a full hour and a quarter yesterday morning."

GRANDFATHER WHITEHEAD'S LESSONS ABOUT PHILOSOPHY.

Teacher. You said that *all bodies* have pores or interstices between their particles; how do you know this?

Pupil. It has been discovered by experiment, and I know it by reading. More than two centuries ago it was proved by experiment, at the Academy in Florence, that gold was porous; the experience was the result of accident, but it established the fact that water may be made to pass *through* gold.

T. Then you would imply, that because all bodies are compressible, there are interstices between their particles.

P. Certainly, but the size of the pores varies in different substances. Thus, one substance may contain 10,000 pores in a square inch, and another 100,000 pores in the same space. In the former case, the pores are considerably larger than in the latter.

T. What is the effect of the pores of a body being closer together?

P. The substance itself is rendered more dense.

T. What do you mean by being dense?

P. The density of bodies depends upon the proximity of their particles; and therefore, the greater the density of any substance, the less will be the porosity. The density of a body is the relation of its weight to its volume, and therefore indicates its specific gravity, a property we shall consider on another occasion.

T. How can you prove that bodies have pores?

P. By a very simple experiment. I have here a piece of wood, with a wire fastened to it, and a tumbler of water.

I will plunge the wood into the water, and keep it at the bottom of the tumbler by means of the wire. You may now see that several bubbles of air are rising to the surface; they have escaped from the pores of the wood, which are being filled with water instead. If there were not any interstices it would be impossible for the air to be in the substance of the wood, because it is contrary to one of the established general laws of Natural Philosophy.

T. Is the knowledge of the porosity of bodies applied to any useful or scientific purposes?

P. Yes; filtration is based upon, and electrotyping is under obligations to it.

T. Can you adduce any further proofs of the universal porosity of bodies?

P. Yes; many bodies are capable of compression merely by mechanical force, and this I will explain by a simple experiment. I have here a basin of water, and a piece of cork floating upon the surface; I will take an empty tumbler (as it is commonly termed, but actually filled with air) and invert it over the cork, so that the edge shall just be below the water; the air is now confined within the tumbler and occupies a given space, but if I plunge the tumbler below the surface, and keep it there, it will be found that the water rises to a certain height above the level of the brim, and the deeper that it is plunged the more the cork rises in the tumbler; but as the pressure is removed and the goblet rises, it will be found that the water descends and the cork with it, because the air expands. Thus you will see

that air is capable of being compressed—a sufficient proof of its porosity.

T. Why did not the water fill the tumbler when you plunged it below the surface?

P. Because, as the air was in the tumbler, the water could not occupy the same space *at the same time*, and therefore, the experiment also proves the IMPENETRABILITY of the air.

T. What do you mean by impenetrability?

P. By the impenetrability of bodies is meant, that no two particles of matter can occupy the same identical portion of space at the same moment.

T. How can you prove this?

P. By experiment. I have here a piece of clay, and a bullet, which I will enclose within the clay. Now it is quite impossible to make another bullet occupy the cavity that contains the first bullet as long as it is there. This you will readily understand, because it is like trying to pour a pint of water into a pint measure already full of water. Again, if I drive a nail into a piece of wood, the effect is only to compress the wood, because it is impossible that the wood and nail can be in the same identical space at the same precise time.

T. Has this knowledge of the impenetrability of bodies been usefully employed?

P. Yes; the principle of the wedge is founded upon it. When the point of the wedge is inserted into a block of wood, by a blow from a hammer, it displaces the wood by compression. The substance of the wood is divided, because it cannot be compressed any more.

T. If you remove the wedge, does the wood resume its former shape, and

occupy the space it did before the wedge was driven in?

P. No; because unlike the air in the tumbler, it is not elastic, otherwise it would resume its former dimensions.

T. Are not all bodies elastic?

P. No; lead or iron may be compressed or diminished in size, but they cannot resume their former volume; and therefore we learn that elasticity does not always accompany compressibility.

T. Then am I to understand that elasticity is the power by which a body resumes its figure or volume, after that figure or volume has been altered by the action of any force?

P. Yes, undoubtedly, after the force that caused the alteration of the figure has ceased to act; not otherwise, and that power is found in solid and fluid bodies.

GENERAL QUESTIONS ON THIS LESSON.

1. How do you know that all bodies have pores between their particles?

2. What is the result of the greater proximity of the pores of bodies?

3. What is meant by the density of bodies?

4. Can you prove the porosity of bodies?

5. Is it possible for two bodies to occupy the same space at the same time?

6. What do you call this natural law of bodies?

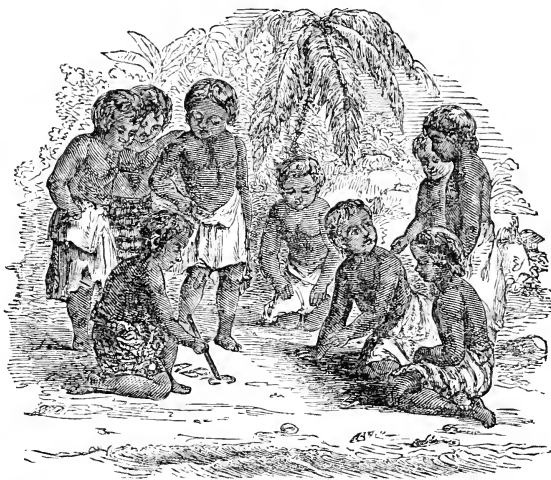
7. How can you prove the impenetrability of bodies?

8. Has the knowledge of the impenetrability of bodies been practically applied?

9. Do all bodies possess the property of resuming their former volume after being compressed?

10. What is this property of matter named?

A NEW-FASHIONED PRIMER.



FAR away in the waters of the vast Pacific, there is a very little island, upon which a small cottage stands, called "Dove Island Cottage." It is occupied by a good man named SNOW, who is a pious missionary, employed in preaching the gospel to the poor heathen on the adjacent islands.

Mr. Snow has several boys under his care. One of them is a son of King George, the chief of those islands. This boy lives with Mr. Snow, and has learned to sit at table and use a knife and fork in eating, instead of sitting on a mat, spread upon the floor, and using his fingers, as the other heathen boys are wont to do.

This young prince is said to be very much interested in the family devotions of Mr. Snow. He does not try to skulk off at prayer time, as some Christian boys do; but he loves the hour of prayer, and takes great pleasure in be-

ing present, and in having all the other members of the family present too.

The boys on King George's islands are eager to learn. After Mr. Snow had taught a few of them one term, he admitted some new scholars to his school. To his great surprise, these new scholars knew their alphabet. Mr. Snow was puzzled; and inquired how they had learned their letters. You may judge how pleased he was to be told that the boys he had first instructed had collected their companions on the sea shore, and had taught them by *making the letters in the sand with a stick!* You may see the happy little fellows busy over their *new-fashioned primer* in the picture. If every Christian child was as eager to teach his companions, and to do them all the good in his power, there would be more usefulness, knowledge, and happiness among children than at present.

MANITOU'S GARDEN.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

"Come, play in my garden!"

Cried flaxen-haired Fred,
Peeping out from the edge
Of a hyacinth bed,
Through the stout oaken rails,
At a Chippewa boy;
Who ran along, dragging
A snake for a toy.

"I'll give you gay flowers
To twine in your hair."

"The son of a sachem
No flowers will wear
That the white man has planted;
Nor yet will he go
Where lilies and roses
Like pale captives grow.

"In Manitou's garden
The buds open free.
Come out, little pale face,
And play there with me!
The fawn will play with us,
The squirrel and hare;
No fences to stop us,
We'll have a race there!"

"Oh, Manitou's garden
Is pleasant at dawn,
We know where his trail
Through the deer-path has gone.
The moccasin-flower
Springs up where he stopped,
And the dew-drops are beads
From his blanket's edge dropped."

"I'm afraid, little Indian,
To come out to you,
I'm afraid of the snakes
And the barking wolves, too."

"Ugh! white-hearted pale-face,
They're Manitou's snakes;
And the wolves are the hounds
That a hunting he takes;

"We too, on swift mustangs
Chase bisons and deer.

We are Manitou's hunters,
A race without fear.
Our arrows are birds
With their beaks tipped with blood;
Whoop! after them — quick
As the wind, or a flood!"

But the son of the Chippewa
Stands there alone.
At his whoop, timid Fred
To his mother had flown;
Off the red boy runs, shouting
"Whoop! whoop! let him be!
In Manitou's garden
Are playmates for me!"

JAMIE.

Blessings on my little Jamie!
The bright-eyed and sweet voiced one,
Clasping now, my hand so softly,
Half in blessing, half in fun;
Looking on my eyes so calmly,
Speaking, then, a pleasant word,
Slyly all athrob with laughter —
Blessings on my joyful bird!

Blessings on my little Jamie!
Three sweet brothers by him stand
With the sunlight on their foreheads
Voice for voice and hand in hand.
Long I watch their childish gambols,
Listen for their last "good night."
And it seems to me the angels
Bend in love o'er such a sight.

Blessings on my little Jamie!
More of fire yet in those eyes,
More of thought yet for that spirit,
More of toil and sacrifice!
More of Heaven be open to it!
More of glory on it wait!
Blessings on my little Jamie,
Early, here and there, and late!
Wilbraham, Aug. 4th. H. J. HURLBUTT.

Let sickness blast, and death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains.

THE DUTCH MERCHANT AT THE COTTAGE OF PETER THE GREAT.

A Dutch captain, hearing that St. Petersburg was building, and that its founder, Peter the Great, had a passion for ships and commerce, resolved to try his fortune ; and, accordingly, arrived with the first merchant vessel that ever sailed on the Neva. He was the bearer of a letter of introduction to the captain of the port from a friend of his in Holland, requesting him to use his interest to procure a freight for him. The captain of the port recommended him to apply to a merchant who lived in a cottage on the banks of the river.



He was shown into a room very scantily furnished, when the merchant received him with cordiality, and they sat and ate bread and cheese, and smoked together for some time. While thus pleasantly employed, the Dutchman's eye critically examined the room ; and he began to think that one who lived in so mean a place could not be of much service to him. However, in the course of his visit, the wife of the merchant joined them ; and the skipper addressed her, by observing that he had brought

her a cheese — a much better one than she had ever tasted. For this act of kindness he was duly thanked. Being much pleased with his hostess's appearance and agreeable manner, he took from a huge pocket in his coat a piece of linen, and begged her acceptance of it.

"Oh!" roared the Russian merchant, taking the pipe from his mouth, "Kate, you will now be as fine and as proud as an empress."

The stranger, more and more delighted with his companions, plucked up courage to demand a kiss of Kate ; and she, at a sign from her husband, coyly granted the audacious request.

At this moment a noble-looking man, covered with decorations, entered the apartment, and stood before the merchant, uncovered, as if waiting for directions. The skipper began to stare with astonishment, whilst the merchant, making private signs to the new arrival, caused him to retire.

"Why, you appear to have great acquaintances here," said the amazed Dutchman.

"Yes," replied the merchant, "and so may you, if you stay here ten days. There are plenty of such needy noblemen as the one you just saw ; they are always in debt, and very glad to borrow money ; but beware of these fellows, and do not be dazzled by their stars and garters, and such trumpery."

This explanation and advice put the Dutchman once more at his ease ; and

he smoked and drank very cheerfully, and had made his bargain with the merchant for a cargo, when their *tete-a-tete* was once more interrupted by the entrance of an officer, who, standing with profound respect at the door, addressed the merchant by the title of Imperial Majesty!

No sooner did the Dutchman hear these significant words than he sprang from his chair, and fell on his knees, imploring forgiveness for the liberties he had been taking. The Czar—for it was Peter himself—laughing heartily, raised him up and made him kiss the empress's hand, presented him with fifteen hundred roubles, gave him a freight, and ordered that his vessel, as long as her timbers remained together, should be permitted to enter all the Russian ports free of duty. This privilege made the fortune of the owner.

A few words will explain how the Czar was enabled to play off this trick upon the innocent trader. Peter was working like a common laborer in the Admiralty as the Dutchman's galliot passed, and saluted with two or three small guns. The Emperor was delighted, and having been informed of the stranger's business, he resolved to have some frolic with him, and accordingly commanded the port captain to see the skipper as soon as he landed, and direct him to *him*, as a merchant just settled there, which character he personated as we have seen. Peter had repaired to his original cottage on the Neva, with his Empress, who, to humor the plan, dressed herself in a plain habit, such as suited the wife of a merchant.

BETTER alone than in bad company.

POOR BOYS WHO BECAME GREAT MEN.

Moses was the son of a poor Levite—Gideon was a thresher—David was a shepherd-boy—Amos was a herdsman—the apostles were “ignorant and unlearned.”

The reformer, Zwingle, emerged from a shepherd's hut among the Alps. Melancthon, the great theologian of the Reformation, was a workman in an armorer's shop. Martin Luther was the child of a poor miner.

Carey, who originated the plan of translating the Bible into the language of the millions of Hindostan, was a shoemaker in Northampton. Dr. Morrison, who translated the Bible into the Chinese language, was a last-maker in Newcastle. Dr. Milne was a herd-boy in Aberdeenshire. Dr. Adam Clarke was the child of Irish cotters. John Foster was a weaver. Andrew Fuller was a farm servant. William Jay, of Bath, was a herdsman; and the present Archbishop of York is the son of a draper.

MAN doubles all the evils of his fate by pondering over them; a scratch becomes a wound, a slight an injury, a jest an insult, a small peril a great danger, and a light sickness often ends in death by brooding apprehensions.

THE aperture of the ear is very narrow; when, therefore, two people talk at the same time, it is like a pair of vehicles pushing on to get through a narrow lane, and constantly jarring against each other.

NEDDIE NAYLOR'S JOURNEY.

SPRINGFIELD is a beautiful city, embosomed in foliage. NEDDIE NAYLOR was delighted with the grand old trees which stand in sylvan majesty in some of the broad streets of that city. Turning to his father, as they rode along in the hack, he said :

"Father, Springfield looks like a city built in a forest."

Just then the coach stopped, and Mr. Naylor replied :

"Yes, it is just so; but here we are, Neddie, at Uncle Gregory's door."

The next moment the hackman opened the coach door. Mr. Naylor and Neddie got out, and, stepping up to the door of a pretty gothic cottage almost hid in shrubbery, Mr. Naylor rung the bell. It was opened by Uncle Gregory himself, who exclaimed, as he offered his hand :

"Ah, brother Edward! are you arrived? I am glad to see you; and Neddie, too. Walk in; walk in. I will take care of your baggage."

Mr. Naylor paid the hackman, and having seen his trunks safely lodged in the hall, entered the parlor with his son and Uncle Gregory. Here they were joined by Neddie's aunt and his cousin Alfred, a fine boy about Neddie's age. Their welcome was so hearty, they felt perfectly at home in a few moments. It was soon dinner time. This meal over, Mr. Naylor, having business with his brother, gave Neddie permission to spend the afternoon with his cousin in such a manner as might be pleasant to both.

"What shall we do, Cousin Neddie?" asked Master Alfred. "Would you like to take a peep at our Army?"

"That's the very thing!" replied Neddie. "I've often heard of the United States Armory, and now I should like to see it. Can we get in to take a look at the muskets?"

"O yes. I know how to get in, Neddie. Shall we start at once?"

"Yes, I'm ready. Let us be off."

So off they went. A smart walk up a pretty steep hill, brought them to a level spot, beautifully ornamented with trees, and covered with numerous buildings; on one of which our country's flag proudly floated in a gentle breeze.

"Here we are;" said Alfred. "The buildings within the enclosure are the armories and workshops. Those nice houses, yonder, are occupied by the superintendent and other officers of the arsenal."

"Which buildings contain the muskets?" asked Neddie.

"These two!" replied Alfred, pointing to two large edifices standing nearest the main road. "Those two long buildings at the west end of the grounds are workshops, and the rest are store-houses."

Having obtained the aid of a gentleman known to Alfred, the two cousins entered the workshops. There they saw scores of men busy on all the several parts of a musket. Each man was working on his portion of the weapon — which thus passed piece meal from the forging to the finishing room, where it was being fitted and got ready to take its place in the great show rooms, or to be sent off to Uncle Sam's soldiers on the frontiers of our country. But Neddie was most astonished by

what he saw in the Arsenals. The sight of so many glittering weapons, ranged in such perfect order was new to him. Turning to his cousin, he said :

"This is worth seeing, Alfred."

"Well, I suppose it is to a stranger. But I don't think much of it; I've seen it so often. How many muskets do you suppose there are on this floor?"

"I couldn't guess."

"The are *one hundred thousand* in this room alone."

"One hundred thousand! That's a large number. What do they do with them all?"

"These are not all. There are over *two hundred and fifty-three thousand muskets* in this and the next building. They are laid up here ready for use in case of war."

Neddie shuddered as the idea broke into his mind that the polished weapons before him might one day be used to shed human blood. He seemed to see the dead victims of war lying before him; and he thought of some verses which he had repeated a little while before, on declamation day at school. Here they are:—

"This is the Arsenal! From floor to ceiling,

Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;

But from their silent pipes, no anthem pealing,

Startles the villages with vain alarms.

* Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,

When the death angel touches those swift keys!

What loud lament and dismal Miserere

Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

"I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which through the ages that have gone
before us,

In long reverberations reach our own."

These lines he recited to his cousin, who thought they were very fine; though he said some of the words were a little too big for such a boy as he to understand. He then went on to tell Neddie that there were 20,000 of those life taking weapons manufactured every year, and that they cost \$8.75 each. These facts Neddie wrote down in a little note-book which he carried in his jacket pocket.

"Come," said Alfred, "let us go up into the observatory, Neddie."

"Go ahead, Alf! I'll follow you;" replied Neddie.

A few moments sufficed to carry them to the top of the Arsenal. The sight from thence was very beautiful. At their feet was the city itself, half hid amidst the waving foliage of a multitude of trees. In the distance the Connecticut river met their eye, winding slowly along like a stream of molten silver flowing between banks of emerald. Then, there were meadows, hills, villages, and nearly every other object that is fitted to make a landscape beautiful.

Looking northward, Neddie pointed to two hills, which towered aloft, like two giants keeping watch and ward over the river which ran between them.

"Tell me," said he, "what hills these are?"

"That on the east is *Mount Holyoke*, and that on the west is *Mount Tom*. But we must go now, Neddie, or we shall be late home to tea."



their walk home, Alfred led his cousin round, by way of the cemetery. The romantic little glens, the miniature streams, and fairy-like fountains it contained, were very pleasing to Neddie. He said

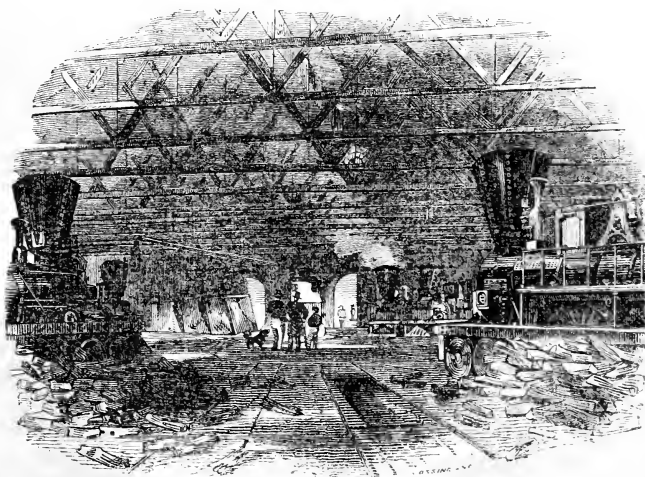
"Late home, Alfred!" replied Neddie. "How so."

Look at that clock;" said Alfred. "It is half past five. We have been two hours and a half in the Armories. It is time for us to go."

Down the stairs then our young heroes tripped. Out of the grounds they walked. To make the most of

he did not think there could be a more romantic little spot to be buried in in the world. And I think he was more than half right in his opinion.

Mr. Naylor could not remain long in Springfield. So after spending a delightful evening with Uncle Gregory, and enjoying a quiet night's sleep, he and Neddie started for the cars the next



morning. Having a few moments to spare at the depot, Uncle Gregory took them into the spacious engine house, where the iron horses are kept in readiness for their daily trips. It was a huge building, and Neddie was filled with

wonder as he stood beneath its rafters. But before he had time to make comments, or to ask questions, the steam whistle sounded—the bell began to ring. So he and his father hastened to the depot, bade Uncle Gregory farewell, and were soon flying along with the train towards Boston.

I KNEW YOU'D PRAY ME HOME, MOTHER.

A WILD sailor, who had a pious mother, was making his homeward passage. As he “doubled the stormy Cape,” a dreadful storm arose. The mother had heard of his safe arrival “outside the cape,” and was awaiting with anxiety a mother alone can know, to see her son. But no, a storm had arisen, and, as she had expected, when the ship was in the most dangerous place. Fearing that each blast, as it swept the raging deep, might howl the requiem of her son, with faith strong in God, she commenced praying for his safety. At this moment news came that the vessel was lost! The father, an unconverted man, had, till this time, preserved a sullen silence, but now he wept aloud. The mother observed:

“It is in the hands of Him that does all things well;” and again, in a subdued and softened spirit, bowed and commended her son and her partner, in an audible voice, broken only by the burstings of a full heart, to God.

Darkness had now spread her mantle abroad, and they retired, but not to rest, and anxiously waited for morning, hoping, at least, that some relic of their lost one might be found.

The morning came. The winds were

hushed, and the ocean lay comparatively calm, as though its fury had subsided since its victim was no more. At this moment, the little gate in front of their dwelling turned on its hinges. The door opened, and their son, their lost, their beloved son, stood before them! The vessel had been driven into one of the many harbors on the coast, and he was safe. The father rushed to meet him. His mother already hanging on his neck, exclaimed:

“My child, how came you here?”

“Mother,” said he, while tears coursed down his sunburnt face, “I knew you’d pray me home!”

What a spectacle! a wild, reckless youth acknowledged the efficacy of prayer. It appears that he was aware of his perilous situation, and that he labored with this thought:

“My mother prays; Christians’ prayers are answered, and I must be saved.”

This reflection, when almost exhausted with fatigue, and ready to give up in despair, gave him fresh courage, and with renewed efforts he labored till the harbor was gained.

Christian mother, go thou and do likewise. Pray over that son who is likely to be wrecked on the stream of life, and his prospects blasted forever. He may be saved.

HOW FLIES WALK ON THE CEILING.—The feet of flies are formed nearly in the same manner as the leather-sucker used by boys. When they place their feet on the ceiling, they exclude the air from beneath them, and the atmospheric pressure upon the outside sustains their bodies.

JOHANNA AND HUBERT—A GERMAN STORY.

JOHANNA and Hubert, were German peasants. They had two plump little children, a girl and boy, and by dint of hard labor they lived very comfortably. But there came a time of famine. Bread was dear. Work was scarce. Poor Hubert was taken sick. The great baron on whose estate they lived had a cruel steward, or inspector, as he was called, who drove Hubert from his cottage and put him in prison because he was not able to pay a debt which he owed to the baron. This was very hard treatment, and Johanna felt very much troubled. But having a brave heart, and much love for her husband and children, she resolved to visit the King and ask him to help her husband out of his distress.

She gave the little ones over to the care of their grandmother, and, on the good woman's asking her where she was going, "To the King, mother," she said; "he stands on earth in God's place, and God is gracious and full of mercy."

The grandmother was frightened, and endeavored to dissuade her, but to no purpose. "I know," she said, "the way is long, and I must beg from one place to another, and must suffer much want and hardship. But I shall suffer for my husband, and when I think of him who is innocent in prison, all will be easy." "Go, then, my child," said the old woman; "I see love urges you, and love will support you. My blessing on your journey!" And Johanna set off without money, but with a warm, loving, trusting heart.

Many a weary day passed, till at length she arrived at the capital, and

stood before the great Castle where the King lived. Unappalled by the sight of the officers and servants, she asked boldly for the King.

"The King is not here!" was the answer; and if he were, you would not find it so easy to speak to him!"

"But I would speak to him, notwithstanding!" said Johanna; "only tell me where I can find him;" and having received the necessary information, she bent her steps toward the monarch's country residence, where, as may be supposed, she was turned back. It is not so easy to press into a great man's presence.

She begged, she besought, she wrung her hands, and wept. Nothing availed, till, at length, an old serving-man had pity upon her, and said, "Go and remain in the garden, perhaps the King may walk there before long; but never let any one know I gave you this advice."

Johanna did not leave the garden till nightfall, and then only went away to return at early dawn. Thus many nights and days were passed. She never saw the King; only an old gentleman in a large great coat sometimes walked up and down the avenues, and then returned to the Castle. Johanna sometimes tried to enter also, but was always driven away; and she never saw the kind old serving-man again.

She wept much, but did not relinquish the object she had in view. Once she saw the King in a splendid dress, but at a great distance. He got into a carriage, and was driven quickly away. As he never came into the garden,

the poor woman thought she would speak to the gentleman in the great coat. "He surely lives in the Castle," said she to herself, "and if he is compassionate, who knows but he may bring me to the King?"

So she ventured to walk up to him, as he paced to and fro in a shady part of the garden, and then stood directly in front of him, hoping he would ask her what she wanted.

And so it happened, and very kindly the gentleman looked at her, as he asked her her business.

"Dear sir," said the poor woman, folding her hands, and looking most imploringly, "you must live in the Castle, and it surely cannot be impossible for you to bring me to the King?"

"To the King?" said the gentleman, "what do you want with him?"

"Help! help!" cried Johanna. "The King rules in God's place, and is surely, therefore, merciful and gracious!"

"Most remarkable!" said the gentleman to himself; then aloud, "Let us hear what you want; perhaps—— but let us hear!"

Johanna then related, simply and honestly, all that had happened, the gentleman's attention increasing as she went on.

"So you love your husband," said he, at length.

"More than my own life!" was the reply.

The gentleman seemed much moved.

"A brave woman!" said he; "a wife after Solomon's own heart, whose price is above rubies!" Wait a minute, and you shall hear from me again."

So saying, he hurried away, and a few minutes after, a servant made his appearance, with a sealed packet. He

went up to Johanna, and, asking her name, gave the packet into her hands, telling her not to open it till she got home, when her husband would be free.

"Free!" exclaimed the poor woman, scarcely able to breathe. Then after a minute, she added, "No! I will not go till I have thanked the good gentleman who has spoken of me to the King."

"What gentleman?" said the servant,

"He who walked backwards and forwards in the garden, and to whom I told——"

"That *was* the King himself," said the man laughing; "go along my good woman, he does not want your thanks."

"So bless him, then, my God!" said Johanna, falling on her knees. "May he be to all eternity as happy as he has made me this day. Tell him, sir, we shall pray for him as long as we live!"

Night and day did she press forward with unwearied diligence, carrying the precious packet in her bosom. When she reached her little ones she hardly stopped to embrace them, but broke open the packet, exclaiming, "Soon your father will be free!" The first thing that met her eyes was a strip of paper, on which was written the text from Scripture (Proverbs, xxxi. 10.) "The King has written that!" said she, kissing the paper. "But what more? Five bank notes, each valuing 100 dollars." She hastened to pay her husband's debt, and then ran with her children to the gaol. The bolt was drawn, and Hubert was in her arms. Tears streamed from their eyes; they had no words to express their joy. Even the rough gaoler, and the bearded sentinel at the gate, were moved at the sight of such overwhelming happiness.

Hubert's astonishment was unbounded

when he learned what Johanna had dared and suffered for him. He could but press his faithful heroic wife to his beating heart, and feel that God had indeed bestowed a priceless blessing on him.

The bounty of the King enabled him to secure a firmer foundation for the family provision; but Johanna was the most blest, for she had the happiness of feeling that her husband never forgot what she had done for him.

The inspector avoided her; but Johanna bore no ill-will. Was it not his cruelty which had been over-ruled to bring about her present happiness.

And then—how can the happy *hate*?

LITTLE ELLA'S DEATH.

LITTLE ELLA was dying. Pain no longer racked her weary limbs. Under the touch of the icy hand of death, the fever that for days had been drying the blood in her veins, was rapidly cooling, and the flush was fading from her cheek. The dying little one was dear to many hearts; theirs was the grief too deep for utterance, and in the silence of bitter, *tearless* agony, they stood around her dying couch, for they knew that she was departing. The father and the mother and the kind physician stood bending over the form of the lovely child, watching her labored breathing. In apparent sleep, she had for some time been silent, and they thought that it might be thus she would pass away. But suddenly her blue eyes opened, and a smile of heavenly sweetness rested on her features. She looked eagerly forward at first, then turning her eyes upon her mother's face,

said in a sweet voice—"Mother, see that beautiful country, beyond those dark rushing waters. Oh, how beautiful!—What is the name of that country, mother?"

"I can see nothing my child," said the mother.

"Look there, dear mother," said the child, pointing again, "can you not see it now? See how those angry waves dash against those rocks; and, oh! what a beautiful country beyond—the sun shines so pleasantly, and I see such beautiful flowers, and the birds sing so sweetly; oh! they are so near me now, I can almost touch them with my hand, and the people all look so happy there. Oh! papa, can you not see beyond the river? Tell me the name of that land."

The parents exchanged glances, and replied together, "the land you see is heaven; is it not, my child?"

"Oh, yes, that is its name; I thought it must be heaven. Oh, let me go. But how shall I cross that deep, dark river? Father, carry me; will you not? See, the angels are waiting for me on the other side. They are holding out their arms for me. Oh, father, take me in your arms, and carry me across the river. I must go."

A solemn awe pervaded the room, as if they stood upon the very verge of eternity; as if the curtain was about to be withdrawn that concealed the unknown glories of the eternal world.

"My child, will you not wait with us a little longer," said the father: "stronger arms than mine will soon bear you across the river. Stay with your mother a little longer. See how she weeps at the thought of losing you."

"Dear mother, do not cry, but come

with me and cross the stream. Come, father, come. Angels are whispering in my ears; and I see a being standing upon the other shore who is smiling upon me, and stretching out his arms to take me. Now he is coming down into the river to carry me across. I must go; come with me." And stretching out her little arms for a last embrace, she said—"Good bye, father; good bye, mother.—Don't you be afraid. He has come to carry me safely across the river."

And these were her last words. Gently did they lay the fair form back again upon the pillow, and, kneeling at the bedside, those grief-stricken hearts thanked God for this lesson of love, and prayed for resignation, saying, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

BALE AND LITTLE BALE.—There is a bridge over the Rhine at Bale, which connects the principal city with a smaller town on the other, called Little Bale. Between these two towns, it is said there was much contention and local jealousy, of which there is still remaining a most laughable monument. In the tower directly facing the bridge, is a public clock and a carved image of a human face, whose perpetual business seems to be to make faces at Little Bale. The image has its mouth a little open, and is furnished with a long tongue of fiery red color, which is so connected with the pendulum of the clock, that every vibration in one direction runs it out in a threatening, scornful, venomous brandishing towards Little Bale, and the return stroke draws it in. The device is so queer, so expressive, and at the same

time so ludicrous, that I could scarcely refrain from laughing right heartily in the public thoroughfare when I saw it, and I have felt my risibilities excited ever since, whenever my mind has reverted to the perpetual spitting out of the scornful red tongue towards the insulted and scorned town of Little Bale.

SMALL THINGS.—A single act of disobedience involved the world in universal sin. A single deception, practised on the old man whose eyes were dim, changed the line of blessedness through countless generations. The selling of the shepherd boy saved a people from famine, and placed his family among the mighty in the land. Paul was brought before Cæsar, to make his defence, and thus the Gospel was preached in the imperial city of Rome. Luther, through suffering and poverty, entered the University to study law, but found in its library a Bible, and gleaned from its pages the thought that gave birth to the glorious Reformation. Franklin, with a kite, drew the lightning from the clouds; Morse bound its wings, and made it a messenger to do his bidding. A piece of cork attached to a loadstone suggested the idea of the mariner's compass, the pilot of thousands and tens of thousands over the trackless deep. Laurentius, of Harlaem, cutting rude letters on the bark of a tree, gave rise to the mighty press, whose influence is more powerful than armies.

THE mind has more room in it than most people think, if you would but furnish the apartments.—*Gray's Letters.*

CHILDISH SINCERITY.

A LADY who was quite in the habit of dropping in at her neighbor's about meal-time, in the hope of obtaining an invitation to partake with the family, was recently completely nonplussed by the unhesitating frankness of a child. Knowing that a neighbor's supper-hour was five, she called in about four, and settled herself down for a long call. "It takes two to make a bargain," and the lady honored with the call had no idea of giving an invitation, if it was in her power to escape it. Accordingly, the hour of five brought no indications of supper. Time wore on, the sun was near its setting, and still the same. A little girl, the daughter of the lady in question, began to grow quite uneasy. At length, her mother having gone out for a moment, the visitor said—"You must come over and see me, Mary, some time."

"No, I won't," said the child.

"Why not?"

"Because I don't like you."

"But why don't you like me?"

"Because I'm hungry, and want some supper."

"But," said the visitor, amazed, "I don't prevent you having your supper, do I?"

"Yes, you do," said little Mary. *"Mother said she shouldn't have supper till you were gone, if you staid till midnight."*

In less than five minutes the visitor was marching out of the front door with a very red face. She hasn't called to see little Mary since. Little Mary, in her childish frankness, has not yet learned the important lesson which after years will not fail to teach her, viz: that

"the truth, however excellent or desirable in itself, is not to be spoken at all times."

THE GREYHOUND AND HORSE.

A GENTLEMAN of Bristol, England, had a greyhound which slept in the stable along with a very fine hunter, about five years ago. These animals became mutually attached, and regarded each other with the most tender affection. The greyhound always lay under the manger beside the horse, which was so fond of him that he became unhappy when the dog was out of sight.—It was a common practice with the gentleman to whom they belonged, to call at the stable for the greyhound to accompany him in his walks; on such occasions the horse would look over his shoulders at the dog with much anxiety, and neigh in a manner which plainly said, "Let me also accompany you." When the dog returned to the stable, he was always welcomed with a loud neigh; he ran up to the horse and licked his nose. In return, the horse would scratch the dog's back with his teeth. One day, when the groom was out with the horse and greyhound for exercise, a large dog attacked the latter and quickly bore him to the ground, on which the horse threw back his ears, and in spite of all the efforts of the groom, rushed at the strange dog that was worrying the greyhound, seized him by the back with his teeth, which made him quit his hold, and shook him till a large piece of the skin gave way. The offender no sooner got on his feet, than he judged it prudent to beat a precipitate retreat from so formidable an opponent.

PENCIL DRAWING—LESSONS FOR PRACTICE.

HERE is an old gate with portions of the stone fence in which it stands. It well you will have taken the first steps towards learning to draw the human figure.

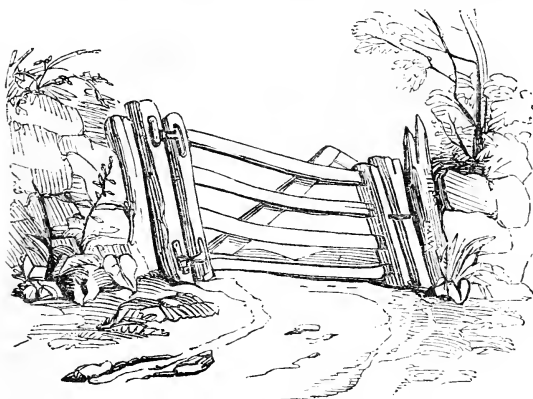


Fig. 29.

is so easy that I need not say one word about the way to copy it. I know you can copy it readily if you have practised the previous lessons. If you have not, why it will, as the boys say, "stump you;" and in that case you ought to be "stumped."



Fig. 30.

By way of change, I will now give you a human foot to copy, (fig. 30.) You must draw the outline first, and then put in the details. Having done this, you may draw figure 31, in like manner. Having done these figures



Fig. 31.

A MONSTER SAUSAGE. — It was formerly the custom in some German towns for the butchers to carry about an insurance sausage on New Year's day, and make merry over it. The butchers of Königsberg made one, in 1582, which was 567 yards long, weighed 494 pounds, contained be-

sides other ingredients, 36 hams, and was borne by 96 journeyman butchers on wooden forks. After an interval of eighteen years, the butchers of Königsberg made a much larger sausage, which was 1005 yards long, and for which they employed 18 smoked hams and 18½ pounds of pepper, and it weighed nearly 900 pounds. They carried it around the town on New Year's day with great solemnity, and accompanied with bands of music and then ate it in company with the bakers, who had made out of twelve bushels of rye flour eight great loaves, each five yards long, and baked six huge cakes which they carried in procession through the town on the 6th of January, and which the butchers afterwards helped them to devour.

BEAUTY is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt, and cannot last.

FRIENDLY CHIT-CHAT WITH MY READERS.



HERE I am, still in the midst of dog-days—I write this about the middle of August—though, as the war-horse snuffs the battle afar off, so I begin to revive at the thought of the coming of September, with its delicious breezes. Heigho! how I do love the month of September! The nights are so delightfully cool, an old man can sleep as quietly as a babe on its mother's bosom. By day, the air is so fresh and invigorating, it puts new strength into old muscles, and makes us old gentlemen feel strong again. Then, how beautiful nature looks in this glorious month! The grass, refreshed by copious rains, is green as emerald. The trees, though here and there displaying a nut-brown leaf, are still lovely in their beauty; while the golden harvests of the orchards everywhere proclaim the goodness and bountifulness of the great God. O how I love to wander through the woods and ramble among the dells, glades, and wild wood paths in September!

Speaking of the woods reminds me of a journey I once made through a forest, called the "Long Bush," in Canada. I was a young man then, and

was on a foot journey through a part of Lower Canada. I entered this long bush one morning, having learned that there was only one house on the road through the "bush," and that was twenty miles from my starting point. But I was young, as I said, and twenty miles did not appear to be a very hard day's walk. So into the woods I plunged, singing as I walked, and filled with hope. But I soon found too much to do to feel like singing; for the mud was almost up to my knees, while the roots and rocks, hidden beneath it, formed a series of traps for my feet. To walk such a road was tough work, I assure you. But the road was not the worst of my trouble. The air was literally alive with mosquitos which thrust their villainous nippers by scores into my hands and face. Now the bite of a mosquito is always poison to me; so in a little while my forehead and neck were covered with little swellings and smeared with blood.

In this pitiful plight I pushed on, but, in spite of all my zeal, it was evening before I had travelled ten miles. "O dear," said I to myself as I felt the shadows which settled on the woods,

"I am in a fix now, for certain. Here I am ten miles from a human habitation, in a wild forest which contains lots of bears and wolves. What shall I do? Where shall I sleep?"

While I was thus questioning myself, I was startled by the sound of a human voice shouting, "Gee off, Buck! Gee off, Buck!"

"Ah," said I to myself, "there's somebody here beside myself; and some one too with an ox team." This thought cheered me; so, seating myself upon a stump, I patiently awaited the coming up of the team. In a little while, I saw a man at the head of an ox-team toiling slowly toward me. When he came up, I hailed him, and learned to my great joy, that he belonged to a party employed not far off in killing and dressing an ox, which had been left behind a drove because he had lost his hoofs in the mud. The team had come out to carry the carcass home on the morrow; and the whole party were to camp in the woods that night.

This was "good news" to me. I kept with this teamster until, soon after dark, a loud "halloo" informed us that our approach was heard by the party awaiting his coming. We then drove up to the camp, which was near the road side. Here we found a blazing fire, with the dead ox hanging, all skinned and dressed, from a tree hard by. The farmers, for such they were, gave me a hearty welcome to their camp. They cooked some beefsteak for me, Indian fashion; that is, they fastened it to a forked stick and held it over the hot coals. This with some bread made a rich supper. I don't know that I ever relished a meal better

in all my life. The truth is, I had the best of sauces with my supper: to wit, a sharp appetite; and the beef, tough and rudely served as it was, tasted deliciously. Having finished my repast, we prepared for sleep. Such a bed I had never slept in before. It consisted of some pine tree branches spread on the ground, with a log at the head for a pillow. Covering we had none, beside the clothes we wore, and two or three old bags which the men had brought to hold the fat of the poor ox. However, down we laid with our feet close to our fire, the log at our heads, the star-lit sky above us, and the dark wild woods all around us. I did not sleep much, I assure you. Yet, I felt thankful that I was so much better off than I should have been if all alone.

I will tell you in my next, how I succeeded in the latter part of my journey. At present, I will give you the

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN AUG. NUMBER.

ENIGMAS.—1. Letter E. 2. The Moon. 3. Time. 4. Highway.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Ha, ha—ha, ha—Ah! 2. Pam—Map. 3. Blink—link—ink.

Here are some new puzzles for you to "dig out" by next month.

CHARADES.

1.

My first is silvery, pale, and bright;
My next a poet holy calls;
My whole upon the gloom of night
With soft and pleasing lustre falls.

2.

Strong drink is my first,
Swallowed down with a gust;
All things below
My second shall know;
My whole to foretoken
Is oftentimes spoken.

3.

Beneath the comely rector's chin
My first is oft in motion seen;

Hard wood 's my second, or a case
To hold your ribbon and your lace;
My whole about the street you see,
Laden with female finery.

4.

My first is in the cornfields seen;
My second in the hedges green;
My whole is often drowned in cream.

TRANSPPOSITION.

Tho' small I am, yet when entire,
I've force to set the world on fire.
Take off a letter, and 'tis clear
I can contain a herd of deer;
Dismiss another, and you'll find
I once contained all human kind.

Now for my correspondence :

Here is a letter from my little friend Ada, who lives in the District of Columbia. I shall be very glad to hear from her again. She sends me several answers to enigmas and says :

DEAR MR. FORRESTER :—I like your Magazine so much that I thought I would write and tell you so, for in reading your correspondence I find you receive very few from Georgetown.

I have been trying in vain to guess the puzzle that was in the April number, but have not the slightest idea what it can be. I send you an enigma which I hope you will think worthy to be inserted in your Magazine.

I am composed of 18 letters. My 3, 5, 12, 9, 15, 2, 18, 10, is a girl's name; my 12, 2, 8, 14, is a vegetable; my 13, 10, 18, is the habitation of a beast of prey; my 2, 8, 16, is a great luxury in summer; my 11, 6, 18, is used on the breakfast table; my 7, 14, 5, 1, is a word of affection; my 4, 5, 18, 7, is a part of the human body; my 17, 7, 10, is a poem. My whole is one of England's most renowned kings.

Your little friend,
ADA OAKWOOD.

Here is a letter from two brothers. I am happy to hear from them. I hope they agree as well about everything else as they do about my Magazine. They have guessed out the riddle in the April number, which has puzzled all

the rest of my readers. Huzza for these Burlington brothers! They must carry the banner in the puzzle department. They also answer several other puzzles. I have not room for their enigma.

Burlington, July 25th, 1854.

MR. FORRESTER. Dear Sir:—We, that is my brother and myself, have taken your Magazine for a year past, and we both like it very much. We think the answer to that riddle in the April number is Toast. Here is an enigma and also some riddles which, if you think worthy you will insert in your Magazine.

RIDDLES.

1.

Within a wall as white as milk,
Within a curtain soft as silk,
Within a crystal fountain clear,
A golden apple doth appear,
No doors nor windows you behold,
Yet thieves break in and steal this gold.

2.

I'm in all kinds of mountains, but not in any hills.
I'm in all kinds of timber but not in any trees.
I'm in all kinds of merchandise but not in any goods.
I'm in all kinds of metal, as I have been sold.
Yet I'm not found in iron, lead, silver nor gold.
In Holland there's none; in Spain it is clear
I come in a moment, but not in twenty years.

Yours truly, E. & J. P.

Here is a brief note from an inquiring subscriber. In reply, I can assure him that Ralph Randolph's adventures will be continued before there is ice enough on the pond for him to skate upon.

Boston, July 24, 1854.

DEAR MR. FORRESTER:—Please inform me when the story of Ralph Randolph will be continued.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Here is a letter from a Vermont girl—I am pleased with her good opinion, for it is certainly a very wise one. I

cannot print her enigma because she does not send the answer to it.

Middlebury, Vt. July, 26, 1854.

MR. FORRESTER. Dear Sir:—I take this opportunity to write to you about your Magazine. I never read any Magazine to please me so much as yours does. I have tried very hard to find out the answers of the Enigmas in the July number, and I think that Harriet's beaux are scissors.

MARY A. BROWE.

The next is from a Connecticut boy, who is "right smart," I'm sure.

Eastford, Conn., July 24, 1854.

MR. FORRESTER. Dear Sir:—I am a boy twelve years old. This is my first attempt to write to you. I have taken six numbers of your Magazine, I like it very much, I think the answer to the 3d riddle in the April number is heir, air. I think the answer to Sarah E. Smith's enigma in the July number, is your honorable self, Francis Forrester. I send you a charade:

My first is a color, my second is rough,
My whole is a story you know well enough.

I now send you a conundrum:

Why is the letter S like dinner?

Which if you think worthy, please insert in your Magazine.

Yours truly,

LYMAN P. BOTHERAM.

Here is a letter from a Malden boy who has excellent taste, as is proved by the love he bears to my Magazine. Who will find out his name?

Malden, July 10th, 1854.

MR. FORRESTER. Dear Sir:—Father has taken your Magazine for me this year, and I like it better and better every time I get it. I think the answer to the second enigma in the July number is, a stream of water, and the answer to Melville Cook's is Friendship. I send you one, the first I ever made, which if you think worth it, you will put in your Magazine.

I am composed of 15 letters. My 6, 7, is a verb; my 2, 4, is a preposition; my 7, 11, 10, 10, is a public walk; my 1, 13, 4, 9, is a girl's

name; my 3, 6, 14, is an article of food; my 5, 8, 14, 15, denote lessons in mathematics; my 12, 6, 7, is necessary to a mill. My whole is the name of the writer.

Yours, respectfully.

Here is a letter from our old friend, Horace B——. Who will answer his puzzle?

Boston, July 8, 1854.

MR. FORRESTER. Dear Sir:—I hope the weather is not too hot for your readers to solve the following

PUZZLE.

"THE WINE-MERCHANT AND HIS CLERK.
—A wine-merchant caused 32 casks of choice wine to be deposited in his cellar, giving orders to his clerk to arrange them, as in the annexed figure, so that each external row should contain nine. The clerk, however, took away 12 of them, at three different times—that is, 4 each time; yet, when the merchant went into the cellar, after each theft had been committed, the clerk always made him count nine in each row. How was this possible?"

1	7	1
7		7
1	7	1

I also enclose a transposition:

CZARDUBEANZHEN. It is a Bible name.

I think that the answer to the second portfolio enigma is the Surf. To Miss Julia True's, Tomato. I think in regard to that problem that both runseller and dog are to be pitied.

Good bye.

Your reader and correspondent,

HORACE B.

I have some other letters which I must keep until next month. And now, boys and girls, once more adieu; only look out about the first of October for another visit from your venerable friend

F. FORRESTER, Esq.

TIEN-TE, CHIEF OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTIONISTS.



LAST month I gave you a portrait of the Emperor of China. Here you have one of his successful adversary, the young chief TIEN-TE. He is described as a young man about twenty-four years old. His face wears a mild but sad expression. His complexion is quite yellow, like saffron. His eye is very keen, and when he gazes upon a man he does it so fixedly and earnestly, he seems to be reading the secrets of his soul. As to his person, he is somewhat tall and quite slender. He speaks little, but reflects much. He is quite affable

in his manners. He has *thirty* wives, and lives in princely style. He has a tutor, who is such a mysterious personage that very little is known about him, except that the rebel chief consults him on all important matters.

I cannot tell you with any certainty where Tien-te spent his youth. He claims to be a descendant of some ancient Chinese kings, who were driven from their throne by the Tartars many years since. An ancient prophecy is said to have foretold that in 1851 these Tartar kings should be driven from the

Chinese throne, and a king of the ancient race placed upon it. It also states that a sage had preserved the banner of the last Emperor of the old race, and that he who should unfurl it in the midst of his army should succeed in driving out the Tartars. Tien-te's friends claim that he has this banner, and that he will therefore speedily win the country to his sway. This, of course, is all superstition. But many of the Chinese believe it, and it helps Tien-te's cause very much.

Tien-te began his movement in a mountain region, far away from the central power of the Chinese Emperor. He soon raised a large army and conquered the province of Kouang-Si. He then marched into another, and conquered it also; and up to the present time his armies have been victorious in nearly every battle. It is thought that in a short time he will be master of all China.

When the Tartars conquered China, they made the people shave the tops of their heads and leave no hair upon them, except a long tail behind. Hence this shaven crown and the tail became signs of submission to the Tartar kings. To let the hair grow on the crown and to cut off the tail, are acts which are counted treason against the government. But to show that he is in earnest and that he means to conquer or die, Tien-te makes all who join him throw away these tails and allow the hair to grow. This is as much as to say, "I mean to make war unto conquest or death."

You may judge of the promptness with which Tien-te acts by the following anecdote. A governor of one of the provinces sent two envoys or messengers to him to ask him to submit to

the Emperor. He sent guides to conduct these envoys up the mountain to his palace. These guides led them through a gate in a lofty wall, which surrounded his palace. They were then led through three other gates, attended by stout guards. On arriving at a fourth gate, they were led into the house set apart for strangers, where they were entertained with great magnificence. The next day they were conducted through a fifth gate, and required to clothe themselves in the dress of Tien-te's followers, after which they were led into the chief's presence. He inquired the object of their visit. They informed him that they were sent to request him to submit to the Emperor of China. Upon this, he told them he was the true Emperor of China, and that they and their masters ought to submit to him as their lawful prince. He then dismissed them, and compelled them to return wearing the costume of his followers!

The Chinese Emperor is puzzled, and knows not how to resist this bold and skilful chief. He has tried many schemes and tricks, but they have all been unsuccessful. He even tried to make the people believe that Tien-te was his prisoner. He caused a man whom he called Tien-te to be executed. But the public were soon undeceived. The sword of Tien-te speedily taught them that he was anything but a dead man.

It is said that Tien-te is in some respects a Christian chief; that he teaches a knowledge of the Bible, and breaks up the Chinese idols. I hope this may prove true, and that his success may be the introduction of our holy religion into the dark and wretched empire of China.

THE PERSECUTED ARMENIAN.



THE man at whom the boys in this picture are casting stones, is an Armenian. He lives in a beautiful village which is half buried in a grove of mulberry trees. It is situated near the Gulf of Nicomedia, in Asia.

This Armenian heard the American missionaries preach. He became a convert to pure gospel faith. Then his people hated him. To keep him still, they made him a beadle in their church. This led him to keep silence about Christ, until his heart grew so sad and guilty he could contain himself no longer. Then he threw up his office, and went about talking of the Saviour. Upon this, his old friends became his enemies, and persecuted him. They cast stones at him. They beat him with clubs. The mob followed him through the streets. But his heart was strong

and his face bold. "You are right," he said to the mob, "in stoning me, for I have been your church beadle. I used to call you a church; that was a great sin."

One day he was seated in a coffee house when the elder people set the boys of the village to stoning him. Turning towards them, he said: "Throw stones; throw stones. They are to be the foundation of our church. The more you throw the broader it will be." By which he meant them to understand that the more they persecuted the gospel the more it would grow.

And so it proved. His example led others to embrace the truth. There is now quite a number of pious Protestant people there, who love him, and are travelling with him to the better land.

I hope my readers will all be as faithful to their ideas of duty as this good Armenian, whose story I have written from facts which I found in that beautiful little work, the *Youth's Day-spring*.

MAMMA ONLY FORGOT.

ON one occasion, when leaving the house, I had promised to bring to my little boy a bun; but some time elapsed during my absence, and I returned home, having entirely forgotten it. However, upon entering the nursery, I was speedily reminded of it, by his anxiety to claim my promise, which I was obliged to tell him I had forgotten. He had been watching some hours for my return, and a burst of tears would have been very pardonable. I rather expected it; but not a single expression of disappointment escaped him. The earnest, perplexed gaze which met mine I never encountered before, and made me almost feel ashamed of what I plainly saw was a falsehood in his eyes. It was but transient; for after I had assured him that I had, indeed, meant what I had said, and explained the import of the word forgotten, which was so incomprehensible to him, he was quite satisfied. I set off to repair my forgetfulness, and again he took his station at the window to watch for me. When he obtained his bun, the thought of my promise was still, evidently, uppermost in his mind, and, in his own simple way, he silenced any momentary doubt which might have arisen in my mind, as to my truthfulness, by repeatedly saying, "Mamma only forgot."

Had I been unmindful before of the

paramount importance of speaking the truth to a child, though never so young, this incident would have taught me that lesson. It is impossible to over-estimate the value of truth and openness in dealing with children. Once deceive, or suffer them to be deceived, and the effect on their minds will be direful. You lose your hold upon their confidence, which once forfeited is most difficult to restore.

I have somewhere met with an anecdote of Lord Chatham, who had promised that his son should be present at the pulling down of a garden wall. The wall was, however, taken down during his absence, through forgetfulness; but feeling the importance of his word being held sacred, Lord Chatham ordered the workmen to rebuild it, that his son might witness its demolition, according to his father's promise.

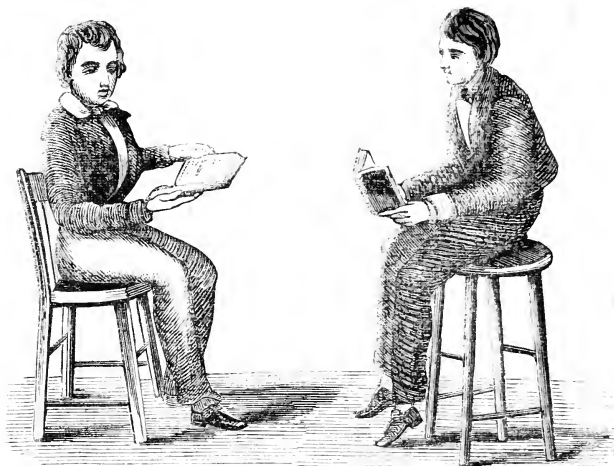
IF the girls would spend as much time with encyclopedias as they do with milliners, they would soon find their heads as attractive as their hats.

GOODNESS OF HEART is man's best treasure, his brightest honor, and noblest acquisition. It is that ray of the Divinity which dignifies humanity.

ST. COLUMBA, of old, when asked to bless a soldier's sword, replied, "God grant, then, that it may never shed a drop of blood."

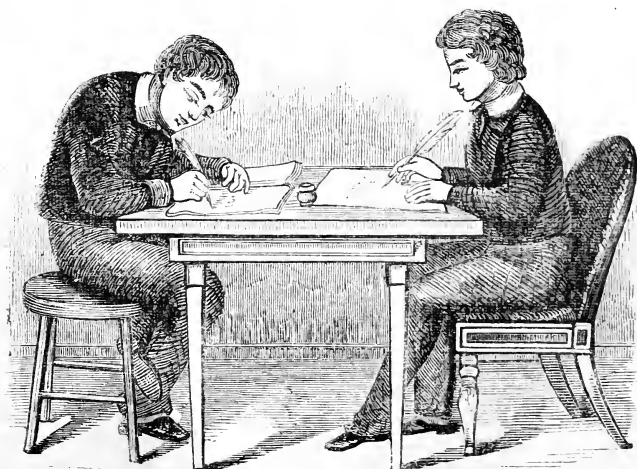
THERE is none so innocent as not to be evil spoken of; none so wicked as to merit all condemnation.—*Warwicke*.

SIT UPRIGHT.



“SIT upright! sit upright, my son!” said a lady to her son George, who had formed a wretched habit of bending

over, like the boy on the right of this picture, whenever he sat down to read. His mother had told him that he could



not breathe right unless he sat upright, like the boy in the chair. But it was no use; bend over he would, in spite of all his mother could say.

"Sit upright, Master George!" cried his teacher, as George bent over his copybook at school. "If you don't sit upright, like Master Charles, you will ruin your health and possibly die of consumption."

This startled Master George. He did not want to die, and he felt alarmed. So after school he said to his teacher, "Please sir, explain to me how bending over when I sit, can cause me to have the consumption."

"That I will, George!" replied his teacher, with a cordial smile. "There is an element in the air called *oxygen*, which is necessary to make your blood circulate, and to help it purify itself by throwing off what is called its *carbon*. When you stoop you cannot take in a sufficient quantity of air to accomplish these purposes; hence, the blood remains bad, and the air cells in your lungs become irritated. Presently the lungs inflame. Then cough comes on. Next, the lungs ulcerate, and then you die. To avoid this, you must learn to sit upright. Give the lungs room to inspire plenty of fresh air, and you will not be injured by study. Do you understand the matter now, George?"

"I think I do, sir, and I will try to sit upright hereafter," said George.

George was right in this resolution. Will all the boys and girls who read my Magazine imitate him? They will, I know, if they wish to live healthy lives. Make it your motto, therefore, my little reader, to *sit upright*, whether you sit to eat, to sew, to read, or to converse. Now don't forget it. *You must SIT UPRIGHT.*

THE BABIES OF EGYPT.

W. C. BRYANT, in writing from Egypt, says:—

Among them were women in blue cotton gowns, bare footed, with infants perched on their shoulders. This is the way in which the Arab mothers of the laboring class in Egypt carry their children; as soon as the little creatures get the voluntary use of their limbs, they are transferred from the arms to the shoulder. I have seen instances of this kind which would supply striking subjects for the pencil. At old Cairo, the other day, a Coptic woman, in the loose blue dress of the country, bare footed, her face unveiled, with symmetrical features, silent and sad looking, opened to us the door of the old worm-eaten church, in which is the little grotto, where the Holy Virgin with her child is said to have eluded the pursuit of Herod. On the woman's shoulders sat an infant of seven or eight months, with well burned brown cheeks and long dark eye lashes, its head bowed upon hers, and one little hand pressed against her forehead, while the other arm passed around the back of the neck. The Egyptian mothers treat their children with great tenderness, and though I see infants every where, I do not know that I have yet heard one of them cry. The expression of quiet resignation in their faces is often quite touching. The Egyptian, born to a lot of dirt, poverty, and oppression, may well learn patience early.

THE companions of vainglory are simulation and boastful speech; but of pride, suspicion and envy.

CHARLES ROUSSEL — PROGRESS AT BANKSIDE.*

WE have said that Charles visited his fish-pots every morning, which served as a sort of relaxation from his severer labors, without incurring the loss of any valuable time. Sometimes his brother or his sisters accompanied him, as he had managed to repair his boat, so as to make it quite secure. The children were very fond of these little water excursions, and were very careful to obey their brother's instructions and remain perfectly still in the boat. One fine morning, however, when they had all three gone with him, and one of the fish-pots, when taken into the boat, was found to contain a very fine trout of several pounds weight, they could not contain themselves for joy; and little Juliette, in her rapture, lost her balance and would have fallen into the water but for the prompt assistance of her brother. The fish also struggled violently to get free, and its size made it rather a troublesome passenger in the boat. However, they landed it in safety, and carried it home in triumph to their mother, for it was the largest that Charles's fishery had ever produced.

"This is a valuable fish," said Susanne, looking round on her children; "what shall we do with it?"

"Sell it of course," said young André, with a look as if he would rather have had it for dinner.

"I think we could make a still better use of it," said Charles.

"We are thinking of the same thing," said his mother, "we will make a present of it."

"A present! To whom, pray?"

"To our kind benefactor," said Charles. "For a long time I have been wishing for some means of testifying our respect for him. Isabelle and Juliette shall go and present our humble offering." It was no sooner said than done; the trout was laid upon a clean cloth in a wicker basket, the produce of André's industry. The two sisters made themselves as smart as they could, and went directly to the old gentleman. They were very well received; he thanked them, himself, in the kindest manner, and was careful to make them no other remuneration than a gracious reception. Indeed the present was the offering of gratitude, and no remuneration was looked for, or even thought of; but some days afterwards, when the affair seemed to be altogether forgotten, there arrived at the hut, from M. de Montjoie, a plain but excellent clock, with this inscription on the pedestal,

"I mark the time for those who use it well."

This was, in every sense, a valuable acquisition. Besides being a convincing proof of M. de Montjoie's good-will and approbation, it was what they stood in the greatest want of, and which it was far beyond their means to procure. The sun had hitherto been their only timekeeper, his progress being marked on a rough sort of dial which Charles had contrived in front of the hut. But the sun is not always shining, and a dial is of no use when his face is hid. We may judge whether the clock was well received; Susanne herself, in reading

* Continued from page 76.

the inscription, felt her misgivings and forebodings greatly appeased.

Another instance of the patron's anxiety for Charles's success, without sparing him any of his labor, occurred shortly afterwards. He had seen him carrying home the earth from the roads, and proposed to him a better plan; by which, although it would require full as much labor, a great deal of time would be saved. He had already marked out some new paths which he proposed to make in his own grounds. "Carry away," he said to Charles, "all the good soil as deep as you choose; you can replace it by bringing back gravel and sand; it will be a mutual benefit." Many young men would have slighted such an offer, and have expected to be paid for their labor. But Charles saw the advantage it would be to him; he understood the intention with which the offer was made, and gratefully accepted it. In that true spirit of independence which always accompanies honest industry, he preferred this sort of compact with his landlord, to any kind of direct remuneration. He knew well that it was a laborious task, and would occupy a long time, for the walks were long and wide; the earth was good to the depth of six or seven feet, and he would not lose any of it. But the roads were at some distance, and M. de Montjoie's grounds were close at hand; from the latter he could wheel away a dozen barrows full of earth, in the same time which it would occupy him to fetch a single one from the former. This, too, was a kind of work which he could continue during the whole winter, for in these sunny valleys which stand sheltered by the mountains on the northern shores of an Alpine lake, there is no

interruption to agricultural labor through frost.

Notwithstanding the labor of these exertions, Charles contrived, by the spring, to establish on the banks of the river a kitchen garden, situated in the most favorable aspect, and formed of a soil in which most of the ordinary kinds of vegetables would grow at the will of the planter. This part of the land, which was already prepared for cultivation, contained about 350 square yards; there were more than 600 in the upper part. At the foot of the rocks, Charles planted a little vineyard. The branches, pruned from the neighboring vines, produced for him both the white and red muscadine; nothing could be better for a gardener who only wished to sell the fruit without making it into wine. All the remainder was at first planted with potatoes, or sown with vegetables.

Not one of the family was now idle. André, under the direction of his brother, planted a fence of reeds to the north of the garden; the mother continued her labors at the wheel; and, happy in having her children around her, with contentment in her heart, she quite regained her health and strength. Even the young girls now found employment at home, and the family were less dispersed than at first. One great advantage derived from rural labors is this — that it finds employment for all ages, and assigns to each its proper work. This shows how well such employment is adapted to confer happiness.

Charles's severe labors required tools; a few had been left by his father, which saved him a heavy expense. During the winter evenings he contrived to manufacture several which required nothing but wood. He had, moreover,

collected some old ones, which he repaired as well as he could, and put handles to them. The countryman who possesses a saw, a hatchet, a plane, a hammer, and a pair of pincers can furnish himself with numberless articles, if he does not altogether want patience and skill.

"Except the increase, which God alone can give," said Susanne one day to her son, "I have nothing here but what is your own work. You have spread the soil; you built our cottage; you have manufactured the tools; in short, you have constructed all I have around me; and therefore, all is doubly dear to me on that account."

"I should have done nothing had I been alone," replied Charles; "I have found all my resources, which often surprise me, in the pleasure of working for you. I do not know which of us owes the greater obligation to the other; but not one of all the family is happier than I am. Do not then praise me so much, dear mother, for doing only that which gives me pleasure. Besides, if God gives the increase, he gives us both the strength and the skill to work; he has preserved us all in health, and raised us up from a state of destitution to one of competence and independence. The praise then be *his*, and *his alone*."

When the first seeds began to spring up, and the beds were covered with green leaves, not only Isabelle and the twins, but even Charles and his mother, felt a childish extravagance of joy. They were continually visiting their young lettuces, their peas, their chervil, which at first peeping up through the opening ground, as if to see if the weather were fine enough for them to venture forth, soon shot up with aston-

ishing rapidity. The bursting of the first leaf-buds on the shrubs was an object of interest to all of them, and even the number of the opening flowers were carefully counted. What ready hands were there to protect every feeble stem from the wind or from the sun! And when the ground seemed but a little too dry, how many contended for the watering-pot! This joy sobered down in time, but did not diminish. It is nature's great secret to make to herself friends who never forget her.

Charles, in order to establish his kitchen garden, made profitable use of whatever his rich neighbors threw away. The refuse of a wealthy garden was well received into his; and by the care bestowed upon it often turned out something choice. When strawberry plants, for instance, were thrown over the wall, they were carefully picked up, and this new treasure was carried off to the cottage garden. Then the best kind of herbs, vegetables, and even cucumbers and melons, were cultivated in that little enclosure; so that, without buying anything, they had soon plenty to sell. M. de Montjoie's gardener, without doing wrong to his master, might have assisted his neighbor, who was still but a novice; and doubtless the good old man would have done it, both with advice and in many other ways, had not the bailiff prevented him. This bailiff was a man of an evil disposition, and, from the first, had viewed Charles's undertaking with a jealous eye. He had foretold that it would not succeed. His self-conceit was wounded by the progress the young settler was making; he could not bear the idea that a stranger should derive any advantage from what he was conscious of having

neglected. We may fancy his displeasure, when he could not help perceiving that the success of the Roussels would establish them permanently on the lands which were under his superintendence. His ill will had hitherto only manifested itself by sneers and grimaces as he passed along the shore near Charles's abode, but in time it began to show itself more plainly; he forbade the gardener to make over to Charles any of his superfluities, or even to help him with advice. Susanne's alarm revived when this came to her ears.

"I hear the thunder rumbling in the distance," she said; "God grant that no evil may happen to us!"

"What can this bailiff do," said Charles, "while we have the master on our side?"

The Bankside (such was the name the Roussels had given to their little territory) gradually became the asylum of every deserted animal which wanted food and shelter. One day when a cold rain and stormy wind confined our friends within doors, they heard, while they were at dinner, a whining outside the door. Isabelle ran to see what it was. A poor rough-haired dog, which had lost his master, rushed in, and began by shaking off the dripping water from his shaggy coat. This free and easy conduct was readily forgiven on account of his lively gambols. He was very hungry, poor fellow! and his longing looks moved the pity of the family. There was a little soup at the bottom of the pot; it was immediately given to Caniche, who, at the same instant, found new owners and a new name.

At another time, André rescued from the river a little white cat, which some cruel children had thrown into the

water in sport. The poor cat, which uttered fearful cries, was carried away by the current to more charitable hands. André plunged into the water to save it; it became the playful companion of the grave Caniche, and shared with him the affection of the whole family. It is true that these were but useless mouths, as neither mice nor thieves were yet much to be feared at the cottage. They could only pay for the kindness they received by their caresses. But all the family remembered the wise saying, that "the righteous man regardeth the life of his beast," and they could not allow a poor dog or cat to starve or drown without rendering it assistance.

Another circumstance seemed to show that the blessing of God was upon these pious and laborious people. A flock of merino sheep were passing along the road, with a shepherd leading and a dog following them. Neither the barking of the dog nor the voice of the master, however, could get on a poor ewe, which dragged its feet along the ground, and hung its head far in the rear of the rest of the flock. Charles, who saw it, implored the shepherd to have compassion on the poor animal.

"What would you have me do?" replied he; "it is easy to see that this beast cannot go far, and will certainly never reach Germany, whither I am leading this flock."

"To Germany!" exclaimed Charles; "it is impossible; why, in less than half a league it will fall, never to rise again."

"Take it then, young man," said the shepherd, "and when I come back this way, you can restore it to me. In return for your trouble, you may have the wool, and the young it is shortly to bear."

The ewe was accepted, and by kind treatment speedily recovered from its fatigue. It shortly afterwards became the mother of two lambs, which in time gave birth to several others.

This accession to the family rendered it necessary to construct a shed. Charles, who had managed to lodge a whole family of human beings, found no difficulty in finding a shelter for his sheep. From that time, the Bankside had all the appearance of a little farm, with its appendages placed, in the form of a pent-house, against the main building. The younger children found a new employment for their time. They led out the sheep and the lambs to browse the neighboring hedges, and the waste grass by the road-side. In a short time, the refuse of the garden provided them with additional food, which further enabled them to support a little kid, for which Susanne had exchanged the sheep's wool, and had thus saved it from the hands of a peasant who was leading it to the butcher. "How many lives have been saved by brother Charles!" said Isabelle, when she was reflecting one day upon the adventures by which so many creatures had come to people the Bankside.

One thing was yet wanting to the farm, for larger cattle were out of the question. This was some poultry. The want, however, was soon supplied. Charles took from the nest, reared, and tamed a pair of wood pigeons. They then thought of making the female sit upon some hen's eggs; these were only two at a time, but they became chickens, and shortly after were followed by two more, all of which grew up, and became fowls; these, in their turn, not only hatched eggs of their own, but

some ducks' eggs also. This was the very place to rear ducklings, who found plenty of food in the lake and the river, and had a place to swim in whenever they pleased. They prospered well from the first. The young girls found in them so much pleasure as well as profit, that they gradually enlarged this field of occupation; and in time the ducks had some geese swimming gravely by their side.

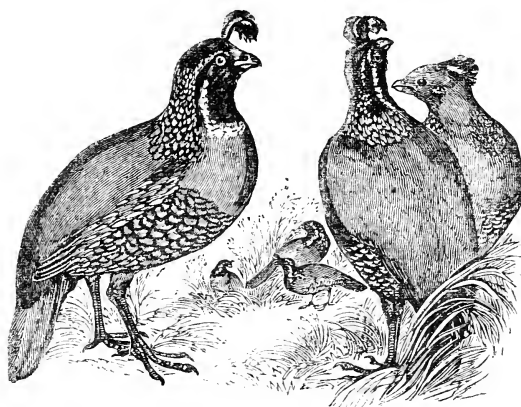
COWPER'S MOTHER.—The influence of Cowper's mother upon his character, may be learned from the following expression of filial affection which he wrote to Lady Hesketh on the receipt of his mother's picture:—"I had rather possess my mother's picture than the richest jewel in the British crown; for I loved her with an affection that her death, fifty years since, has not in the least abated." And he penned the following lines on that occasion:—

"My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss.
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers, 'Yes!'"

As PAT HOGAN, an Irish immigrant, sat upon the banks of a southern creek, he espied a turtle emerging from the stream. "Oeh, honey!" he exclaimed, solemnly, "that iver I should come to America to see a snuff-box walk!"

WHEN Prosperity was well mounted, she let go the bridle, and soon came tumbling out of the saddle.

ANECDOTES OF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.



QUAILS.

This neat little bird, familiar in its disposition, and interesting in its habits, is the most abundant and widely distributed of our game birds. It is very improperly called Quail; the European bird of that name being entirely distinct in habits, and belonging to a different genus. Our own bird bears a much greater resemblance to the English partridge, though it is considerably smaller, and has therefore been named *Little Partridge* by some of the best writers. Being a constant resident throughout the United States, it is well known to every sportsman, every lover of good eating, every farmer, and every trap-setting boy in the country. It is seldom met with in the interior of the forests, unless driven thither by its enemies, but prefers the vicinity of cultivated places near farms and fields of grass; though it generally takes care to stay within flying distance of some thick covert or bushy swamp in which it takes refuge when pursued. Its food

consists of seeds and berries of all sorts, and it is expert in catching grasshoppers and other insects. The nest, which in New England is built early in May, is usually placed among high grass, by which it is sheltered and concealed. It is sometimes, according to writers, covered and made oven shaped, a hole being left in the side for entrance. In

the course of our own observation, we have never seen an instance of this, the nest having always been constructed with very little art, and left entirely open. The eggs are from ten to twenty, of a pure white. The young leave the nest as soon as they can get out of the egg shell; and it is highly interesting to observe the native sagacity of these little creatures in concealing themselves among the grass, and that so suddenly and completely as to set at defiance the strictest search, while the mother uses all the artful manœuvres observed in the case of the ruffed grouse, to draw the attention of an intruder upon herself. The members of the family remain together during the whole autumn and winter; and in the spring the males select their mates, when each pair separates from the others, and proceeds to the business of raising a brood of its own. At this time is heard the loud and agreeable call of the male, "*bob white*," "*ah, bob white*," as he sits perched on a fence or the low branch of a tree,

and there is perhaps no other bird-note which better harmonizes with the beauty of a fine April morning in the country. Our picture represents the "California" Quail.

THE DEVIL-FISH.

One of these sea monsters has been lately captured in the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina. It has been prepared and set up in the museum of that city as a natural curiosity. I know my readers, especially the boys, will be interested in the following account of its nature, habits, and mode of capture.

The Sea-devil or Devil-fish belongs to the cartilaginous class of fish, and to the family of *Raiidae* or *Rays*, a good type or representative of which is called the *Sting Ray*, commonly *Stingaree* by our fishermen.

Along the coast of the Atlantic States, but especially in southern harbors, numerous species of ray are found—the well known Clam-Cracker or Eagle-Ray, the Whip-sting-Ray, the Prickly-Ray, the Skates and others.

The Clam-Cracker attains a great size; we have measured them five feet across the wings, and are credibly informed that much larger ones have been taken. But none of them can be said to rival the Devil-fish, either in size, weight, muscular powers or curious form. Having a body eight or ten feet long, a tail six feet, and not unlike a large wagoner's whip: two inflexible flaps or wings as long as the body, one attached to each side, and measuring from tip to tip seventeen or eighteen feet across, and "with which he drives himself furiously through the water or vaults high into the air;" a capacious mouth three feet wide, with gape

sufficient to receive "two aldermen abreast;" two fins, one projecting from each side of the mouth, called horns or arms, but properly instruments of prehension, used as feelers and feeders, with which it sweeps into its large mouth the small fish, shrimps and fry upon which it preys; two prominent eyes, one placed at the base of each horn or arm; and about four feet apart; skin shagreen like that of the shark; teeth very small, not more than twice the size of the asperities upon the scales; the mouth lined with ten double rows of strainers, a curious but beautiful apparatus, a fine sieve through which it filtrates the water, and secures the small animals upon which it feeds; color, dusty black above, with long dusty, opaque clouds beneath, on a white ground—these all combined present a singular form of animated nature—the Devil-fish.

Unlike his contemporary, the shark, which, according to the classification of Professor Agassiz, is of the same order of fish, the placoid, the Devil-fish, is a very lively animal; he leaps often and high into the air, and with a half somerset or a flap of his wings, falls back into his element with a great noise and splash. It is no uncommon amusement, if amusement indeed it is, for this fish to pick up the grapnel of some fishing boat or other craft, with his horns or arms, "which he plies rapidly before his mouth, while he swims and clasps with the utmost obstinacy whatever body it may enclose; dart off suddenly, and with great rapidity drag after it the boat and its terrified crew, and after an excursion of a mile or two, relax his hold and escapes. But he does not always freely loose himself at his pleasure; frequently he becomes entangled

in the rope, and in his struggles to extricate himself, turns somersets, twisting the rope into coils, enveloping himself within them, and thus forfeits his life for his temerity."

In a similar manner was the subject of this paper taken. A large schooner was anchored a few rods from the break-water of Sullivan's Island, discharging her cargo into a flat, or lighter. To facilitate the passage of the lighter from and to the vessel, a hawser was extended from the latter, and made fast on shore, the slack of the rope swinging loosely several feet below the surface of the water, the tide about half-ebb, and the current rapid; suddenly the schooner was discovered to be adrift, as the captain supposed, and swinging round towards the shore. Upon looking to the hawser for relief, he saw that a Devil-fish was entangled in the bight. This was about seven o'clock in the evening; and not before midnight, and after much labor and considerable risk of life, did he succeed in bringing him alongside the vessel properly secured.

During the struggle, the fish dragged the schooner, anchor and all, about three hundred yards. His horns, or arms, were found clasped around the hawser, and from the many somersets he made, many round turns and coils of the rope were passed about his body. A few years ago, and near the place where this occurred, a scow was anchored, belonging to the government, and used as a lighter for stone in building the break water. The crew were engaged on the work ashore. Suddenly she was seen moving at a rapid rate out to sea; boats were sent in pursuit, and after a long chase of several miles she was overtaken and found to be safe at anchor. It is

presumed that one of these fish was the cause of the mysterious flight of the scow; clasping his horns around the stock of the anchor, he tugged her through the narrow and winding channel, and moored her safely in the offing; giving the crew a long chase and a tedious row, and eliciting many maledictions from the sailors upon the head of the marine representative of his Satanic majesty.

To the Hon. William Elliot, of Beaufort, South Carolina, we are indebted for a knowledge of the habits of this animal and mode of capture. Mr. Elliot has taken more than twenty, and perhaps harpooned twice or thrice that number which have escaped. His success as a sportsman, and his skill displayed in this exciting and dangerous amusement, by which he has killed a larger number of the Devil-fish than perhaps any other individual living or dead, entitles him to the complimentary appellation which seems to have been unanimously accorded him, of the Devil-fish king.

THE PLAYFUL ROBINS.

Many years since (says Andrew Crosse,) being at my country residence at Broomfield, in Somersetshire, I met with the following strange occurrence:—

Attached to a house just opening into a pitched court-yard, is a room furnished with two windows, one of which is grated and open, and the other is glazed; through this open window robins and other small birds were in the habit of passing into the room, which, being kept generally undisturbed and the door locked, afforded them an occasional refuge from the inclemency of the weather. At times you might see two robins, one of them being within and

the other without the room, pecking at each other, with the glazed window between them, and seemingly much amused with their play.

One day I had occasion, in the summer time, to look for something in this room, and, accompanied by one of my sons, I unlocked the door with the intention of entering, when two robins, which were both within the apartment, being disturbed, fled through the open-grated window, and then making a circuit through the air, pitched together on the ground of the court in which we were standing, and at about ten yards distance from us. They then, apparently, commenced a most furious fight with each other, and shortly one of them fell on his back, stretched out his legs, and seemed perfectly dead. The other instantly seized him by the back of the head, and dragged him several times round and round in a circle of about seven or eight feet in diameter. My son, with a view to stop their savage amusement, was about to spring forward, when I gently arrested him, to see the issue. Much to my astonishment, after being dragged a few rounds, the fallen and apparently dead bird sprang up with a bound, and his antagonist fell in his turn upon his back, and stretched out both legs with consummate adroitness in all the mock rigidity of death, and his late seemingly dead opponent, in like manner, seized him by the head, and after dragging him a few rounds, in imitation of Achilles dragging Hector round the walls of Troy, they both sprang up and flew away.

I have seen strange sights in my life, in which birds and beasts have been the actors, but none equal to this. How little do we know of their habitudes,

and more especially of those who sport together during the night, when their tyrant masters are at rest.

TIME is like a creditor who allows an ample space to make up accounts, but is inexorable at last. Time is like a verb that can only be of use in the present tense. Time, well employed, gives that health and vigor to the soul which rest and retirement afford to the body. Time never sits heavily on us but when it is badly employed. Time is a grateful friend; use it well, and it never fails to make a suitable requital.

A COCKNEY conducted two ladies to the Observatory to see an eclipse of the moon. They were too late; the eclipse was over, and the ladies were disappointed. "Oh!" exclaimed our hero, "don't fret. I know the astronomer very well; he is a polite man, and I am sure he will begin again."

WHY A CLOUDY NIGHT IS WARMER THAN A CLEAR ONE.—A cloudy night is warmer than a clear one, because the clouds prevent the radiation of the heat from the earth, for which reason the surface of the ground continues to be warm.

A WISE thinker has said that the reason why many people know comparatively so little, is that they can never bear to be told anything.

IN doing good privately thou shalt avoid vain glory; and pride, by condemning no one.

ANECDOTES OF WONDERFUL PERSONS.

ANECDOTES OF STRONG MEN.

In all ages of the world there have been persons who have excited great wonder by the possession of extraordinary strength. Among the Jews, Samson is, in this respect, preëminent. On a public festival, when the Philistine lords — among which people he was a prisoner of war — were assembled in the temple of Dagon, Samson was sent for to show them sport. Laying hold of two pillars of the temple, as if to support himself, he pulled down the building, and was buried in the ruins, with a great number of his enemies.

One of the Roman emperors, Caius Julius Verus Maximinus, was remarkable for his strength. It is affirmed of him that he could draw, alone, a loaded wagon; and, with a blow of his fist, he often broke the teeth in a horse's mouth; he also broke the hardest stones between his fingers, and cleft trees with his hand.

In the tenth century, Ordgar, Earl of Devonshire, had a son, named Edulf, who was a man of gigantic stature, and of such wonderful strength, that, going to Exeter, and finding the gates shut and barred, he broke the outer iron bars with his hands, burst open the gates with his foot, tore the locks and bolts asunder, and broke down part of the city walls.

Giovanni Belzoni, the celebrated traveller, when first entering on public life, gained his living by exhibiting feats of strength at the theatres of the metropolis. By a peculiar kind of harnessing, he was capable of supporting, in an upright position, a pyramid of ten or twelve men, surmounted by two or three

children, whose aggregate weight could not be much less than two thousand pounds, with which weight he walked repeatedly towards the front of the stage.

Mr. Carter the antiquary, about the year 1766, saw a singular feat with an anvil, performed by a woman at Mayfair. "In a fore one-pair room," says he "on the west side of Sun Court, a Frenchman submitted to the curious the astonishing strength of the 'strong woman,' his wife. A blacksmith's anvil, procured from White Horse Street, was placed on the floor. The woman was short, but most beautifully and delicately formed, and of a most lovely countenance. She first let down her hair (a light auburn,) of a length descending to her knees, which she twisted round the projecting part of the anvil, and then, with seeming ease, lifted the ponderous weight some inches from the boards."

Topham was a man of peculiar strength. He was originally a carpenter, but afterwards became landlord of a public-house in Coldbath Fields, known by the sign of "The Apple Tree," where he exhibited some of his feats. He rolled up a strong pewter dish, of seven pounds weight, with his fingers, as another man would roll up a sheet of paper; he lifted with his teeth and knees a table, six feet long, with half a hundred weight at the end; he bent a poker three inches in circumference, to a right angle, by striking it upon his left fore-arm; another he bent and unbent about his neck; and snapped a hempen rope, two inches round. On the 28th of May, 1741, in honor of

Admiral Vernon's birth-day, he performed his celebrated feat of lifting three hogsheads of water, weighing one thousand eight hundred and thirty six pounds. A weak man can lift with his hands about one hundred and twenty pounds; he who is usually considered a strong man can lift four hundred. On another occasion Topham took Mr. Chambers, vicar of All Saints, who weighed twenty-seven stone, and raised him with one hand.

A few years ago there was a person residing at Oxford, who held his arm extended for half a minute, with half a hundred weight hanging to his little finger. We have ourselves seen a gentleman write his name on a wall, with great distinctness, with a twenty-eight pound weight on his little finger.

Above fifteen hundred years ago there were people who, by applying a knowledge of mechanical powers to their bodies, performed feats which astounded every ignorant spectator, though it is certain that any sound man, of average strength, could perform the same by employing the like means. One of these tricks was exhibited in the third century by Firmus, who in the time of Aurelian, endeavored to make himself emperor in Egypt. He was a native of Selencia, in Syria, espoused the cause of Zenobia, the famous Queen in Palmyra, and was at last publicly executed by order of Aurelian. Vopiscus tells us that this ambitious man could suffer iron to be forged on an anvil placed on his breast. For the purpose of performing the feat, he lay on his back; but he put himself in such a position, by resting with his feet and shoulders against some support, that his whole body formed an arch, so that he

seemed rather to be suspended, than to lie at full length.

This feat was revived about the beginning of the last century by a man, a native of Germany, who travelled over almost all Europe, astonishing people. He called himself Samson, though his real name was John Charles von Eckeberg. He was born at Harzgerode, in Anhalt, and at that time was thirty-three years of age. He also suffered great stones to be broken on his breast with a hammer, on an anvil placed above them. When he fixed himself between a couple of posts, on any level place, two or more horses were not able to draw him from his position. He could also break ropes asunder, and lift a man up on his knee while he lay extended on the ground.

Eckeberg, being a man of but ordinary strength, Dr. Desaguliers was convinced that his feats were exhibitions of skill, and not of strength. With a view of discovering the methods, the doctor went to see him, accompanied by several friends. They placed themselves round the German, so as to be able to observe accurately all that he did, and their success was so great, that they were able to perform most of the feats the same evening by themselves, and almost all the rest when they had provided a proper apparatus.

A singular feat was exhibited for the first time in Venice, about thirty years ago. The performer, a heavy person, placed himself on two chairs, his legs being supported by one and his back by the other. Four men, one at each leg, and one at each shoulder, at the second of two signals, then raised him up with the greatest facility upon the points of their fore-fingers as if he had been no

heavier than a feather. The mode for performing this experiment consisted, at the first signal, in the performer and the four lifters beginning to draw a long and full breath, and when the inhalation was completed, or the lungs filled, the second signal was given.

A very extraordinary feat, or, rather, series of feats of strength, combined with agility, are sometimes performed at the courts of Indian princes. A tall, stout bamboo, about forty feet long, is placed upright in the ground, sufficiently firm to bear the weight of a heavy man. About five feet from the top there is a transverse pole fastened to the upright bamboo with strong cords, the whole forming a gigantic cross. When all is ready, the performer approaches the cross, grasps the shaft, and using his hands and feet with great dexterity, climbs to the cross-bar. Placing himself on his back on one of the projecting ends of the transverse pole, he folds his arms, and lays so still that every muscle of his body appears in a state of complete repose. Suddenly—"in the twinkling of an eye" almost—he springs upon his feet without any apparent preparation or perceptible movement of his limbs; he then throws himself horizontally upon the point of the upright pole, and spins round with amazing velocity; at one time turning on his back, and another on his stomach, changing his position with a quickness and precision absolutely marvellous. He now places his head upon the extremity of the pole, shakes his feet in the air, and raises his arms with great animation. Whilst he is thus occupied, eight brass balls are severally thrown to him, which he catches and dances into the air, one after the other, throwing

them in various directions above and around him; when in an instant, he springs upon his feet, standing upright upon a diameter of not more than two inches and a-half, and catches every ball. He next performs the most extraordinary feats upon the cross-pole, having nothing but his arms to balance him, throwing a twelve-pound cannon ball over his head, catching it below his right shoulder, and by the mere muscular force repelling it back again, as if it had been ejected from the hand. After suspending himself by the chin, the toes, and the heels, he drops from his "perch" to the ground, a height of full thirty feet.

AN ARCHBISHOP'S GRATITUDE.

ARCHBISHOP HUTTON, while Bishop of Durham, took a journey to his native spot, Priest-Hutton, in Lancashire. As he was travelling over Cam, betwixt Wensleydale and Ingleton, he suddenly dismounted, and, delivering his horse to a servant, walked to a particular place at some distance from the highway, where he kneeled down, and continued for some time in prayer. On his return, an attendant took the liberty of inquiring his lordship's motive. The answer was, that when he was a poor boy, without shoes or stockings, traversing the cold and bleak mountain, on a frosty day, he remembered that he had disturbed a red cow, then lying on that identical spot, in order to warm his feet and legs on her lair.

WHEN you go a fishing, be sure and take a "bite" before you start, for you may not get one after.

NEDDIE NAYLOR'S JOURNEY.

WE left Neddie and his father flying along in the cars. Neddie was delighted with the swiftness of their flight. Rubbing his hands in high glee, he said to his father:

"This is fine, aint it, pa? It's better than crawling along in our chaise after old Polly."

"Yes, we travel rapidly, Neddie; but I like old Polly and the chaise after all: especially when I am going a short distance, and am not in haste. We lose much of the beauty of the scenery when in the cars, by passing so swiftly through it."

Just then, Neddie glanced at the window, and caught sight of a lovely stream of water, fringed with a beautiful growth of wood. Touching his father's arm, he exclaimed:

"Look, father, look! That is very beautiful."

Mr. Naylor did as his son desired, in season to catch a glimpse of the

stream whose beauty so charmed his son.

"That, my son," he observed, "is the Chicopee River."

"Well, it's a pretty spot, pa. I should like to wander along its banks with a fishing rod."

"If we were riding behind old Polly you could gratify your wish; so I hope you won't despise old Polly again, Neddie. But, though we could not stop to look at the Chicopee River, I can tell you of a sad incident which once occurred there, if you would like to hear it."

"Yes, father; do tell it to me, if you please," replied Neddie, eager to hear something new.

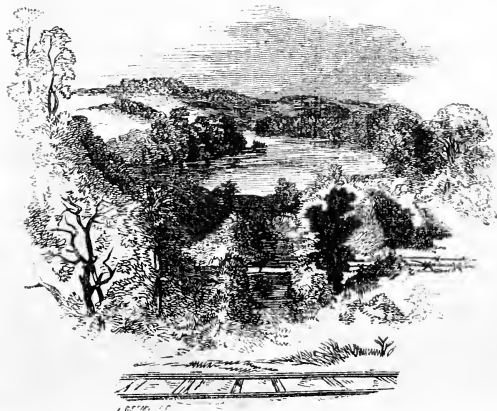
"Well, fifty years ago, an interesting young man was riding on horseback very near the spot which the cars passed just now. He was on the way to his home in Connecticut, and was probably thinking of the family he had left there,

when suddenly two ruffians stepped from the bushes and shot him."

"Shot him!" exclaimed Neddie, interrupting his father.

"Yes, my son, they shot him; and then they dragged him from his horse, rifled his pockets, and threw his dead body into the river."

"Strange! that men could do such a deed in such a quiet and lovely spot. I should think the



beauty of the place would make the worst of men shrink from committing a crime in it."

"Such men as they, my son, do not know much of beauty. For them, the beautiful in nature has very little more attraction than it has for old Polly. They never cultivate it."

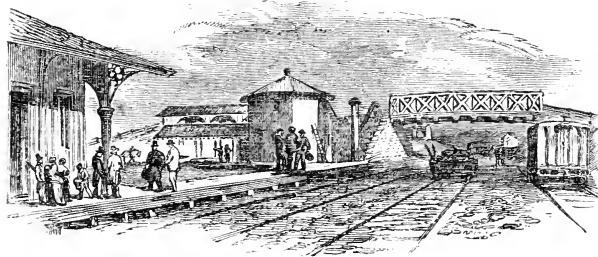
Just then the steam whistle sent its shrill note along the valley. The cars

"Yes, to the White Mountains, Neddie. Don't you want to go so far?"

"O yes, father, I shall be delighted to see them, I've read so much about them."

Neddie then fell into a sort of reverie. He thought of all sorts of subjects. After a while he grew dull and sleepy. I suppose the air in the cars was im-

pure. So leaning back on the seat, he shut his eyes and was soon in the land of Nod. He did look a little queer, I confess, when he got to sleep; for his head rolled from side to side, his mouth was half



slackened their speed, and then stood still at the Palmer depot.

Their stop here was, as is usual at way stations, very short. They were soon on their way again at a rapid rate of speed. As they sped along through various towns, Neddie looked out at the window, silently enjoying the panorama which passed before him. Once only for several miles did he speak to his father; and then he said, as he took his father's hand playfully within his own:

"Father!"

"Well, Neddie, what do you want?"

"Would you like to tell me how far you are going to take me before you return home?"

"I think I will take you as far as the White Mountains, my son."

"The White Mountains, pa!" exclaimed Neddie, from whom the knowledge of this treat had been carefully kept secret.

open, and he seemed to be in a state of glorious forgetfulness of everything around him, until the jolt of the cars, as they drew up at Charlton station, awaked him.

At this station he went out on the platform of the car to breathe a little fresh air. When the cars started again he took fast hold of the railing, and thought he would ride outside a few miles. But his watchful father put his good natured face out at the door, and said:

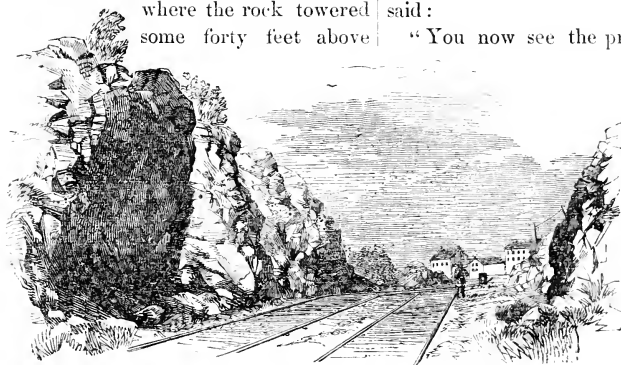
"Neddie, my son, you must come inside!"

Neddie never hesitated to obey his father's wishes. He never paused to ask why he was required to do a thing when his parents spoke. He always obeyed them at once, and if he wanted a reason for what he had to do, he asked for it afterwards. Hence, he stepped into the car and sat down

beside his father, who quietly observed:

"It is dangerous to stand on the platform of the cars, when they are in motion."

A few moments after they left Charlton station, they entered a deep cut, where the rock towered some forty feet above



their heads. Here their attention was called to a noise on the platform of the car. Turning to learn what was the matter, they saw a tall, thin, quaint-looking gentleman with spectacles, enter the car, without a hat, and looking somewhat pale and disturbed. He took a seat next to Neddie and his father. As he appeared to be a very approachable person, Mr. Naylor asked him if anything had happened to him.

"Not much, sir. I fell on the platform just now, and lost my hat," answered the thin gentleman in spectacles.

"Indeed! I hope you are not hurt, sir," observed Mr. Naylor.

"No, I am not; but I ran a great risk of being seriously hurt, if not killed."

"How did it occur, sir?"

"A friend who was outside with me, called my attention to the 'cut' we just

passed. I was in the act of stepping across the platform, when, making a misstep, I fell prostrate, and I wonder I was not killed."

"You had, indeed, a wonderful and providential escape, sir."

Then turning to his son, Mr. Naylor said:

"You now see the propriety of my caution to you just now, Neddie, do you not?"

"Yes, father, and I will never stand on the platform of a car again, when the cars are in mo-

tion." Nothing worthy of note occurred during the remainder of their route to Worcester, at which station they arrived safely and in due time.

"I MEANT to have told you of that hole," said a man to his friend, who had stumbled into a pit full of water a few days since.

"No matter now, no matter now," said the other, blowing the mud and water out of his mouth, "I have found it."

"Is that the second bell?" inquired a gentleman of a stable porter at a country boarding house, the other day.

"No, sar!" exclaimed the darkey, "dat am de secon' ringin' of de fust bell—we has but one bell in dis house."

A SOLDIER'S HONOR SAVED BY LEAP YEAR.

I was standing one morning at the window of "mine inn," when my attention was attracted by a scene that took place beneath. The Belfast coach was standing at the door, and on the roof, in front, sat a fine young fellow in the uniform of the Connaught Rangers. Below, by the front wheel, stood an old woman, evidently his mother, a young man, and a pretty young woman; and they were all earnestly entreating the young soldier to descend.

"Come down wid ye; Thady," said the old woman; "come down now to your ould mother. Sure its flog you they will, and strip the flesh off the bones I giv ye. Come down, Thady darlin'!"

"It's honor, mother," was the short reply of the soldier; and with clenched hands and set teeth he took a firmer posture on the coach.

"Thady, come down; come down, ye fool of the world; come along down wid ye!"

The tone of the present appeal was more impatient and peremptory than the first; and the answer was more sternly pronounced.

"It's honor, brother!" and the body of the speaker rose rigidly erect.

"O Thady, come down! sure it's me, your own Kathleen, that bids ye. Come down, or ye'll break the heart of me, Thady jewel! come down then!"

The poor girl wrung her hands as she uttered it, and cast a look upwards, that had a visible effect on the muscles of the soldier's countenance.

"It's honor—honor bright, Kathleen," said he, with great tenderness of tone,

yet conveying the same resolution as before.

And as if to defend himself from another glance from the dark-eyed beauty, he fixed his look steady in front, while renewed entreaties burst from all three in chorus. They, however, met with the same answer.

Although the poor fellow was a private, this appeal was so public, that I did not hesitate to go down and inquire into the particulars of the distress.

It appeared that "Thady" had been home, on furlough, to visit his family; and having exceeded, as he thought, the term of his leave, he was going to rejoin his regiment, and undergo the penalty of his neglect. I asked him, by accident, when his furlough expired.

"The first of March, your honor," he replied; "bad luck to it, of all the black days of the world! and here it is, come sudden on me like shot."

"The first of March!" I exclaimed; "why, my good fellow, you have a day to spare, then; the first of March will not be here till to-morrow. It is Leap Year, and February has twenty-nine days."

The soldier was thunderstruck.

"Twenty-nine days is it? You're sartin of that same? Oh, mother! mother! the devil fly away wid yer ould almanack; a base cratur of a book, to be desavin' one, after living so long in the family of us!"

His first impulse was to cut a caper on the roof of the coach, and throw up his cap with a loud hurra; his second, was to throw himself into the arms of his Kathleen; and the third, was to

wring my hand nearly off, in token of acknowledgment of his gratitude.

"It's a happy man I am, yer honor; for my word's saved, and all by yer honor's manes. Long life to yer honor for the same! May you live a long hundred, and lape-years every one of them!"

LOVE, CHILDREN, LOVE.

Love, fair boy, thy precious mother,
Lengthen out thy sweet "Good night!"
Listen to her gentle sayings,
Look up in her eye's soft light!
She will talk to thee of Heaven,
On some Autumn afternoon,
Till thou dost forget thy playing;—
Love—*such love*—ne'er comes *too soon*!

Love, dear girl, thy calm-faced father,
Welcome him to home's warm nest,
Speak not harshly, romp not rudely;
He is weary—let him rest!
Thank him for his admonitions,
Pass thy fingers through his hair—
Think not *thus* the world will love thee,
Little love has *that* to spare!

Happy children, love each other;
Every morning dance away,
Talking of the lambs and daisies,
To your duty or your play.
Every evening kneel down, softly,
By your white and humble bed—
Pray for all those mild-eyed playmates;
Love—ere child-loves all are dead!

They shall die!—but not in sorrow—
For our God is good and kind!
Not in thought—for he is loving!
They shall linger in the mind
Like the memory of June violets,
Very sad but very sweet.
Love to day! the world is busy,
And its love is light and fleet!

H. J. HURLBUTT.

Gales Ferry, Aug., 1854.

THE RAINING TREE.

THE island of Fiera is one of the most considerable of the Canaries, and I consider that name to be given upon this account: that its soil, not affording so much as a drop of fresh water, seems to be of iron; and indeed, there is in this island neither rivulet, nor well, nor spring, save that only towards the sea-side there are some wells; but they lie at such a distance from the city, that the inhabitants can make no use thereof. But the great Preserver and Sustainer of all, remedies this inconvenience by a way so extraordinary, that a man will be forced to sit down and acknowledge that he gives, in this, undeniable demonstration of his goodness and infinite providence. For in the midst there is a tree, which is the only one of the kind, insomuch that it hath no resemblance to those mentioned by us in this relation, nor to any other known to us in Europe. The leaves of it are long and narrow, and continue in constant verdure, winter and summer; and its branches are covered with a cloud, which is never dispelled, but, resolved into moisture, causes to fall from its leaves a very clear water, and that in such abundance that the cisterns, which are placed at the foot of the tree to receive it, are never empty, but contain enough to supply both man and beast.—*Mendelsle.*

RISE from table with an appetite, and you will not be in danger of sitting down without one.

HE who accustoms himself to buy superfluities, may, ere long, be obliged to sell his necessities.

LIZZIE ROSS; OR THE USEFUL GIRL.

BY AUNT MARY.

LIZZIE ROSS is now eleven years old, quite too young, you will probably say, to be of much service to any one. Her parents are by no means rich, neither are they poor, but possess a competence of this world's goods. Her mother does the principal part of her own work, and is very happy in being able so to do. Thus her daughter has an opportunity to show her affection for that dearest of friends by lightening her burdens as much as possible.

It is morning : breakfast time has not arrived, but here comes Lizzie, fresh from her chamber of repose, with sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks, and hair brushed smoothly back. Her pleasant "Good morning, mother!" sends a happy thrill through that heart which loves her so well. Her first care is for her little family of chickens, who always expect their breakfast from her hands. She has watched over these pets with much care, and it is with no small degree of pride that she exhibits them to her friends. This done, she helps her mother prepare the table for breakfast, and is very careful to place everything just as she knows her mother likes to have it. Then she can assist her brother Georgy to dress, for he is hardly old enough to do it alone. And if by chance she is the first to hear her little baby-sister Emma speak, how happy she feels to be the one to get the first morning kiss, and take her from her little bed. When breakfast is over she assists her mother in taking away the dishes, and sometimes in washing and putting them away. Then her own

room is to be put in order, and by this time she must prepare for school. Lizzie lives in the country, at some distance from school, and so instead of going home at noon she takes a little basket of dinner on her arm.

Perhaps you think she must be too tired to study after she has done so much work ; but it is not so. Please to remember that she rose very early in the morning, it may be two or three hours before some of you are in the habit of rising. Then she has not been hurried, but has been able to do a great many things to assist her mother without wearying herself.

At school she improves her time as diligently as at home, and when at night she starts for home, she feels that she has spent a profitable day.

One day, during the summer vacation of her school, I called to see Lizzie's mother. Lizzie answered my rap at the door, and told me that her mamma was then from home, but that she expected her soon to return. She invited me to walk in and wait for her, and as I had walked some distance and was weary, I did so.

Instead of finding the sitting room full of playthings and looking the very picture of confusion, as is too apt to be the case when children are left a little while by themselves, I could but notice the air of neatness that displayed itself. George and Emma sat on the carpet at play very quietly, while on the table lay an open number of the Boys' and Girls'

Magazine, which Lizzie had been perusing before my entrance.

Perhaps you think that Lizzie Ross has a very hard time, and finds no opportunity to play. This is not the case. She has a great deal of time for amusement and for reading, of which she is very fond. And I dare say she enjoys her sports more than idle children do. Our precious time was not given us to squander away uselessly, and even little children can be very usefully employed in many ways. It is right that children should have amusements and enjoy them, but it is selfish and wrong for them to spend their whole time in this way. I have only told you a few things that this little girl does to assist her mother, and might tell you of many more, but do not think it best to do so now. I hope you will all try to be useful to those around you, both while you are young and when you become men and women.

THE GENEROUS GALLEY-SLAVE.

A YOUNG man recently made his escape from the galleys at Toulouse. He was strong and vigorous, and soon made his way across the country and escaped pursuit. He arrived the next morning before a cottage in an open field, and stopped to beg something to eat and concealment while he reposed a little. But he found the inmates of the cottage in the greatest distress. Four little children sat trembling in a corner, the mother was weeping and tearing her hair, and the father walking the floor in agony. The galley slave asked what was the matter, and the father replied that they were that morning to

be turned out of doors because they could not pay their rent. "You see me driven into despair," said the father, "my wife and little children without food and shelter, and I without the means to provide any for them."

The convict listened to this tale with tears of sympathy, and then said :

"I will give you the means. I have but just escaped from the galleys ; whoever secures and takes back an escaped prisoner is entitled to a reward of fifty francs. How much does your rent amount to ?"

"Forty francs," answered the father.

"Well," said the other, "put a cord around my body. I will follow you to the city ; they will recognize me, and you will get fifty francs for bringing me back."

"No, never !" exclaimed the astonished listener ; "my children should starve a dozen times before I would do so base a thing."

The generous young man insisted, and declared at last that he would go and give himself up, if the father would not consent to take him. After a long struggle the latter yielded, and taking his preserver by the arm he led him to the city and to the mayor's office. Everybody was surprised that a little man like the father had been able to capture such a strong young fellow, but the proof was before them. The fifty francs were paid, and the prisoner sent back to the galleys. But after he was gone, the father asked a private interview with the mayor, to whom he told the whole story. The mayor was so much affected that he not only added fifty francs to the father's purse, but wrote immediately to the Minister of Justice, begging the noble young pris-

oner's release. The Minister examined into the affair, and finding that it was comparatively a small offence which had condemned the young man to the galleys, and that he had already served out half his time, he ordered his release. Is not the whole incident beautiful?

THE GARDENER, THE BEAR, AND THE FLY.

THERE was in former times a gardener who loved his occupation to that degree, that he absented himself from the company of men, that he might wholly devote himself to the care of his flowers and plants. He had neither wife nor children, and from morning till night he did nothing but work in his garden, so that it lay like a terrestrial paradise. But at length the man grew weary of being alone, and took a resolution to leave his garden in search of good company.

As he was walking at the foot of the mountain, he espied a bear, whose looks at first put him into great affright. The bear was also weary of being alone, and came down from the mountain, for no other reason but to see whether he could meet with any one who would join society with him. So soon, therefore, as they saw each other near, they began to have a friendship one for another. The gardener first accosted the bear, who made him a profound obeisance. After some compliments had passed between them, the gardener made the bear a sign to follow him, and carried him into his garden, where he regaled him with plenty of delicious fruit which he had carefully preserved, so that, at length, they entered into a very strict friend-

ship. Such was the affection existing between the two, that when the gardener was weary of working, and lay down to take a short nap, the bear was wont to stay all the time by him, and keep off the flies from his face.

One day that the gardener lay at the foot of a tree, and that Master Bruin stood by to drive the flies away, it happened that one of the obnoxious insects alighted upon the man's mouth, and still as the bear drove it away on one side, it would alight on the other. His conduct put the bear into a great rage, and he took up a large stone to kill it. It is true that he did kill it, but with the same blow two or three of the gardener's teeth were knocked out.

The fable is a satire on the blunders of inconsiderate zeal. It is sometimes dangerous to have an ignorant friend.

"I WILL IF YOU WILL."

Two young ladies, in their visits amongst the absentees of their Sunday school class, had to call at a shoemaker's. It was Monday afternoon, and a sad scene presented itself as they opened the door of the wretched dwelling. The poor wife and children stood almost heart-broken. The man had but just returned from the public-house, where he had been drinking with his wicked companions ever since the Saturday night. He had not been within his own home for two nights and nearly two days. How sad this was! His money was now all gone — his head and heart were aching, and conscience tormenting him. The young ladies kindly remonstrated with him, and at last he said that he knew he was doing

wrong, and would be glad if he was a different man. One of the ladies then advised him to sign the Temperance pledge, and ask God to help him to keep it. He replied, "*I will if you will.*"

Now neither of the Sunday school teachers expected to have this said to them. They were in the habit of taking a little wine occasionally, and thought that it did them good. They, however, reflected that if this poor drunkard should be rescued, by God's blessing, through their example, it would more than repay them for the loss of the wine. One of them said, "I will sign, Mr. —, *for your sake.*" "And I will too," said the other. A pledge paper was procured, and the names were duly entered.

Ten years after, the writer had occasion to pass a Sunday in the place where the above transpired. I felt anxious to ascertain if the shoemaker continued firm to his pledge, and after the evening's service wended my way to the door of the once miserable dwelling. What a change! I was welcomed with a smile, and such a hearty shake of the hand. The room was well furnished, and everything bore the marks of cleanliness and comfort. The father had been with three of his children to the house of God, in which I was pleased to find he now had "paid sittings" for himself and family. His children, also, not only *regularly* attended Sunday school, but also a good week-day school, for which the father was now well able to pay. Before I left, the BIBLE was placed upon the table, out of which I read an appropriate Psalm of thanksgiving to God for his mercies, and we then all knelt

around the family altar. When we parted, tears of gratitude prevented many words being spoken, but as I left the room, I felt thankful that a whole family, who were once apparently on the way to ruin, were now with their faces Zionward.

TURKISH PROVERBS.

DEATH is a black camel that kneels before every door.

The night is pregnant with the morrow; God knows what the dawn will shine upon.

He who seeks a friend exempt from all faults remains without friends.

The lazy man says, I have no strength.

The wounds of a knife are cured, but those inflicted by the tongue are often incurable.

Patience is the key to joy.

Fame is not acquired on a feather bed.

The crow was asked, which were the most beautiful of birds? "My little ones," replied she.

POLLY'S EXPLANATION OF DEATH.

POLLY, a hired girl, was telling an orphan child of its mother's death.

"She died," said Polly, "and was never seen again, for she was buried in the ground where the trees grow."

"The cold ground," said the child, shuddering.

"No, the warm ground," returned Polly, "where the ugly little seed are turned into beautiful flowers, and where good people turn into angels and fly away to Heaven."

FRIENDLY CHIT-CHAT WITH MY READERS.



HERE I am again, my children, with my budget of pleasant stories and other good things to amuse and instruct you. I very much wish I could shake you all and each by the hand, or that I could meet you all at some grand husking party up in the country. What a husking we would have! What a pile of corn we would heap up in two hours! Ha, ha! It would be as big as a little mountain, for though you are mostly reckoned among the little folks, yet I guess you would husk out a huge heap of corn if you were all gathered together, because there are so many of you. I think it quite likely that I have not less than *thirty thousand* boys and girls among my readers. Thirty thousand! what an army of huskers! When I can find a barn large enough to hold you all, I have a notion to get up a great husking party. When do you think that will be Mr. Bright-eyes? What do you think my pretty little Miss Laughing-lips? "*It won't be ever, Uncle Forrester.*" Well, I fear you are right, little miss, and so we will let the husking party live in our imaginations only. But remember, old Francis Forrester loves you all so well that he wouldn't

mind a journey of a thousand miles, if he could meet all his readers together and give them a talk and a blessing, and hear them give one good huzza for the editor of the Boys' and Girls' Magazine.

Last month I told you a part of my adventures in the "Long Bush," I will now resume my story.

After sleeping — no, after trying to sleep, in our forest camp until daylight, I got up and tried to "fix up" a little. I had no nice toilet table there, I assure you. But the brook served me for a wash-bowl, my pocket handkerchief for a towel, and my fingers for a comb. Rather poor means to "smart up" with, I confess; but then you know I didn't expect to find much company in the "Bush" beside mosquitoes and flies. You may be sure I didn't care much whether they liked my looks or not.

While I was thus making my toilet, my friends of the camp were cooking some delicious strips of beef, upon which with a little bread, we all breakfasted together. Breakfast over, the good farmers prepared to go back to their settlement, and I trudged off upon my journey through the Bush. I had *twenty* miles to go, before I could reach

the first settlement beyond the Bush; but the farmers told me I should find a settler about ten miles ahead. To this settler's, then, I determined to travel that day, and keeping up good spirits, I struggled through the mud, roots, and rocks, gravely battled with armies of mosquitoes, and after much endurance reached the log-house of the settler about four o'clock in the afternoon, having travelled at the prodigious rate of about *one mile per hour*. You may laugh if you list, and call me a slow coach, but I guess if the smartest boy among you all had been there, he would not have done a whit better on that horrible road. It was almost a quagmire from the beginning to the end.

Well, I entered the log house and found it to consist of one room which served its honest owner, his wife, daughters, hired man, and occasional visitors, for parlor, kitchen, bed-room and every thing else. Here then as they were quite hospitable I stopped, feasted on mush, milk, and rye bread for supper, slept on the floor all night, breakfasted in the morning, paid my bill — they didn't charge much — and then addressing myself to my journey, started off to conquer the remaining ten miles.

You will be glad, I know, to learn that as I advanced, the road grew better. There was less mud and a smoother path, so that before noon I was within four miles of the end of the Bush. Hoping to get through to dinner, I pushed on as fast as I was able which was not very swiftly however. Presently I heard a strange sound in the woods on my left hand. I started, saying to myself, "Somebody is in the woods, eh? Guess I shall find some company."

Then, peering through the branches,

what should I see, but a huge black bear. The 'old fellow was looking straight at me and wondering, I presume, who I was to disturb his domain. Now I had no weapon and no very great love for wild beasts, so my heart knocked hard against my ribs and something whispered, "You had better go back." "No," said I to myself, "that won't do; it's a longer way back than it is forward, and I will keep on." So looking very hard at Mr. Bruin, I stepped along past him as if he was a nobody. I rather think he didn't take a fancy to me, for he uttered a low growl, as much as to say, "Get out!" and then turning his back upon me, scampered off to his den in the forest. Never was boy better pleased with a new drum, or girl with a wax doll, than I was when Mr. Bruin treated me thus. My heart grew calm again, and beat as regularly as the tick of an old fashioned clock. But somehow my feet moved with increased swiftness along the road, which grew better every rod, and they bore me over the last four miles of that Long Bush very speedily. Before two o'clock, the ring of a woodman's axe sounded like gentle music in my ears, and bounding across his clearing, I rejoiced to see a cluster of human habitations. Thus ended my adventures in the "Long Bush."

I will now give you the

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPT. NUMBER.

To H. B.'s Puzzle —

After the		
2	5	2
5		5
2	5	2

First Theft.

After the		
3	3	3
3		3
3	3	3

Second Theft.

After the		
4	1	4
1		1
4	1	4

Third Theft.

To the Transposition — Nebuchadnezzar.

CHARADES. — 1. Moonlight. 2. Portend.
3. Bandbox. 4. Strawberry.
Ada Oakwood's Enigma — Richard Cœur
de Lion.

E. & J. P.'s Riddles — 1. An egg. 2. Letter M.

L. P. Botham's Charade — Blue Beard;
Conundrum — It comes before T (tea.)

S. E. Turner's Riddle — A Mare's Shoe.

F. A. Draper's Riddle — Wise.

Here are some new puzzles.

REBUS.

A placid picture of the night,
Or one of fearful hue;
A Goddess of superior might,
That Jove's attention drew;
A Son, seduced to evil plan
Against a kingly sire;
A Flower the virtuous ever scan
As innocence' attire!

Celina choose, if thou canst so,
The words that we request,
Then set the four heads in a row,
As if a sergeant drest;
Thou'lt thereby frame a sea-coast town,
Where did a Roman grand,
To win in Albion renown,
His victor legions land!

Here bright Britannia, now-a-days,
Is proud to see her power,
That wins the glory-circled bays
In danger's dreary hour.
Here England's youths delight to come,
To hail Neptunian realm,
Forgetting all the joys of home
While governing the helm!

ENIGMAS.

1

My home in days of yore,
Was 'neath a Grecian sky,
Where classic temples raised their heads
Triumphantly on high.

And still I linger there,
But dwell not there alone;
Where'er a pillared fane is reared,
There may my form be known.

I am allied to death;
I struck the fatal blow,
Which erst before old Chalon's wall
Laid Cœur de Lion low.

The miner needs my aid
In his adventurous toil,
And others find me useful too —
The children of the soil.

How could they carry home
The produce of the field,
Were I not with my loaded wains
My ready help to yield.

2

So they tell us that two of a trade can't
agree —

They're jealous, and stand in the way of
each other.

But this is not the case with my colleague
and me;

We hang well together as brother and
brother.

'Tis ours to compose, if a difference arise
Between this one and that, with a nice
circumspection;

No trick can delude by an artful disguise —
No mistake howe'er small, can escape our
detection.

'Tis ours to decide when a want shall exist,
As well as to point where too much is sup-
plied;

And so just our decree, 'tis in vain to resist,
Except that some fault in ourselves can be
spied.

Now let me peep at my correspon-
dence.

Here is a letter from a little miss who
lives in a neighboring city. She
answers several puzzles. Who will
answer hers?

MR. FORRESTER: — As I have the oppor-
tunity, I thought I would write to let you
know how much I enjoy reading your
Magazine.

I send you one or two conundrums.

1. If you name it you break it.

2. I washed my face in water that never
rained or ran;
I dried it with a towel that was never wove
or spun.

From yours truly,

S. E. SANDERSON.

Here is a letter from a Southern boy.
Let us hear what he has to say.

Pass Christian, Miss., July 25, 1854.

DEAR MR. FORRESTER: — I take this oppor-
tunity to write you a few lines, and also to
send on my subscription to your delightful
Magazine for another year.

It is useless to state that my brothers and sister, and little cousins, are always delighted to receive the Magazine, and read it, and look at the pretty engravings.

I send you an enigma for some of my fellow subscribers to unravel.

I am composed of 11 letters. My 1, 3, 2, 9, 6, 7, is a celebrated Grecian city; my 5, 4, 2, 3, was a celebrated Roman philosopher; my 2, 3, 11, 8, 7, 6, 10, 9, was a celebrated conspirator at Rome. My whole was called the Prince of Orators.

Yours, respectfully,
EDWARD HARRISON.

I like the tone of the next letter. It rings like the true metal, and I think George will always keep his pledge.

Pittsfield, August 25, 1854.

DEAR SIRS:—In my last number of my Boys' and Girls' Magazine, Mr. Forrester said he had a little secret to communicate to us, and as I am one of your subscribers, I listened to it attentively, and am happy to send you one dollar, to assist in making your large payments; however, I must acknowledge myself negligent in delaying it so long. If you will excuse me, sirs, I will endeavor in future to be more prompt. I have now taken your Magazine two years; during that time I have taken much pleasure in perusing its pages, and every number I take from the office I grasp with new delight.

I also am a member of the "Pittsfield Youths' Temperance Band," that Friend Wells spoke of in his letter to Mr. Forrester, and should also have been happy to have had Mr. Forrester present at our last meeting; but as he could not favor us with his presence, we will still hope that at some future time he will make it convenient to visit us. For one, sirs, I will endeavor to stick to my pledge.

Yours very respectfully,
GEO. E. RAYMOND.

Here is a letter from a Worcester girl.

Worcester, Sept. 5, 1854.

DEAR MR. FORRESTER:—I had read your Magazine but half through when I thought I would guess all the puzzles that I could, and

then finish reading, which I did. The result of my deliberations is as follows:—Answer to first charade is, Moon-light; the second I must leave for wiser heads than mine to solve; to the third, Bandbox; to the fourth, Strawberry; and to the transposition, Spark-park-ark. E. & J. P.'s first riddle is, I think, Eye; and to the second, letter M. Ada Oakwood's enigma I could make nothing of; I think there must be some mistake in it. I am looking for next month's number very anxiously for the answer to Horace B.'s enigma, for it puzzles me dreadfully.

Yours truly,
NELLIE M. A.

Here is a letter from a Miss who has the right spirit.

Newark, Illinois, Aug. 23, 1854.

DEAR MR. FORRESTER:—Father has taken your Magazine now, a little over one year for us, that is sister and I; and I hope, if we all live, to have it for years to come. A good many boys and girls have seen it since we have been taking it, and all like it. I must say, as many have told you before, I like it very much. I love to read what you call, Friendly Chit-Chat with your Readers. I have heard Father say, that alone was worth the money the Magazine cost. I like to hear secrets, and when I have a good one I sometimes like to tell it; and as you were so kind as to tell your readers one in the last number, I think I will trust you with mine, and I am almost sure it will please you; well, here it is:—Sister and I, with some help from father, have each got three new subscribers for the Boys' and Girls' Magazine. Father will send the money and names to F. & G. C. Rand. Now, Mr. Forrester, will you please send sister last year's volume bound, and the Magazine this year to my cousin at the south.

KEZIAH R. CARNS.

Here is a letter with a riddle.

North Cutler, Aug. 2, 1854.

DEAR MR. FORRESTER:—I have received the July number of your Magazine, and find it very interesting. I hope you are well this hot weather. I send you a conundrum, which

if you think worthy please insert in your nice Magazine.

What is most like a horse's shoe?

Very respectfully yours,

SILAS E. TURNER.

To F. Forrester, Esq.

Here is a riddle from a boy who thinks this Magazine is a "noble Magazine."

What is that which goes with the cart, and comes with the cart, and is no use to the cart, and yet the cart can't do without it?

F. A. DRAFER.

A Rhode Island gentleman writes as follows:

I am happy to say, although my two sons are not quite old enough to read much, I read the Magazine to them, which gives them much pleasure, Julian being five and Gustavus three. I hope before the year expires they will be able to read it themselves.

The Magazine should be in every house in the world.

Here is a letter with an Enigma from two of my Georgetown readers. They are first rate and no mistake at unrid-dling riddles.

MR. FORRESTER. Dear Sir:—We have been trying to find out the answers to the enigmas, &c., in your interesting Magazine. The answer to the first charade is Moonlight; to the third, Bandbox; to the fourth, Strawberry. The answer to the transposition is, Spark-park-ark; to E. & J. P.'s first, Egg; to their second, the letter M; to L. P. Botham's charade, Blue-beard; to his conundrum, Because it comes before T (tea). It was not quite "too hot" for us to find out Horace B's puzzle. These are the answers.

First.

2	5	2
5		5
2	5	2

Second.

3	3	3
3		3
3	3	3

Third.

4	1	4
1		1
4	1	4

When he took the first four, he arranged them as in the first; and when he took the second

and third fours he arranged them as in the second and third. The answer to his transposition is Nebuchadnezzar; and to Ada Oakwood's enigma is, Richard Cœur de Lion. Here is another:—

I am composed of 19 letters. My 6, 5, 3, is negative adverb; my 18, 2, 16, is a mischievous little animal; my 3, 4, 6, 6, 12, 18, is a worker in metal; my 11, 16, 15, 13, 12, is to look very hard; my 14, 17, 3, 12, is what men do to elect a public officer; my 10, 7, 8, 12, is a package of hay; my 14, 15, 4, 1, is a quality possessed by the peacock; my 13, 9, 19, is a plaything. My whole is a very useful building in Washington.

W. S. L. & S. H. P.

Here is another letter from my young friend, the deaf mute. God bless him!

Natick, Sept. 10, 1852.

TO FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ. Dear Sir: I take this good opportunity to write a few lines to let you know about my journey from Natick to Hartford, Conn. Last week, on Tuesday, I left Natick and arrived at Hartford, and the next day was celebrated. At 10 o'clock in the forenoon, Hon. Henry Deming, Mayor of the city of Hartford, made his speech of the Gallaudet monument, and the character and services, &c. In the evening there was a very interesting marriage between Mr. Lewis of Willimantic, and Miss Hills of N. Y., in the chapel in the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb. The Gallaudet Monument costs \$2,500, and stands in the yard before the Asylum. It is 20 feet 6 inches high, is very beautiful, of granite, and is made by the Italian from Italy. Then I left Hartford, and arrived at Natick last Friday noon, safely. I think you would like to go to Hartford, to see the Gallaudet Monument. Last Wednesday the Asylum was crowded with about 800 or 900 deaf mutes.

I like your Magazine very much, because it is pretty; and I like the story of Neddie Naylor especially. I close this. Good bye.

I will write to you again. I send my kind respects to you.

And now, my dear children, adieu for another month.

Your friend,

F. F.



